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## THE BALTIMORE BONAPARTES.



MADAME JEROME BONAPARTE.

[From portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

THE story of the Baltimore Bonapartes is one of the saddest but most interesting chapters in the romance of modern his-

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tory. It is now more than seventy years since Jerome—the youngest, weakest, and most worthless of Napoleon's brothers—arrived in

New York in command of a French frigate. Napoleon Bonaparte, the Conqueror of Egypt and Italy, and First Consul of France, was then filling the world with the *éclat* of his genius, and Jerome was received with distinction in the "first circles" of New York.

Early in the autumn of 1803, young Bonaparte visited Baltimore. Parties, dinners, and receptions were given in his honor. He was the lion of the day. The leading citizens of Baltimore contended for the privilege of entertaining the distinguished young stranger.

At the elegant and hospitable home of Samuel Chase, one of the Maryland signers of the Declaration of Independence, Captain Bonaparte was introduced to Miss Elizabeth Patterson. This lady, though not yet eighteen, was one of the reigning belles of Baltimore. To the exquisite beauty of her person were added a sprightly wit, fascinating manners, and many brilliant accomplishments. An immediate and ardent attachment sprang up between the handsome and dashing young Frenchman and the beautiful Baltimore girl, an attachment which increased, day after day, as they were constantly thrown together either at home or in society. In spite of the warnings of friends, in spite of the remonstrances of her father, Miss Patterson determined to marry, declaring that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." Finding her so firm and determined in the matter, Mr. Patterson at last gave a reluctant consent to the marriage.

The marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson took place on Christmas Eve, 1803. The ceremony was performed by the Right Reverend John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, afterward Archbishop and Primate of the American Catholic Church. The marriage contract was drawn up by Alexander J. Dallas, and the wedding was witnessed by the Mayor and other prominent citizens of Baltimore. Mr. William Patterson, the father of the bride, was one of the merchant princes of Baltimore, ranking in the mercantile world with John Jacob Astor, of New York, and Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. During the American Revolution he had freely given large sums of money to support the war for independence, and had enjoyed the intimate friendship of Washington, La Fayette, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Shortly after their marriage, Jerome and his wife made an extended tour of the North-

ern and Eastern States. In Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Albany, and other cities which they visited, they were received with the distinction due to the brother of the First Consul of France.

But trouble was not long in coming. Even during this bridal tour, alarming news arrived from France. Napoleon was furious when he heard of Jerome's marriage; he immediately directed that his allowance should be stopped and that he should return to France by the first frigate; otherwise he would be regarded as a deserter. At the same time, Jerome was forbidden to bring his wife to France, and all the captains of French vessels were prohibited from receiving on board "the young person to whom he had attached himself," it being the intention of the First Consul that she should not, on any pretext whatever, be permitted to enter France, and if she succeeded in so doing, she was to be sent back to the United States without delay.

Jerome was frightened. He hesitated, at first, to return, fearing to meet Napoleon in his anger. He delayed his departure from America week after week and month after month, vainly hoping that time would soften the heart of the tyrant, and reconcile him to his marriage. At last, on the morning of the 11th of March, 1805, Jerome and his wife embarked at Baltimore for Europe, and on the 2d of April arrived at Lisbon. Here they had at once a proof of Napoleon's despotic power. A French guard was placed around their vessel, and Madame Jerome was not allowed to land. An ambassador from Napoleon waited upon her, and asked what he could do for *Miss Patterson*. To whom she replied:

"Tell your master that *Madame Bonaparte* is ambitious, and demands her rights as a member of the Imperial family."

Soon after arriving at Lisbon, Jerome hastened to Paris, hoping, by a personal interview, to win Napoleon over to a recognition of the marriage. On his way through Spain he met Junot, who had just been appointed Minister to Portugal. Junot endeavored to dissuade him from resisting the wishes of Napoleon. Jerome declared that he never would abandon his beautiful young wife. "Strong in the justice of my cause," he said solemnly, "I am resolved not to yield the point." He then showed Junot a miniature of Madame Jerome, which represented a young lady of extraordinary beauty. "To a person so exquisitely beautiful," said Jerome, "are united all the



qualities that can render a woman enchanting."

When Jerome reached Paris, he requested an interview with Napoleon, which was refused. He was told to address the Emperor by letter, which he did, and received an answer that put an end to all his hope concerning his wife. This was the substance of Napoleon's reply:

take the name of my family, to which she has no right, her marriage having no existence."

When Napoleon declared that Jerome's marriage was "null, both in a religious and legal point of view," he was expressing his own wishes rather than stating the facts. At the time of Jerome's marriage to Miss Patterson, Napoleon was only the First Consul



JEROME BONAPARTE.

[From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart, painted in 1804, and now in the rooms of the Maryland Historical Society.]

"Your marriage is null, both in a religious and legal point of view. *I will never acknowledge it.* Write to Miss Patterson to return to the United States, and tell her it is not possible to give things another turn. On condition of her going to America, I will allow her a pension during her life of sixty thousand francs per year, provided she does not

of France, and could have no control over the members of his family. Jerome's mother and eldest brother, Joseph, were the only persons whose consent was necessary, and they concurred in approving the marriage. The marriage had been celebrated according to the prescribed rites of the Catholic Church, of which Jerome professed

to be a member, and the ceremony had been performed by the highest dignitary of that Church in America.

When Jerome was at length admitted to the presence of his brother, Napoleon thus addressed him:

"So, sir, you are the first of the family who has shamefully abandoned his post. It will require many splendid actions to wipe off that stain from your reputation. *As to your love affair with your little girl, I do not regard it.*"

In the meantime, what had become of the "beautiful young wife," left by her husband a stranger in a foreign land, surrounded by open enemies and false friends? Toward the end of April, Madame Jerome Bonaparte, finding that she would not be allowed to land at Lisbon, or any port from which Napoleon had power to exclude her, sailed for Amsterdam. Here she arrived on the 1st of May. Napoleon, who was now the absolute master of the Continent of Europe, in anticipation of her arrival in Holland, had ordered Schimmelpenninck, the Grand Pensionary of the Batavian Republic, to prevent "Madame Jerome Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name," from landing in any port of that country. In compliance with this despotic command, when the ship "Erin," with Madame Bonaparte, arrived in the Texel Roads, she was ordered off immediately, and all persons were forbidden to hold any communication with the ship under a severe penalty. The "Erin" remained in the Texel eight days, during which time she was strictly guarded, being placed between a sixty-four-gun ship and a frigate.

Excluded from the ports of Continental Europe, and fearing that an attempt would be made upon her life if she stayed in the Texel, Madame Bonaparte sailed for England. Her first and only child was born at Camberwell, near London, on the 7th of July, 1805, and named Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. Two months after this event the young mother and her child embarked for the United States, and arrived in Baltimore after a prosperous voyage of four weeks.

The weak and fickle Jerome soon forgot his "dear little wife," as he once was fond of calling her. After leaving her at Lisbon in April, 1805, Jerome addressed her frequent and tender letters, declaring repeatedly that his "dear little wife was the sole object of all his love, for whom he would be willing to give up his life." As late as the 4th of October, 1805, he wrote to her from Paris:

"Ma chère et bien-aimée femme, la vie n'est rien pour moi sans toi et mon fils. Sois tranquille, ton mari ne t'abandonnera jamais."\*

On the 16th of the same month he wrote to her again:

"Te quitter ma bonne femme, je n'en eus jamais la fatale pensée; mais je me conduis en homme d'honneur, en brave et loyal militaire. J'aime mon pays, j'aime la gloire; mais je les aime en homme qui, accoutumé à ne rien craindre, n'oubliera jamais qu'il est le père de Jérôme Napoléon et mari d'Elise. Je t'embrasse comme je t'aime, et je t'aime autant que ma vie."†

In another letter Jerome assures her that he prefers her to a crown. Again he writes to her:

"Crois, mon Elise, que ma première pensée en me levant, comme la dernière quand je m'endors, est toujours pour toi, et que si je n'étais pas certain d'avoir le bonheur de rejoindre ma bien-aimée femme, je cesserais de vivre."‡

His often repeated determination "never to abandon his beautiful young wife" melted away before the frowns and brilliant promises of Napoleon. In a few months after separating from her at Lisbon he consented to a divorce. As a reward for his pusillanimity Jerome was created a Prince of the Empire and raised to the rank of Admiral in the French navy. On the 22d of August, 1807, he was married to the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, with all the pomp and ceremony with which Napoleon knew so well how to dazzle the French people. At the end of these festivities Jerome and his wife left France to take possession of the new kingdom of Westphalia, which was formed out of the territories of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and given to Jerome for his weak compliance with the measures of Napoleon. To the honor of Pope Pius VII.

\* "My dear and well-beloved wife, life is nothing to me without thee and my son. Be tranquil, thy husband will not abandon thee."

† "To leave thee, my good wife,—I have never had that fatal thought; I act as a man of honor, as a brave and loyal soldier. I love my country, I love glory; but I love them as a man who, accustomed to fear nothing, never forgets that he is the father of Jerome Napoleon and the husband of Elise. I embrace you as I love you, and I love you as my life."

‡ "Believe, my Elise, that my first thought in awakening, as my last in falling asleep, is always of thee, and if I were not sure of the happiness of rejoining my well-beloved wife, I should cease to live."

it should be stated that he firmly resisted Napoleon's attempts to get him to declare null and void the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson. The marriage was annulled by Napoleon's Council of State, but the Pope always refused to sanction the divorce, and in the eyes of the Catholic Church, of which Napoleon proudly called himself the eldest son, the only legitimate descendants of Jerome Bonaparte, and, consequently, the only legitimate heirs to the Imperial Throne of France, in the event of the death of the Prince Imperial, are the Baltimore Bonapartes.

Upon several occasions, the Baltimore Bonapartes endeavored to have their legitimacy established by the French courts. Through the powerful influence of King Jerome and his son, Prince Napoleon, these attempts always failed. Jerome died at the close of 1859. Early in 1861, Madame Patterson-Bonaparte and her son, Jerome Napoleon, made a final appeal to the *Cour Impériale de Paris*. M. Berryer, the eminent French Advocate, argued their case with distinguished ability. He cited an array of interesting and irresistible facts, proving beyond question the legality of the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson. A copy of the marriage contract was produced, signed by the contracting parties, and William Patterson, the father of the bride, and witnessed by Bishop Carroll, M. Sotin, the Vice-Consul of France at Baltimore, and Alexander Le Camus, afterward le Comte de Furstenstein, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Westphalia, during the reign of Jerome in that kingdom. The certificate of the marriage, duly authenticated by the late Very Reverend Henry B. Coskery, Rector of the Baltimore Cathedral, was also produced at the trial.

Numerous letters were read from ex-King Jerome to Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore, in which the latter was addressed respectfully, "*Mon cher enfant*," and "*Mon cher fils*." Other members of the Bonaparte family wrote him most affectionate letters, acknowledging the existing relationship. But in spite of the eloquence of Berryer and the justice of the cause, the appeal was denied.

Let us leave the weak and extravagant King of Westphalia on his throne, and return to his forsaken wife in Baltimore. The Patterson family is one of the oldest and most respectable in that aristocratic city, and has always occupied the highest social position. Thomas Jefferson, who

was the President of the United States at the time of Jerome Bonaparte's marriage to Miss Patterson, wrote to Chancellor Livingston, our Minister to France, in reference to the family of the bride, as follows:

"Mr. Patterson is President of the Bank of Baltimore and the richest man in Maryland, perhaps in the United States, except Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. He is a man of great worth and of great respectability. The mother is the sister of the wife of Gen. Smith (a distinguished officer in the Old Maryland Line). The social standing of the family is among the first in the United States."

Robert Patterson, Madame Jerome Bonaparte's brother, married Miss Caton, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who, when a widow, visited London, where she married the Marquis of Wellesley, brother of the Duke of Wellington.

It was rather absurd for Napoleon, who had declared that he was "the sole fabricator of his destiny," to speak of Jerome's marriage to Miss Patterson as a *mésalliance*, and to call her contemptuously "the young person with whom Jerome has connected himself in America."

Madame Bonaparte has always enjoyed society, which her wit, beauty, and brilliant conversation have fitted her to adorn. When she returned to Baltimore after her romantic visit to Europe a new interest was thrown around the former belle and beauty. A glamour of romance, and poetry, and suffering, was about her. Those who had envied her as the bride of Jerome Bonaparte could well afford to sympathize with her as the deserted young wife. Her brave and determined spirit sustained her in the midst of trials which would have crushed an ordinary woman. When Jerome, whom she had once adored as the embodiment of chivalrous gallantry, abandoned her, whom he had sworn before God and man to love, honor, and cherish until death, her love and admiration changed to absolute contempt.

After the downfall of Napoleon, Madame Bonaparte visited Europe, and remained there seven years. Her fascinating manners, extraordinary beauty, and romantic history, made her admired and celebrated all over the Continent. She spent several years in Florence, and was the ornament of the Court of Tuscany, which was at that time one of the most brilliant in Europe. In these splendid scenes, Madame Bonaparte was always the gayest of the gay. She went to a ball every night. Her regular habit

was to spend the early part of the evening in music and reading. At nine, her maid came to dress her for the ball. Precisely at ten, she drove to the *soirée*, and invariably left at midnight. In society, her sarcastic wit was as much feared as her beauty was admired.

It was while residing at Florence, in 1822, that Madame Bonaparte saw Jerome for the first and last time after their separation at Lisbon, in 1805. They met in the gallery of the Pitti Palace. On seeing her, Jerome started, and whispered to the Princess of Würtemberg, his second wife: "That is my former wife." He immediately quitted the gallery, and the next morning left Florence. No words passed between them.

Madame Bonaparte spent the winter of 1823 in Vienna. Here, her social success was almost as brilliant as at Florence. It was while residing at Vienna that she made the retort to the English Ambassador at the Austrian Court, which was repeated all over Europe. This is the story: At a state dinner given by Prince Metternich, it fell to the English Ambassador to escort Madame Bonaparte. He was not much pleased at having her assigned to him, for he had already in the drawing-room suffered from her sarcasm. He hated Napoleon, and expressed pleasure that the world was at last rid of him. She admired Napoleon, although he had treated her so harshly. On this subject they had spoken before dinner, and the Ambassador had not been successful in the encounter. At dinner, he thought he would get even with his opponent. So, when the soup was over, he asked her, with a malicious smile, whether she had read Mrs. Trollope's book on America. Madame Bonaparte said she had.

"Well, Madame," said the Ambassador, "did you notice that Mrs. Trollope pronounces all Americans vulgarians?"

"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "and I am not surprised at that. Were the Americans the descendants of the Indians or the Esquimaux, I should be astonished; but being the direct descendants of the English, it is very natural that they should be vulgarians."

The English Ambassador said nothing more to Madame Bonaparte during the dinner.

Young Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore accompanied his mother to Europe, and was placed at school in Geneva. After remaining there several years, he joined his mother in Italy in 1821, where most of the Bonaparte family were then residing. He was

received with affectionate kindness by his grandmother, the venerable Madame Mère, his uncles Lucien and Louis, his aunt Julia, wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and aunt Pauline, Princess Borghese, and all his numerous cousins. So delighted were they all with the bright and handsome young Baltimore Bonaparte, that they were anxious to make a match between him and his young cousin, Charlotte, daughter of Joseph. In the event of the marriage taking place, the Princess Borghese promised to leave the young couple three hundred thousand francs. Nothing came of this project. The two cousins continued devotedly attached to each other and frequently corresponded. Young Jerome visited her beautiful home at Point Breeze, New Jersey, where her father lived from 1816 to 1839. In the spring of 1823, Jerome returned to America, and, in the next autumn, entered Harvard University, where he remained three years. In 1826, he again visited Italy, and renewed his intimate personal relations with his family there. His half-brother, Prince Jerome, and half-sister, Princess Mathilde, became tenderly attached to him. It was during this visit to Europe that Jerome's acquaintance with Louis Napoleon began; this soon ripened into a most cordial intimacy.

Not long after his return to America (namely, in November, 1829), Jerome, then about twenty-four years old, was married to Miss Susan May Williams, a native of Baltimore, but descended of a prominent family of Massachusetts. Letters of congratulation came from the different members of the Bonaparte family, including Madame Mère, Joseph, Louis, Jerome, and his cousin Charlotte. On the 5th of November, 1830, a son was born to Mr. Bonaparte, and named Jerome Napoleon. After spending one year at Harvard, young Jerome entered West Point, July 1st, 1848, where he distinguished himself, both in the class-room and in all martial exercises, graduating high in his class in 1852. Perhaps a more dashing, more noble-looking young officer than Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte never left West Point; tall, graceful, handsome, with dark eyes, and regular features, he was every inch a soldier.

When Louis Napoleon came to America in 1837, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte invited him to visit him at his country-seat near Baltimore. On the 1st of January, 1853, Jerome addressed a letter to Napoleon III., congratulating him upon the occasion of his ascending the Imperial throne of France, to

which great had at invitat Mr. in Jun arrival by the Palace hands the d Justice Presid subject with that J ered a Jerom legitim remain Empe laws of Patter August "Bull Bonap Fran An 1854, parte, in the resign army. to the self u the w ter o that For M Bonap the C Med the C Impe heroi 1859 the C In parte fortu apart the F head one c Fran great thusi M fine

which the Emperor responded, expressing the great pleasure which the letter of his cousin had afforded him, and concluding with an invitation to visit France.

Mr. Bonaparte and his son visited Paris in June, 1854, and immediately upon their arrival were invited to dine at Saint Cloud by the Emperor. When they entered the Palace, Mr. Bonaparte received from the hands of the Emperor a paper containing the deliberate opinion of the Minister of Justice, the President of the Senate, and the President of the Council of State, upon the subject of the marriage of Prince Jerome with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, to the effect that Jerome Bonaparte ought to be considered a legitimate child of France. Prince Jerome opposed the recognition of his son's legitimacy, said he would not consent to his remaining in France, and so wrote to the Emperor. Napoleon III. replied that the laws of France recognized the son of Miss Patterson as legitimate, and on the 30th of August, 1854, a decree was inserted in the "Bulletin des lois," declaring that *M. Jérôme Bonaparte est réintégré dans la qualité de Français*.

Another decree, dated September 5th, 1854, conferred upon young Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, the rank of Lieutenant in the French army. He had previously resigned his commission in the United States army. The young officer proceeded at once to the Crimea, where he distinguished himself upon several occasions. At the end of the war his commanding officer wrote a letter of congratulation to his father, saying that he ought to be proud of such a son. For his gallant conduct in the Crimea, Lieut. Bonaparte received a Victoria Medal from the Queen of England, the Order of the Medjidie from the Sultan of Turkey, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his Imperial cousin, Napoleon III. For his heroic services in the Italian campaign of 1859, Victor Emanuel decorated him with the Order of Military Valor.

In the summer of 1870 Jerome Bonaparte died in Baltimore, leaving his large fortune to his wife and two sons. Mr. Bonaparte bore a striking likeness to his uncle, the First Napoleon, having the same massive head, regular features, and dark eyes. On one occasion, when he was traveling through France, the people saw him, and as if the great Napoleon had returned to life, they enthusiastically shouted: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Mr. Bonaparte was a gentleman of refined taste and culture. His late residence

in Baltimore is probably the most interesting in the South, and in Napoleonic portraits, curiosities, and relics, it is, perhaps, the most



JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE [SON OF JEROME BONAPARTE].—From a bust taken in 1859.

interesting in America. One room in the house is entirely devoted to Bonaparte. Here, the chief object of interest is a magnificent bust of General Bonaparte, which bears the following inscription: "*Le Général Bonaparte en l'an VIII, par Corbet, au Caire. En marbre par Iselin, Paris, 1859.*" The history of this bust is remarkable. The original cast was taken in Egypt, during the French invasion in 1798-9. Before the French left the country, the cast was buried, and was not recovered until 1859, when Napoleon III. had it cut in marble, by the French sculptor, Iselin. Only two copies were made; one was placed in the Tuileries; the other was purchased by Mr. Bonaparte.

On the left side of this bust of General Bonaparte, is a bust of Colonel Jerome N. Bonaparte; and on the right hand side is the bust of Mr. Bonaparte, an engraving of which accompanies this article. These busts were done in marble by Iselin, at Paris, in 1859. Among other busts in this apartment are those of Charles and Letitia Bonaparte, the father and mother of Napoleon. These busts are by Canova. There is, also, a bust of the little King of Rome, and a full length bronze figure of the Prince Imperial. A marble portrait of the hands of the Princess Mathilde by Bartolini, a portrait of King Jerome, a bronze statue of Napoleon, and a portrait of Colonel Bonaparte, as Captain of the First Carabiniers, painted by May, and exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867, are



in this room also. The likeness of Colonel Bonaparte, accompanying this article, is from a photograph of this picture.



COL. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE [GRANDSON OF JEROME BONAPARTE].—From a recent photograph.

Madame Bonaparte is still living in Baltimore, at the age of ninety years. She says she has no intention of dying until she is a hundred. She has been to Europe sixteen times, and contemplates another trip this summer. This old lady has more vivacity and certainly more intelligence than many of the leading women of fashion of the present day. She expresses her opinion upon all subjects with great freedom, and sometimes with bitterness. She has little or no confidence in men; and a very poor opinion of women: the young ladies of the present day, she says, all have the "*homo mania*." All sentiment she thinks a weakness. She professes that her ambition has always been—*not the throne, but near the throne*. Mr. Patterson, her father, died in 1836, at an advanced age, in possession of a large fortune. In his will, which is one of the most remarkable documents that has ever been deposited in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, he says: "The conduct of my daughter, Betsey, has, through life, been so disobedient that in no instance has she ever consulted my opinion or feelings; indeed, she has caused me more anxiety and trouble than all my other children put together; her folly and misconduct have occasioned me a

train of experience that, first to last, has cost me much money"—in this, he means the marriage of his daughter to Jerome Bonaparte. The old gentleman left her, out of his great wealth, only three or four small houses and the wines in his cellar—worth in all about ten thousand dollars.

Madame Bonaparte is very rich: she has made her money by successful speculations and by her life-long habit of saving. For years she has lived at a boarding-house in Baltimore, seeing very little company. Her costume is ancient, and there is nothing about her appearance that suggests the marvelous beauty that led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte. Her eyes alone retain some of the brightness of former days.

For forty years, Madame Bonaparte kept a diary, in which she recorded her views and observations of European and American society. Some of her remarks are severely sarcastic. A well-known Boston publishing house, it is said, recently offered ten thousand dollars for the manuscript volumes, but Madame refused to sell them at any price, and has committed them to the custody of her younger grandson, Charles Joseph, recently a law student of Harvard, now a rising member of the Baltimore bar. They will probably be published after the writer's death.

In the Franco-Prussian war, Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte distinguished himself by his personal bravery and splendid soldierly qualities. After the capture of the Emperor at Sedan, Colonel Bonaparte escorted the Empress through France, and returned to Paris in time to take a conspicuous part in the memorable siege of that city. During the Commune he escaped from Paris just in time to save his life.

At the close of the war, Colonel Bonaparte came back to the United States and visited Baltimore. In the summer of 1871, at Newport, R. I., he married Caroline Le Roy Appleton (Mrs. Newbold Edgar), granddaughter of Daniel Webster.

Colonel Bonaparte has all the qualities of a successful leader: he is brave, dashing, and fearless. When we recall the many extraordinary events that have happened in France during the last ninety years—when we remember that a lieutenant of artillery at Toulon became the conqueror of Austerlitz and Emperor of France—that the grandson of the guillotined Beauharnais became Napoleon III.—does it seem impossible that we have a future Emperor of France among us in Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte of Baltimore?



## A TEMPLE OF SONG.



THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, PARIS.

THE New York papers of Jan. 6th, 1875 printed a brief telegram which doubtless escaped the notice of many readers, and which, if it attracted their attention, was hardly likely to produce an impression sufficient to delay progress to the subsequent item of intelligence. Yet the despatch related to an event which, if it did not engross for the moment the thoughts of a nation, monopolized at least those of its capital, and made politics, trade and finance, topics of subsidiary importance: it announced the formal opening of the new Paris Opera-House, commenced under the Empire and finished by the Republic. People on this side of the Atlantic had in truth become rather weary of the theme, for repeated postponements of the inauguration had extended, not merely over the nine days usually allotted to general wonderment, but over a year or two more. The interest of France, and that of the Parisians in particular, in the occasion was, however, as lively as if the Nouvel Opéra had grown up in their midst overnight. The reporters of "Le Figaro" gossiped about "the situation" once every twenty-four hours, and even severer writers dealt with it twice or thrice a week. Loungers

outside were as numerous as ever, and the desire to catch a glimpse of the interior was rather increased than diminished.

There can be no doubt that, although not without its defects, the new Opera-House is the most complete building of the kind in the world, and, in many respects, the most beautiful. Portions of it invite censure, but, as a whole, no European capital possesses an Opera-House so comprehensive in plan and execution, and none can boast an edifice equally vast and splendid. I was in Paris toward the close of last August, only four months before the theater was thrown open to the public. I had just returned from Italy, and hence was scarcely in the mood to be overcome by the sight of a modern building, however broad in design and rich in material. The forest of needles of the Duomo of Milan, rising pink and golden in a summer sky, and the myriad hues of the Venetian Piazza and Piazzetta, with the polychromatic Basilica, the contrasted Procuratie, the gorgeous clock-tower, and the Campanile, do not predispose one to view with favor anything savoring of newness, and it must be admitted that an undeniably unpleasant air of youth still clings

to M. Garnier's work. Yet the Opera-House, which I then beheld for the first time since its completion, delighted me, while the artistic beauty and variety of its internal features



BOX OFFICE—VESTIBULE.

compelled unreserved admiration. Time, as M. Garnier well knew, will do a great deal for the outward appearance of the building, and modifications within can be readily effected, as they are suggested by successive tests.

With M. Maurice Strakosch (now so thorough a Parisian in tastes and habits, that I should not marvel if some day or other he controlled the Opéra as he has controlled the Italiens), I wandered through the edifice. The visit was almost as bewildering as it was agreeable. Giant stairways and colossal halls, huge frescoes and enormous mirrors, gold and marble, satin and velvet, met the eye at every turn. A performance is enjoyed when the Opera-House is seen; on sober reflection, objections to sundry points may be advanced, but a first visit is fruitful of gratification and astonishment only.

I quitted Paris the next day, and should probably have been content to keep the recollection of my ramble through the *Nouvel Opéra* undisturbed by a reference to it, but for the publication in the French metropolis of a volume of two hundred and fifty pages devoted to the description and consideration

of the monument which M. Garnier has erected to his own talent and industry. The book in question is by M. Nuytter; it is brimful of facts and figures, and is illustrated by many faithful and delicate engravings. With these at hand to aid me, I have slight fear that American readers will not be interested in a few pages of print upon the history of the opera in France, and upon the most salient traits of its latest and costliest abode.

Before the erection of the grandiose structure of which this article treats, the opera, during the two hundred years of its existence, found in Paris a home in twelve different edifices. The first was situated opposite the Rue Guénégaud, on the site of the building now known as No. 42 Rue Mazarine, and No. 4 Rue de Seine. Here "*Pomone*," the first French musical comedy, a pastoral in five acts, with a prologue, was performed in public for the first time. The words were by the Abbé Perrin, and the music was by Cambert. The success achieved by this earliest setting to notes of a French piece determined the Abbé Perrin to solicit the privilege of giving representations of the same character in public. This privilege was accorded him June 28, 1669, by royal letters patent. He then formed a partnership with the Marquis de Sourdéac, who was accounted one of the most able men of his day in the art of inventing and constructing theatrical machinery. The Sieur de Bersac de Champeron furnished the funds for the enterprise, and in 1670 he and the Marquis de Sourdéac leased the tennis court "*de la Bouteille*," on the site of which the first Opera-House was to be erected, the managers paying therefor a rental of 2,400 livres for five years. The oblong form of the tennis court was preserved, and the stage was large for the time, and well adapted to the production of mechanical effects, which from the introduction of the opera had constituted one of its attractions. In the last act of "*Pomone*" no less than eighteen sprites appeared suspended amid the clouds.

The inauguration took place March 19, 1671, and the enterprise proved quite successful. But discord soon sprung up between the partners. De Sourdéac and Champeron, the sole lessees of the house, had a second opera composed, and Perrin, seeing that he was virtually turned out of the association, ceded his rights to Lully, to

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whom the King gave another and more extended privilege, which dignified the theater with the title of the Royal Academy of Music. Lully, who had dealt with Perrin only, being too wise to enter into a lawsuit with de Sourdéac, applied to the King, and

the fire of October, 1873, when it became necessary to hire the Salle Ventadour, the opera was represented in buildings belonging to the State, and the manager was free of rent.

It would not be profitable to follow the history of the opera in France step by step down to the present period. We shall, in this belief, confine ourselves to a hasty review of events. For ninety years Molière's "house" was the dwelling of the lyric drama in Paris, and it would probably not have been given up then, had it not been destroyed by fire on April 6, 1763. Measures were then taken to keep the troupe together, and recitals



THE CIRCULAR VESTIBULE.

the theater in the Rue Mazarine was closed by royal decree in March, 1672. Lully selected the "Bel Air" tennis court, situated in the Rue Vaugirard, between the Palace of the Luxembourg and the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, for the site of his theater, and Vigarani, a skillful machinist, was engaged to assist him. But few documents exist throwing any light on the plan of this building, but it is generally conceded that it was of a temporary character. Lully was, in truth, anxious to reap promptly the benefit of his privilege. The hall, however, was not ready until November, 1672, when it was opened with the performance of a pastoral called "Festes de l'Amour et de Bacchus," and made up of pieces which Lully had already produced at court. Lully soon obtained a better theater free of all cost. Molière having died on the 16th of February, 1673, Lully applied to the King for the Palais Royal Theater, which was then occupied by Molière's company. The King granted his petition, and from that time until after

took place in the concert-hall of the Tuileries, in the Pavillon de Flore. Later on, the opera found shelter in a building on the other side of the Palace.

In the interval from 1763 to 1770 an opera-house had been built by Moreau on the ground occupied by the burned building. This was the first house built solely



VIEW FROM THE LOGGIA.

for such tenancy. The theater was large and well provided with machinery, and the auditorium, which was spacious and beautifully decorated, had four tiers of boxes. On the 8th of June, 1781, at half-past eight in the evening, just as the representation was about

to conclude, one of the scenes caught fire. The ballet-master, Dauberval, ordered the curtain to be lowered, and the audience dispersed, thinking that the last act was



"DANCING"—BY M. GUMERY.

rather short, but without suspicion that anything had gone wrong. The progress of the flames could not be arrested, and the house was reduced to ashes. Fourteen of the dancers and machinists perished in the conflagration. After this catastrophe, the opera took up its abode in the building known as the *Menus Plaisirs du Roi*, in the Rue Bergère, on the Boulevard St. Martin, and in the Théâtre National. A decree of the 27th Germinal of the year II gave the name of Théâtre des Arts to the opera-house. On the 13th day of February, 1820, the Duc de Berry was mortally wounded by Louvel, and the next day he died in one of the ante-rooms of the theater, whither a bed had been hurriedly carried. It was subsequently decided that no more theatrical entertainments should be given in the building, and that it should be torn down and an expiatory monument be erected in its place. The Favart Opera-House, built in 1781 by the Italian actors, and now known as the Opéra Comique, was vacant at the time, and representations were given there from April 19, 1820, to May 11, 1821. A few concerts and performances were also given from May to August, 1821,

in the Salle Louvois, built in 1791 by Brongniart. A temporary opera-house was inaugurated August 16, 1821, in the Rue Lepeletier. It was built by M. Debret, and originally contained 2,000 seats, of which about 200 were afterward removed. On October 28, 1873, this house met the usual fate, and was destroyed by fire. Since then the Salle Ventadour, originally used by an Italian company, has had for a lessee M. Halanzier, who now controls the fortunes of the new abode of the French lyric drama.

After the construction of a new opera-house had been declared to be a measure of public utility, a resolution, passed December 29, 1860, provided for a competitive exhibition of designs and plans, and determined the conditions under which they should be submitted. One month only was accorded to the competitors, and 171 plans, forming a total of 700 drawings, were presented. Of these, 43 were selected first; these were reduced to 16, and afterward to 7, by a further examination. The jury then set aside two of the plans, and expressed a desire that a final competition, the result of which should be the award to the victor of the contract for the erection of the building,



"POETRY"—BY M. GUMERY.

should be entered into by the authors of the five plans retained.

The upshot of this last competition was that

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the plan submitted by M. Charles Garnier was unanimously chosen by the jury, composed of Count Walewski, president; MM. Lebas, Gilbert, Caristie, Duban, de Gisors, Hittorff, Lesueur et Lefuel, members of the Academy of Beaux Arts; and MM. de Cardailiac, Questel, Lepormand and Constant Du-  
feux, members of the General Council of Civil Construction.

In July, 1861, the site of the new opera-house was determined upon, and the digging of the foundation was begun in the following month. At the very outset of this great work one of the principal difficulties of the enterprise was encountered. Although it was well known that water would be met with, it was impossible to foresee at what depth or in what quantity it would be found. The experience acquired in the construction of buildings in the neighborhood afforded no basis for any calculation, as a part of the fresh foundation had to be exceptionally deep. This will be more fully understood when it is known that the stage arrangements were to be such as to permit a scene fifteen metres in height to be lowered on its frame. It was, therefore, necessary to lay a foundation in a soil soaked with water, which should be sufficiently solid to sustain a weight of 10,000,000 kilogrammes,\* and at the same time be perfectly dry, as the cellars were intended for the storage of scenery and "properties." While the work was in progress the excavation was kept free from water by means of eight pumps, worked by steam power, and in operation without interruption day and night, from March 2d to October 13th. Four pile-driving machines were employed, two worked by steam, and two by hand power. During the process

of construction, it was not only necessary to prevent the return of the water, but to resist its pressure, which was estimated at 2,000,000 kilogrammes. To this the architect naturally opposed the weight of the materials used,



THE GRAND STAIRWAY.

and this he increased by distributing it over a series of reversed arches in such a manner that the outside pressure held the work together all the more firmly. The floor of the cellar was first covered with a layer of concrete, then with two coats of cement, another layer of concrete, and a coat of bitumen. The wall includes an outer wall built as a coffer-dam, a brick wall, a coat of cement, and a wall proper, one mètre\* thick. After all this was done, the whole was filled with water, in order that the fluid, by penetrating

\* The French kilogramme is equivalent to 2.2048 pounds avoirdupois; five kilogrammes are about equal to 11 pounds.

\* The French mètre is equivalent, roughly, to one yard and a tenth.



into the most minute interstices, might deposit a sediment which should close them more surely and perfectly than it would be possible to do by hand. Twelve years have now elapsed, and during that time it has been demonstrated that the precautions taken

The public complained occasionally of the slow growth of the edifice. A comparison with the time required for the construction of other large buildings results, however, favorably for the Opera-House, the cubic contents of which are about 450,000 metres.

The construction of the Panthéon, which contains about 190,000 metres, only occupied twenty-six years; the Bourse, containing 106,000 metres, was nineteen years old before it was completed, and the Sorbonne, fourteen. The events of 1870 interrupted work just as it was about to be prosecuted most vigorously, and the new Opera-House was put to new and unexpected uses. During the siege it was converted into a vast military storehouse, and filled with a heterogeneous mass of goods, the total weight of which was 4,500,000 kilogrammes.

Arches eleven centimetres in thickness, which had been constructed with a view to supporting the usual weight only, were then subjected to a pressure which at times alarmed the architect. The archives of the Opera-House were deposited in one of the cellars during this period, but, thanks to the care taken in the subterranean construction, no damage was caused by dampness. A semaphore telegraph, which was placed on the roof, was used by the Navy Department

during the war. After the siege the building fell into the hands of the Commune, and the partisans of Raoul Rigault turned the roof into a balloon station. The damage done during the siege and by the Commune was comparatively slight, and the whole cost of repairs did not exceed 300,000 francs.

In September, 1873, M. Garnier announced that the building could be in readiness for occupancy by the month of January, 1876. A short time after, the burning of the



THE GRAND FOYER.

have secured absolute impermeability and solidity. On the 21st of July, 1862, Count Walewski, Minister of State, laid the cornerstone and within a twelvemonth the foundations were finished. 165,000 working days had been employed in the completion of the work, besides 2,300 working nights at the pumps. In 1867 the building was covered in, and at this stage of progress the number of working days amounted to 1,107,632, besides 2,359 nights at the pumps.

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theater in the Rue Lepeletier made it necessary to finish it as rapidly as possible, and in March, 1874, a further appropriation was



"THALIA"—PAINTING BY BAUDRY.

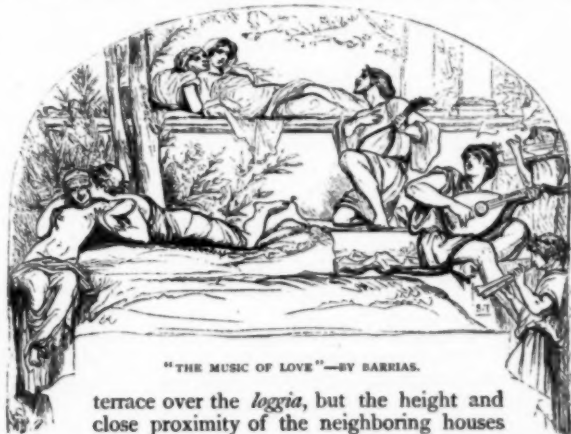
made to hasten affairs. M. Garnier, meantime, had fallen to work on the day after the fire, without orders and without money. The contractors consented to make advances on the strength of his word, and matters were pressed with such unwonted energy that the theater was fit to be handed over to the management in December, 1874. The fine stone employed in the construction was brought from quarries in Sweden, Scotland, Italy, Algeria, Finland, Spain, Belgium, and France.

While work on the exterior was in progress, the building was inclosed in what may be called a wooden shell, rendered transparent by thousands of small panes of glass. On the 15th of August, 1867, M. Garnier thought the time for revealing his achievement had come; the Place de l'Opéra was cleared of loungers, and a swarm of men supplied with hammers and axes stripped the house of its

habit, and showed, in all its splendor, the structure of which the frontage is represented in the accompanying engraving. The impression wrought was very decided, and while M. Garnier did not escape severe criticism, he had defenders who were quite as earnest as his opponents.

The engraving appended conveys a correct idea of the proportions of the structure. But it must be borne in mind that a woodcut cannot do justice to the rich colors of the edifice, or to the harmonious tone resulting from the skillful use of many diverse materials. The broad steps are of St. Ylie stone; the ground floor built of Larrys freestone and adorned by numerous statues and groups, ranges above, while higher up is the balcony, called the *loggia*. Sixteen monolith columns of Bavarian stone stand out on a background of red Jura stone. It was remarked at first that their snowy whiteness contrasted too strongly with the background, but M. Garnier was quite aware that time would take upon itself the task of toning down the brighter hues. These columns are connected by balconies of polished stone with balusters of green Swedish marble, and with them are eighteen peach-blossom marble columns, with capitals gilded with two shades of gold. These eighteen columns sustain a *rideau* or curtain of Jura stone, ornamented with gilt-bronze busts and brackets, the curtain not being intended to support the attic, which rests upon the principal columns, but only to shelter the *loggia*.

The attic is the result of one of the chief modifications effected in M. Garnier's original plan. It was first proposed to place a



"THE MUSIC OF LOVE"—BY BARRIAS.

terrace over the *loggia*, but the height and close proximity of the neighboring houses

made it expedient to increase the altitude of the building, and, therefore, to raise the attic. Into the background of the carvings on this part of the structure is incrustated a golden mosaic which, according as the sunlight or the moonbeams glance upon it, gives animation

cupola of the auditorium, topped with a cap of bronze sparingly adorned with gilding. Further on, on a level with the towers of Notre-Dame, is the gable end of the roof of the stage, a "Pegasus," by M. Lequesne, rising at either end of the roof, and a bronze group by M. Millet, representing "Apollo lifting his golden lyre," commanding the apex. Apollo, it may here be mentioned, is useful as well as ornamental, for his lyre is tipped with a metal point which does duty as a lightning-rod, and conducts the fluid to the body and down the nether limbs of the god.

Two gilt-bronze groups of exceeding beauty enrich the attic. They are the work of M. Gumery, and represent, respectively, "Dancing" and "Poetry." Statues of "Architecture," "Industry," "Painting," and "Sculpture," are also noticeable here, as well as the nine gilt-bronze busts of the frontage. The busts include seven composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Spontini, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Halévy—and two librettists, Quinault, and Scribe. No little discord prefaced the selection of these worthies. M. Garnier sought counsel on the subject from the most competent musicians and authors, but there was the greatest diversity in the suggestions; a decision, however, was finally reached, and the order in which the busts were placed was determined by the dates of the composers' birth. Gluck's absence would be unaccountable were

it not that his statue is to be seen within the house. On the ground floor are profile medallions of Bach, Haydn, Pergolesi, and Cimarosa, by M. Gumery. Four statues on the steps personify "The Drama," "Song," "The Idyl," and "The Cantata;" and four groups typify "Music," "Lyric Poetry," "The Lyric Drama," and "Dancing."

"Dancing," by M. Carpeaux, merits a special reference. For a brief period, it was quite as much talked about as the Opéra



"THE WAR DANCE"—SKETCHED BY BOULANGER.

to figures and arabesques by its changeful reflection. Higher up, a row of gilt-bronze antique masks runs along the frontage, and, higher still, above bands of violet brocatelle marble, are gilt-bronze groups, placed at the angles.

Such is the *ensemble*, varied, brilliant and warm in tone, which greets the eye when the looker-on stands a few yards from the building. From a more remote point, the effect of the frontage is completed by the

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itself, discussed on the floor of the Assembly, criticised in the *cafés*, and reviled in the newspapers. Public interest in the topic even became so active as to give birth to hostile demonstrations against the group, and, one morning, one of the figures was found sullied by the contents of an ink-bottle. That M. Carpeaux's achievement is not particularly felicitous, cannot be doubted. In thought and expression, it is at least suggestive of lewdness, and, however indulgent a view is taken of the composition, it is altogether too frivolous to hold the distinguished position assigned to it. On this point opinions concurred, and, in 1869, a ministerial decree ordered the removal of "Dancing" to the interior of the house, inasmuch as its want of proportion was injurious to the façade. Another group was at once ordered of M. Gumery, but the sculptor died before his task was completed, and, although his pupils finished the group, its substitution for that of M. Carpeaux has not yet been agreed upon. To close this description of the frontage, we note that it is lighted by four huge bronze candelabra.

The lateral frontages are less ornate. Marble is less freely used. The balusters of the windows of the first floor are, however, of green Swedish marble; a band of red Serravezza marble runs under the cornice; the lapping-stones are of bronze—everything else is of stone.

Among the obligations laid upon the architect, was the contrivance of a special entrance for the Executive, leading directly to his proscenium-box, and of a covered entrance for the carriages of the public. Both were to be side entrances, and falling back from the frontage. The demand was met by the addition of two pavilions to the lateral façades. The pavilion on the Rue Gluck affords shelter to five vehicles at once. The pavilion on the Rue Scribe is so constructed that the coach of the Executive can be driven into a vestibule from which a few steps lead to the box. Each of the lateral façades is adorned with twelve busts of musicians, placed in circular niches with a background of red marble. On the right, are Monteverde, Durante, Jomelli, Monsigny, Grétry, Sacchini, Lesueur, Berton, Boieldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, and Verdi. On the left, are Camberth, Campa, Rousseau, Philidor, Piccini, Paisiello, Cherubini, Méhul, Nicolo, Weber, Bellini, and Adam. Each of these busts bears the arms of the native town of the composer. A balustrade of polished St. Ylie stone, with bluish marble balusters, compasses the edi-

fice. Eleven gates intersect this balustrade, and twenty-two lamp-bearing statues, with eight blue marble columns, from each of which spring three gas-jets, shed light upon the entrances. Two "rostral" pillars, on which eagles are perched, mark the entrance to the pavilion of the Executive.

One of the most curious features of the edifice is the roof, the superficies of which is fifteen thousand mètres. The part covering the stage is conspicuously novel in construction. A heavy rain-storm might have had a disastrous effect on so vast a surface. From the ridge to the edge, the waters are held in check by two dams, which gently regulate the flow and direct it into two immense channels, whence the flood rolls into large gargoyles and harmlessly passes away.

Turning from the exterior to the interior of the house, the spectator, having climbed ten steps and left behind him a gate-way and a double door, reaches a vestibule in which are statues of Lully, Rameau, Gluck, and Handel. Ten steps of green Swedish marble lead to a second vestibule, intended for the occupancy of the ticket-sellers. Visitors who enter by the pavilion reserved for carriages pass through a hall-way where ticket-offices are situated. The larger number of the audience, before entering the auditorium, traverse a vast circular vestibule located exactly beneath it. The ceiling of this portion of the building, which is shown in the accompanying engraving, is upheld by sixteen fluted columns of Jura stone, with white marble capitals, forming a portico. Here servants are to await their masters, and spectators may remain until their carriages are summoned. The third entrance, which is quite distinct from the others, is reserved for the Executive. The section of the building set aside for the use of the Emperor Napoleon was to have included an antechamber for the body-guards; a salon for the aides-de-camp; a large salon and a smaller one for the Empress; hat and cloak-rooms, etc. Moreover, there were to be, in close proximity to the entrance, stables for three coaches, for the outriders' horses, and for the twenty-one horsemen acting as an escort; a station for a squad of infantry of thirty-one men and ten *cent-gardes*, and a stable for the horses of the latter; and, besides, a salon for fifteen or twenty domestics. Thus arrangements had to be made to accommodate in this part of the building about one hundred persons, fifty horses, and half-a-dozen carriages. The fall of the Empire suggested some

changes, but ample provision still exists for emergencies.

Its novel conception, perfect fitness, and rare splendor of material, make the grand stairway unquestionably one of the most remarkable features of the building. It presents to the spectator who has just passed through the subscribers' pavilion a gorgeous picture. From this point he beholds the ceiling formed by the central landing; this and the columns sustaining it, built of Echaillon stone, are honeycombed with arabesques and heavy with ornaments; the steps are of white marble, and antique red marble balusters rest on green marble sockets and support a balustrade of onyx. Hence the eye, gazing through the pillars, reaches the Venetian mosaic ceiling of the *avant-foyer*; higher up, it grasps a myriad panels, rich in elaborate carvings, and, further above still, it meets the paintings of the ceiling. From the first landing a monumental door gives admission to the *baignioires*, or rear boxes; to the amphitheater, or raised pit, and to the orchestra chairs; two bronze caryatides, representing "Tragedy" and "Comedy," with draperies of yellow and green marble, guard the entrance, and uphold a pediment with two white marble children leaning upon the coat-of-arms of the city.

To the right and to the left of this landing are stairways to the floor on a plane with the first row of boxes. On this floor stand thirty monolith columns of Sarrancolin marble, with white marble bases and capitals. Pilasters of peach-blossom and violet stone are against the corresponding walls, the pilasters and columns bearing the archivaults of the arcades of the vault. Each of the columns is five mètres in height; more than fifty blocks had to be extracted from the quarry to find thirty perfect monoliths. Among the noteworthy ornaments are twelve light-yellow marble medallions, surrounded by carved children's heads, and placed in the piers of the arches, and four compartments in the ceiling, each fifteen mètres by five, in which allegorical subjects are painted. The columns on the side of the *foyer* are disconnected, but the others are bound together by balconies on a level with the tiers as high as the fifth; thence the spectator can look down upon the ebbing through. The balconies on the first tier are marble, with a balustrade of Algerian onyx; those on the second and third tiers are bronze; those on the fifth are marble and stone.

The *avant-foyer* is mainly noticeable on account of its mosaic ceiling. Four large panels inclose life-size figures in mosaic, representing "Diana and Endymion," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Aurora and Cephalus," and "Psyche and Mercury." A Greek inscription records the fact that, for the first time in France, mosaic is employed in this *avant-foyer* for decorative purposes "for the adornment of the ceiling and the popularization of the art." The names of the architect and workmen, and that of the designer of the cartoons, also appear in Greek characters. It had long been M. Garnier's dream to create a French school of mosaic, and he was by no means willing to lose so good an opportunity of advancing a powerful argument in behalf of his idea.

The large *foyer* is fifty-four mètres long, thirteen wide and eighteen high; its height produces the earliest and most marked impression. Its tone is golden; but old gold, such as is used in Italy, prevails, and a soft and rich effect is thereby secured. Twenty columns serve as pedestals for as many golden statues, personifying the qualities artists ought to possess. They embody "Imagination," "Hope," "Tradition," "Fancy," "Passion," "Strength," "Thought," "Prudence," "Moderation," "Elegance," "Will," "Grace," "Science," "Faith," "Dignity," "Beauty," "Wisdom," "Philosophy," "Independence," and "Modesty." The ceiling is enriched with the magnificent paintings of M. Paul Baudry, illustrative of the arts, from their origin to the present day. In his "Parnassus" M. Baudry has gathered around Apollo the Graces, the Muses, and even the demigods of modern music; in a twin achievement he has summoned about Homer the ancient poets, and the "painters and sculptors they have inspired, the heroic types they have immortalized, and the primitive men they have civilized. Music commands the decorative ensemble of the central ceiling," proceeds M. Baudry. "and therein is symbolized the union of 'Melody' and 'Harmony' between 'Poetry' and 'Glory.' The dramatic thought is expressed in two secondary ceilings, one of which is devoted to 'Comedy,' and the other to 'Tragedy.'" Ten large designs picture the characteristics and effects of "Music" and "Dancing," and also "The Triumph of Beauty;" the subjects selected are "The Judgment of Paris," "Marsyas," "The Assault," "The Shepherds," "Saul and David," "St. Cecilia's Dream," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Jupiter and the Corybantes," "Or-

pheus and the Moenads," and "Salome." The intermediate spaces between these compositions are occupied by eight large detached figures, representing the Muses. The doors are crowned with oval panels, upon which M. Baudry has painted children personifying music in all lands. One of these panels is in mosaic; M. Garnier desired to preserve the paintings by reproducing them all in this fashion, but the execution of the plan would have required ten years' time, and an outlay of about 200,000 francs. While dealing with the *foyer*, some magnificent hangings of golden-hued silk, and several large looking-glasses, seven mètres high, claim attention. Supplementary *foyers* connect with the main salon, and, with the aid of countless mirrors, make the perspective endless. Among the paintings in these *foyers* are three from the brush of M. Delaunay and three from that of M. Barrias. "The Music of Love," by the latter artist, is herewith reproduced.

The *loggia*, or balcony of the *foyer*, is reached through five large glass doors, but these being open in summer only, so that a sudden rush of cold air may not chill the throng, side doors leading to it are habitually used. From the *loggia* the spectator looks upon the Place de l'Opéra, and up the new avenue which is eventually to cross the Butte des Moulins and bind the Opéra to the Tuileries and the Louvre. At present the avenue closes at the Rue Louis le Grand, and only the roofs of the Louvre and the Théâtre Français are visible. As it is, the scene is sufficiently picturesque, and no more representative view of Paris could be wished than that of the Place de l'Opéra, the boulevards and the tributary streets all teeming with life.

The auditorium of the Opéra is almost equal in size to that of La Scala, in Milan, and that of the San Carlo, in Naples, and is larger by about one-fourth than that of the house in the Rue Lepeletier. Still it impresses one at first sight as small. The painting forming the interior of the dome is by M. Lenepveu, the present Director of the French Academy in Rome, and it represents, on a superficies of two hundred mètres, the hours of the day and night; the sun shines above the stage, the moon beams opposite, and to the right and left are dawn and twilight, the figures nearest to these standing in appropriate lights. Below, among other ornaments, are twelve heads, personifying Iris, Amphitrite, Hebe, Flora, Pandora, Psyche, Thetis, Pomona, Daphne, Clytie, Galatea, and Are-

thusa. Further down, gas-burners, globed in pearly and many-colored glass, form a dazzling circle, and a superb chandelier, with three hundred and forty burners, depends from the ceiling. On the proscenium are two large carved heads of Venus and Diana, and, right and left, are smaller heads of "Epic Poetry," "Fairy Lore," "History," and "Fable." The prevailing colors of the auditorium are red and gold. There are four tiers of boxes and a gallery, and the seating capacity of the house is two thousand one hundred and fifty-six.

The stage is the largest in existence. Communication with the rear of the building can be cut off in case of fire by an iron curtain and iron doors, and a curtain of iron net-work can also be lowered to keep the flames from the auditorium. The "flies" are twenty mètres above the floor. Nearly all the scenic machinery is made of iron, but no changes of importance have been effected in the "working" of the stage, although some innovations on time-honored methods are to be attempted hereafter. A large organ, and a carillon of ten bells, the heaviest of which weighs six hundred and fifty kilogrammes, are on the stage.

The *foyer de la danse* has particular interest for the habitués of the Opéra. It is a place of reunion to which subscribers to three performances a week are admitted between the acts in accordance with a usage established in 1770. Three immense looking-glasses cover the back wall of the *foyer*, and a chandelier with one hundred and seven burners supplies it with light. The paintings include twenty oval medallions, in which are portrayed the twenty danseuses of most celebrity since the opera has existed in France, and four panels by M. Boulanger, typifying "The War Dance," "The Rustic Dance," "The Dance of Love," and "The Bacchic Dance." While the ladies of the ballet receive their admirers, in this *foyer*, they can practice their steps; velvet-cushioned bars have to this end been secured at convenient points, and the floor has been given the same slope as that of the stage, so that the labor expended may be thoroughly profitable to the performance. The singers' *foyer*, on the same floor, is a much less lively resort than the *foyer de la danse*, as vocalists rarely leave their dressing-rooms before they are summoned to the stage. Thirty panels with portraits of the artists of repute in the annals of the Opéra adorn this *foyer*.

It is clearly impossible, within the narrow limits set us, to give an adequate idea of the



accommodations reserved for the attachés of the house. Some estimate of their requirements may be arrived at by sitting beside the *concierge* an hour or so before the representation commences. First appear the stage carpenters, who are always seventy, and sometimes, when "L'Africaine," for example, with its ship scene, is the opera, one hundred and ten strong. Then come stage upholsterers, whose sole duty it is to lay carpets, hang curtains, etc.; gasmen, and a squad of firemen. *Claqueurs*, call-boys, property-men, dressers, coiffeurs, supernumeraries, and artists, follow. The supernumeraries number about one hundred; some are hired by the year, but the "masses" are generally recruited at the last minute, and are usually workmen who seek to add to their meager earnings. There are about a hundred choristers, and about eighty musicians. Next we behold equerries, whose horses are hoisted on the stage by means of an elevator; electricians who manage the light-producing batteries; *hydrauliciens* to take charge of the water-works in ballets like "La Source;" artificers who prepare the conflagration in "Le Prophète;" florists who make ready Marguerite's garden, and a host of minor employés. This *personnel* is provided for as follows: Eighty dressing-rooms are reserved for the artists, each including a small antechamber, the dressing-room proper, and a little closet. These rooms contain two mirrors, affording full length views of the occupant; four burners, of which two are movable so as to throw the light in any direction; and a grate and a register, enabling the artist to choose between a damp and a dry heat. Besides these apartments, the Opéra has a dressing-room for sixty male, and another for fifty female choristers; a third for thirty-four male dancers; four dressing-rooms for twenty female dancers of different grades; a dressing-room for one hundred and ninety super-

numeraries, etc. In brief, five hundred and thirty-eight persons have places assigned them wherein to change their attire. The musicians have a *foyer* with one hundred closets for their instruments. Sixty costumers have two work-rooms for themselves, and there are wardrobe-rooms, armor-rooms, and property-rooms in profusion.

The part of the Opéra reserved for the administrative forces has a Department of archives; a musical library embracing thirty-one thousand two hundred volumes, inclusive of two hundred and forty-four operas, complete for artists, chorus and orchestra; one hundred and ten ballet-scores, and one hundred and seventy-six conductor's scores. A dramatic library, only ten years old, already boasts upward of four thousand pamphlets, thirty thousand prints, and a vast collection of drawings of scenery and costumes.

The historian of the new temple of song rounds off his record with an array of not uninteresting figures, and with a few of these I too shall close. The gas-pipes, if connected, would form a pipe twenty-five kilomètres\* in length; fourteen furnaces and four hundred and fifty grates heat the house; a battery of seventy cups generates electricity for the scenic effects; nine reservoirs and two tanks hold a hundred thousand litres† of water, and distribute their contents through six thousand nine hundred and eighteen mètres of piping, and there are twenty-five hundred and thirty-one doors, and seven thousand five hundred and ninety-three keys, which latter M. Garnier delivered formally, but figuratively, I imagine, to M. Halanzier when the manager took possession of the premises.

\* A French kilomètre is equal to five furlongs; eight kilomètres are equivalent to five miles.

† Four and a-half litres make a gallon.



## THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH JIM ENLARGES HIS PLANS FOR A HOUSE, AND COMPLETES HIS PLANS FOR A HOUSE-KEEPER.

WHEN, at last, Jim and Mr. Benedict were left alone by the departure of Mr. Balfour and the two lads, they sat as if they had been stranded by a sudden squall after a long and pleasant voyage. Mr. Benedict was plunged into profound dejection, and Jim saw that he must be at once and persistently diverted.

"I told Mr. Balfour," said he, "afore he went away, about the house. I told him about the stoop, an' the chairs, an' the ladder for posies to run up on, an' I said somethin' about cubberds and settles, an' other thingembobs that have come into my mind; an' says he: 'Jim, be you goin' to splice?' An' says I: 'If so be I can find a little stick that'll answer, it wouldn't be strange if I did.' 'Well,' says he, 'now's your time if you're ever goin' to, for the hay-day of your life is a passin' away.' An' says I: 'No, you don't. My hay-day has jest come, and my grass is dry an' it'll keep. It's good for fodder, an' it wouldn't make a bad bed.'"

"What did he say to that?" inquired Mr. Benedict.

"Says he: 'I shouldn't wonder if you was right. Have you found the woman?' 'Yes,' says I. 'I have found a genuine creetur.' An' says he: 'What is her name?' An' says I: 'That's tellin'. It's a name that oughter be changed, an' it won't be my fault if it ain't.' An' then says he: 'Can I be of any 'sistance to ye?' An' says I: 'No. Courtin' is like dyin'; ye can't trust it to another feller. Ye've jest got to go it alone.' An' then he laughed, an' says he: 'Jim, I wish ye good luck, an' I hope ye'll live to have a little feller o' yer own.' An' says I: 'Old Jerusalem! If I ever have a little feller o' my own,' says I, 'this world will have to spread to hold me.'"

Then Jim put his head down between his knees, and thought. When it emerged from its hiding his eyes were moist, and he said: "Ye must 'scuse me, Mr. Benedict, for ye know what the feelin's of a pa is. It never come to me in this way afore."

Benedict could not help smiling at this

new exhibition of sympathy; for Jim, in the comprehension of his feelings in the possible event of possessing offspring, had arrived at a more vivid sense of his companion's bereavement.

"Now, I tell ye what it is," said Jim. "You an' me has got to be brushin' round. We can't set here an' think about them that's gone; an' now I wan't to tell ye 'bout another thing that Mr. Balfour said. Says he: 'Jim, if ye're goin' to build a house, build a big one, an' keep a hotel. I'll fill it all summer for ye,' says he. 'I know lots o' folks,' says he, 'that would be glad to stay with ye, an' pay all ye axed 'em. Build a big house,' says he, 'an' take yer time for't, an' when ye git ready for company, let a feller know.' I tell ye it made my eyes stick out to think on't. 'Jim Fenton's hotel!' says I. 'I don't b'lieve I can swing it.' 'If ye want any more money'n ye've got,' says he, 'call on me.'"

The idea of a hotel, with all its intrusions upon his privacy and all its diversions, was not pleasant to Mr. Benedict; but he saw at once that no woman worthy of Jim could be expected to be happy in the woods entirely deprived of society. It would establish a quicker and more regular line of communication with Sevenoaks, and thus make a change from its life to that of the woods a smaller hardship. But the building of a large house was a great enterprise for two men to undertake.

The first business was to draw a plan. In this work Mr. Benedict was entirely at home. He could not only make plans of the two floors, but an elevation of the front; and when, after two days of work, with frequent questions and examinations by Jim, his drawings were concluded, they held a long discussion over them. It was all very wonderful to Jim, and all very satisfactory—at least he said so, and yet he did not seem to be entirely content.

"Tell me, Jim, just what the trouble is," said his architect, "for I see there's something wanting."

"I don't see," said Jim, "jest where ye're goin' to put 'im."

"Who do you mean? Mr. Balfour?"

"No; I don't mean no man."

"Harry? Thede?"

"No; I mean, s'posin'. Can't we put on an ell when we want it?"

"Certainly."

"An' now, can't ye make yer picter look kind o' cozy like, with a little feller playin' on the ground down there afore the stoop?"

Mr. Benedict not only could do this, but he did it; and then Jim took it, and looked at it for a long time.

"Well, little feller, ye can play thar till ye'r tired, right on that paper, an' then ye must come into the house, an' let yer ma wash yer face;" and then Jim, realizing the comical side of all this charming dream, laughed till the woods rang again, and Benedict laughed with him. It was a kind of clearing up of the cloud of sentiment that enveloped them both, and they were ready to work. They settled, after a long discussion, upon the site of the new house, which was back from the river, near Number Ten. There were just three things to be done during the remainder of the autumn and the approaching winter. A cellar was to be excavated, the timber for the frame of the new house was to be cut and hewed, and the lumber was to be purchased and drawn to the river. Before the ground should freeze they determined to complete the cellar, which was to be made small—to be, indeed, little more than a cave beneath the house, that would accommodate such stores as it would be necessary to shield from the frost. A fortnight of steady work by both the men not only completed the excavation, but built the wall.

Then came the selection of timber for the frame. It was all found near the spot, and for many days the sound of two axes was heard through the great stillness of the Indian summer, for at this time nature, as well as Jim, was in a dream. Nuts were falling from the hickory-trees, and squirrels were leaping along the ground, picking up the stores on which they were to subsist during the long winter that lay before them. The robins had gone away southward and the voice of the thrushes was still. A soft haze steeped the wilderness in its tender hue—a hue that carried with it the fragrance of burning leaves. At some distant forest shrine, the priestly winds were swinging their censers, and the whole temple was pervaded with the breath of worship. Blue-jays were screaming among leathern-leaved oaks, and the bluer kingfishers made their long diagonal flights from side to side of the river, chattering like magpies. There was one infallible sign that winter was close upon the

woods. The wild geese, flying over Number Nine, had called to Jim with news from the Arctic, and he had looked up at the huge harrow scraping the sky, and said: "I seen ye, an' I know what ye mean."

The timber was cut of appropriate length and rolled high and dry upon low scaffoldings, where it could be conveniently hewed during the winter; then two days were spent in hunting and in setting traps for sable and otter, and then the two men were ready to arrange for the lumber.

This involved the necessity of a calculation of the materials required, and definite specifications of the same. Not only this, but it required that Mr. Benedict should himself accompany Jim on the journey to the mill, three miles beyond Mike Conlin's house. He naturally shrank from this exposure of himself; but so long as he was not in danger of coming in contact with Mr. Belcher, or with any one whom he had previously known, he was persuaded that the trip would not be unpleasant to him. In truth, as he grew stronger personally, and felt that his boy was out of harm's way, he began to feel a certain indefinite longing to see something of the world again, and to look into new faces.

As for Jim, he had no idea of returning to Number Nine again until he had seen Sevenoaks, and that one most interesting person there with whom he had associated his future, although he did not mention his plan to Mr. Benedict.

The ice was already gathering in the stream, and the winter was descending so rapidly that they despaired of taking their boat down to the old landing, and permitting it to await their return, as they would be almost certain to find it frozen in, and be obliged to leave it there until spring. They were compelled, therefore, to make the complete journey on foot, following to the lower landing the "tote-road" that Mike Conlin had taken when he came to them on his journey of discovery.

They started early one morning about the middle of November, and, as the weather was cold, Turk bore them company. Though Mr. Benedict had become quite hardy, the tramp of thirty miles over the frozen ground, that had already received a slight covering of snow, was a cruel one, and taxed to their utmost his powers of endurance.

Jim carried the pack of provisions, and left his companion without a load; so by steady, quiet, and almost speechless walking, they made the entire distance to Mike

Conlin's house before the daylight had entirely faded from the pale, cold sky. Mike was taken by surprise. He could hardly be made to believe that the hearty-looking, comfortably dressed man whom he found in Mr. Benedict was the same whom he had left many months before in the rags of a pauper and the emaciation of a feeble convalescent. The latter expressed to Mike the obligations he felt for the service which Jim informed him had been rendered by the good-natured Irishman, and Mike blushed while protesting that it was "nothing at all, at all," and thinking of the hundred dollars that he earned so easily.

"Did ye know, Jim," said Mike, to change the subject, "that owld Belcher has gone to New York to live?"

"No."

"Yis, the whole kit an' boodle of 'em is gone, an' the purty man wid 'em."

"Hallelujer!" roared Jim.

"Yis, and be gorry he's got me hundred dollars," said Mike.

"What did ye g'en it to 'im for, Mike? I didn't take ye for a fool."

"Well, ye see, I wint in for ile, like the rist of 'em. Och! ye shud 'ave seen the owld feller talk! 'Mike,' says he, 'ye can't afford to lose this,' says he. 'I should miss me slape, Mike,' says he, 'if it shouldn't all come back to ye.' 'An' if it don't,' says I, 'there'll be two uv us lyin' awake, an' ye'll have plinty of company; an' what they lose in dhraimin' they'll take out in cussin',' says I. 'Mike,' says he, 'ye hadn't better do it, an' if ye do, I don't take no resk;' an' says I, 'they're all goin' in, an' I'm goin' wid 'em.' 'Very well,' says he, lookin' kind o' sorry, and then, be gorry, he scooped the whole pile, an' barrin' the ile uv his purty spache, divil a bit have I seen more nor four dollars."

"Divil a bit will ye seen agin," said Jim, shaking his head. "Mike, ye're a fool."

"That's jist what I tell meself," responded Mike; "but there's better music nor hearin' it repaid; an' I've got better company in it, barrin' Mr. Benedict's presence, nor I've got here in me own house."

Jim, finding Mike a little sore over his loss, refrained from further allusion to it; and Mr. Benedict declared himself ready for bed. Jim had impatiently waited for this announcement, for he was anxious to have a long talk with Mike about the new house, the plans for which he had brought with him.

"Clear off yer table," said Jim, "an'

peel yer eyes, Mike, for I'm goin' to show ye somethin' that'll s'prise ye."

When his order was obeyed, he unrolled the precious plans.

"Now, ye must remember, Mike, that this isn't the house; these is plans, as Mr. Benedict has drawn. That's the kitchen, and that's the settin'-room, and that's the cubberd, and that's the bedroom for us, you know, and in that other paper is the chambers."

Mike looked at it all earnestly, and with a degree of awe, and then shook his head.

"Jim," said he, "I don't want to bodder ye, but ye've jist been fooled. Don't ye see that divil a place 'ave ye got for the pig?"

"Pig!" exclaimed Jim, with contempt. "D'ye s'pose I build a house for a pig? I ain't no pig, an' she ain't no pig."

"The proof of the puddin' is in the atin', Jim, an' ye don't know the furrst thing about house-kapin'. Ye can no more kape house widout a pig, nor ye can row yer boat widout a paddle. I'm an owld house-kaper, Jim, an' I know; an' a man that don't 'tend to his pig furrst, is no better nor a b'y. Ye might put 'im in Number Tin, but he'd go through it quicker nor water through a basket. Don't talk to me about house-kapin' widout a pig. Ye might give 'im that little shtoop to lie on, an' let 'im run under the house to slape. That wouldn't be bad now, Jim?"

The last suggestion was given in a tender, judicial tone, for Mike saw that Jim was disappointed, if not disgusted. Jim was looking at his beautiful stoop, and thinking of the pleasant dreams he had associated with it. The idea of Mike's connecting the life of a pig with that stoop was more than he could bear.

"Why, Mike," said he, in an injured tone, "that stoop's the place where she's agoin' to set."

"Oh! I didn't know, Jim, ye was agoin' to kape hins. Now, ef you're agoin' to kape hins, ye kin do as ye plase, Jim, in course; but ye musn't forgit the pig, Jim. Be gorry, he ates everything that nobody ilse kin ate, and then ye kin ate him."

Mike had had his expression of opinion, and shown to his own satisfaction that his judgments were worth something. Having done this, he became amiable, sympathetic, and even admiring. Jim was obliged to tell him the same things a great many times, and to end at last without the satisfaction of knowing that the Irishman comprehended

the precious plans. He would have been glad to make a confidant of Mike, but the Irishman's obtuseness and inability to comprehend his tenderer sentiments, repulsed him, and drove him back upon himself.

Then came up the practical question concerning Mike's ability to draw the lumber for the new house. Mike thought he could hire a horse for his keeping, and a sled for a small sum, that would enable him to double his facilities for doing the job; and then a price for the work was agreed upon.

The next morning, Jim and Mr. Benedict pursued their journey to the lumber-mill, and there spent the day in selecting their materials, and filling out their specifications.

The first person Mr. Benedict saw on entering the mill was a young man from Sevenoaks, whom he had known many years before. He colored as if he had been detected in a crime, but the man gave him no sign that the recognition was mutual. His old acquaintance had no memory of him, apparently, and then he realized the change that must have passed upon him during his long invalidism and his wonderful recovery.

They remained with the proprietor of the mill during the night.

"I jest call 'im Number Ten," said Jim, in response to the inquiries that were made of him concerning his companion. "He never telled me his name, an' I never axed 'im. I'm 'Number Nine,' an' he's 'Number Ten,' and that's all thar is about it."

Jim's oddities were known, and inquiries were pushed no further, though Jim gratuitously informed his host that the man had come into the woods to get well, and was willing to work to fill up his time.

On the following morning, Jim proposed to Mr. Benedict to go on to Sevenoaks for the purchase of more tools, and the nails and hardware that would be necessary in finishing the house. The experience of the latter during the previous day showed him that he need not fear detection, and, now that Mr. Belcher was out of the way, Jim found him possessed by a strong desire to make the proposed visit. The road was not difficult, and before sunset the two men found themselves housed in the humble lodgings that had for many years been familiar to Jim. Mr. Benedict went into the streets, and among the shops, the next morning, with great reluctance; but this soon wore off as he met man after man whom he knew, who failed to recognize him. In truth, so many things had happened, that the memory of the man who, long ago, had been given

up as dead had passed out of mind. The people would have been no more surprised to see a sleeper of the village cemetery among them than they would to have realized that they were talking with the insane pauper who had fled, as they supposed, to find his death in the forest.

They had a great deal to do during the day, and when night came, Jim could no longer be restrained from the visit that gave significance, not only to his journey, but to all his plans. Not a woman had been seen on the street during the day whom Jim had not scanned with an anxious and greedy look, in the hope of seeing the one figure that was the desire of his eyes—but he had not seen it. Was she ill? Had she left Sevenoaks? He would not inquire, but he would know before he slept.

"There's a little business as must be did afore I go," said Jim, to Mr. Benedict in the evening, "an' I sh'd like to have ye go with me, if ye feel up to't." Mr. Benedict felt up to it, and the two went out together. They walked along the silent street, and saw the great mill ablaze with light. The mist from the falls showed white in the frosty air, and, without saying a word, they crossed the bridge, and climbed a hill dotted with little dwellings.

Jim's heart was in his mouth, for his fears that ill had happened to the little tailoress had made him nervous; and when, at length, he caught sight of the light in her window, he grasped Mr. Benedict by the arm almost fiercely, and exclaimed:

"It's all right. The little woman's in, an' waitin'. Can you see my har?"

Having been assured that it was in a presentable condition, Jim walked boldly up to the door and knocked. Having been admitted by the same girl who had received him before, there was no need to announce his name. Both men went into the little parlor of the house, and the girl in great glee ran upstairs to inform Miss Butterworth that there were two men and a dog in waiting, who wished to see her. Miss Butterworth came down from busy work, like one in a hurry, and was met by Jim with extended hand, and the gladdest smile that ever illuminated a human face.

"How fare ye, little woman?" said he. "I'm glad to see ye—gladder nor I can tell ye."

There was something in the greeting so hearty, so warm and tender and full of faith, that Miss Butterworth was touched. Up to that moment he had made no impression

upon her heart, and, quite to her surprise, she found that she was glad to see him. She had had a world of trouble since she had met Jim, and the great, wholesome nature, fresh from the woods, and untouched by the trials of those with whom she was in daily association, was like a breeze in the feverish summer, fresh from the mountains. She was, indeed, glad to see him, and surprised by the warmth of the sentiment that sprang within her heart in response to his greeting.

Miss Butterworth looked inquiringly, and with some embarrassment at the stranger.

"That's one o' yer old friends, little woman," said Jim. "Don't give 'im the cold shoulder. 'Tain't every day that a feller comes to ye from the other side o' Jordan."

Miss Butterworth naturally suspected who the stranger was, and was carefully studying his face to assure herself that Mr. Benedict was really in her presence. When some look of his eyes, or motion of his body, brought her the conclusive evidence of his identity, she grasped both his hands, and said:

"Dear, dear, Mr. Benedict! how much you have suffered! I thank God for you, and for the good friend He has raised up to help you. It's like seeing one raised from the dead."

Then she sat down at his side, and, apparently forgetting Jim, talked long and tenderly of the past. She remembered Mrs. Benedict so well! And she had so many times carried flowers and placed them upon her grave! She told him about the troubles in the town, and the numbers of poor people who had risked their little all and lost it in the great speculation; of those who were still hoping against hope that they should see their hard-earned money again; of the execrations that were already beginning to be heaped upon Mr. Belcher; of the hard winter that lay before the village, and the weariness of sympathy which had begun to tell upon her energies. Life, which had been once so full of the pleasure of action and industry, was settling, more and more, into dull routine, and she could see nothing but trouble ahead, for herself and for all those in whom she was interested.

Mr. Benedict, for the first time since Jim had rescued him from the alms-house, became wholly himself. The sympathy of a woman unlocked his heart, and he talked in his old way. He alluded to his early trials with entire freedom, to his long illness and mental alienation, to his hopes for his boy, and especially to his indebtedness to Jim.

On this latter point he poured out his whole heart, and Jim himself was deeply affected by the revelation of his gratitude. He tried in vain to protest, for Mr. Benedict, having found his tongue, would not pause until he had laid his soul bare before his benefactor.

The effect that the presence of the sympathetic woman produced upon his *protégé* put a new thought into Jim's mind. He could not resist the conviction that the two were suited to one another, and that the "little woman," as he tenderly called her, would be happier with the inventor than she would be with him. It was not a pleasant thought, but even then he cast aside his selfishness with a great struggle, and determined that he would not stand in the way of an event that would crush his fondest hopes. Jim did not know women as well as he thought he did. He did not see that the two met more like two women than like representatives of opposite sexes. He did not see that the sympathy between the pair was the sympathy of two natures which would be the happiest in dependence, and that Miss Butterworth could no more have chosen Mr. Benedict for a husband than she could have chosen her own sister.

Mr. Benedict had never been informed by Jim of the name of the woman whom he hoped to make his wife, but he saw at once, and with sincere pleasure, that he was in her presence; and when he had finished what he had to say to her, and again heartily expressed his pleasure in renewing her acquaintance, he rose to go.

"Jim, I will not cut your call short, but I must get back to my room and prepare for to-morrow's journey. Let me leave you here, and find my way back to my lodgings alone."

"All right," said Jim, "but we ain't goin' home to-morrer."

Benedict bade Miss Butterworth "good-night," but, as he was passing out of the room, Jim remembered that there was something that he wished to say to him, and so passed out with him, telling Miss Butterworth that he should soon return.

When the door closed behind them, and they stood alone in the darkness, Jim said, with his hand on his companion's shoulder, and an awful lie in his throat:

"I brung ye here hopin' ye'd take a notion to this little woman. She'd do more for ye nor anybody else. She can make yer clo'es, and be good company for ye, an'—"

"And provide for me. No, that won't do, Jim."



"Well, you'd better think on't."

"No, Jim, I shall never marry again."

"Now's yer time. Nobody knows what'll happen afore mornin'."

"I understand you Jim," said Mr. Benedict, "and I know what all this costs you. You are worthy of her, and I hope you'll get her."

Mr. Benedict tore himself away, but Jim said, "hold on a bit."

Benedict turned, and then Jim inquired:

"Have you got a piece of Indian rubber?"

"Yes."

"Then jest rub out the picter of the little feller in front of the stoop, an' put in Turk. If so be as somethin' happens to-night, I sh'd want to show her the plans in the mornin'; an' if she should ax me whose little feller it was, it would be sort o' cumbersome to tell her, an' I sh'd have to lie my way out on't."

Mr. Benedict promised to attend to the matter before he slept, and then Jim went back into the house.

Of the long conversation that took place that night between the woodsman and the little tailoress we shall present no record. That he pleaded his case well and earnestly, and without a great deal of bashfulness, will be readily believed by those who have made his acquaintance. That the woman, in her lonely circumstances, and with her hungry heart, could lightly refuse the offer of his hand and life was an impossibility. From the hour of his last previous visit she had unconsciously gone toward him in her affections, and when she met him she learned, quite to her own surprise, that her heart had found its home. He had no culture, but his nature was manly. He had little education, but his heart was true, and his arm was strong. Compared with Mr. Belcher, with all his wealth, he was nobility personified. Compared with the sordid men around her, with whom he would be an object of supercilious contempt, he seemed like a demigod. His eccentricities, his generousities, his originalities of thought and fancy, were a feast to her. There was more of him than she could find in any of her acquaintances—more that was fresh, piquant, stimulating, and vitally appetizing. Having once come into contact with him, the influence of his presence had remained, and it was with a genuine throb of pleasure that she found herself with him again.

When he left her that night, he left her in tears. Bending over her, with his strong hands holding her cheeks tenderly, as she

looked up into his eyes, he kissed her forehead.

"Little woman," said he, "I love ye. I never knowed what love was afore, an' if this is the kind o' thing they have in heaven, I want to go there when you do. Speak a good word for me when ye git a chance."

Jim walked on air all the way back to his lodgings—walked by his lodgings—stood still, and looked up at the stars—went out to the waterfall, and watched the writhing, tumbling, roaring river—wrapped in transcendent happiness. Transformed and transfused by love, the world around him seemed quite divine. He had stumbled upon the secret of his existence. He had found the supreme charm of life. He felt that a new principle had sprung to action within him, which had in it the power to work miracles of transformation. He could never be in the future exactly what he had been in the past. He had taken a step forward and upward—a step irrefragable.

Jim had never prayed, but there was something about this experience that lifted his heart upward. He looked up to the stars, and said to himself: "He's somewhere up thar, I s'pose. I can't see 'im, an' I must look purty small to Him if He can see me, but I hope He knows that I'm obleeged to 'im, more nor I can tell 'im. When He made a good woman, He did the biggest thing out, an' when He started a man to lovin' on her, He set up the best business that was ever did. I hope He likes the 'rangement, and won't put nothin' in the way on't. Amen! I'm goin' to bed."

Jim put his last determination into immediate execution. He found Mr. Benedict in his first nap, from which he felt obliged to rouse him, with the information that it was "all right," and that the quicker the house was finished the better it would be for all concerned.

The next morning, Turk having been substituted for the child in the foreground of the front elevation of the hotel, the two men went up to Miss Butterworth's, and exhibited and talked over the plans. They received many valuable hints from the prospective mistress of the prospective mansion. The stoop was to be made broader for the accommodation of visitors; more room for wardrobes was suggested, with little conveniences for housekeeping, which complicated the plans not a little. Mr. Benedict carefully noted them all, to be wrought out at his leisure.

Jim's love had wrought a miracle in the

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night. He had said nothing about it to his architect, but it had lifted him above the bare utilities of a house, so that he could see the use of beauty. "Thar's one thing," said he, "that thar hain't none on us thought on; but it come to me last night. There's a place where the two ruffs come together that wants somethin', an' it seems to me it's a cupalo—somethin' to stan' up over the whole thing, and say to them as comes, 'Hallelujah!' We've done a good deal for house-keepin', now let's do somethin' for glory. It's jest like a ribbon on a bonnet, or a blow on a potato-vine. It sets it off, an' makes a kind o' Fourth o' July for it. What do ye say, little woman?"

The "little woman" accepted the suggestion, and admitted that it would at least make the building look more like a hotel.

All the details settled, the two men went away, and poor Benedict had a rough time in getting back to camp. Jim could hardly restrain himself from going through in a single day, so anxious was he to get at his traps and resume work upon the house. There was no fatigue too great for him now. The whole world was bright and full of promise; and he could not have been happier or more excited if he had been sure that at the year's end a palace and a princess were to be the reward of his enterprise.

#### CHAPTER XII.

WHICH INTRODUCES SEVERAL RESIDENTS OF SEVENOAKS TO THE METROPOLIS AND A NEW CHARACTER TO THE READER.

HARRY BENEDICT was in the great city. When his story was known by Mrs. Balfour—a quiet, motherly woman—and she was fully informed of her husband's plans concerning him, she received him with a cordiality and tenderness that won his heart and made him entirely at home. The wonders of the shops, the wonders of the streets, the wonders of the places of public amusement, the music of the churches, the inspiration of the great tides of life that swept by him on every side, were in such sharp contrast to the mean conditions to which he had been accustomed, that he could hardly sleep. Indeed, the dreams of his unquiet slumbers were formed of less attractive constituents than the visions of his waking hours. He had entered a new world, that stimulated his imagination, and furnished him with marvelous materials for growth. He had been transformed by the clothing of the lad whose place he had taken into a

city boy, difficult to be recognized by those who had previously known him. He hardly knew himself, and suspected his own consciousness of cheating him.

For several days he had amused himself in his leisure hours with watching a huge house opposite to that of the Balfours, into which was pouring a stream of furniture. Huge vans were standing in front of it, or coming and departing, from morning until night. Dressing-cases, book-cases, chairs, mirrors, candelabra, beds, tables—everything necessary and elegant in the furniture of a palace, were unloaded and carried in. All day long, too, he could see through the large windows the active figure and beautiful face of a woman who seemed to direct and control the movements of all who were engaged in the work.

The Balfours had noticed the same thing; but, beyond wondering who was rich or foolish enough to purchase and furnish Palgrave's Folly, they had given the matter no attention. They were rich, of good family, of recognized culture and social importance, and it did not seem to them that any one whom they would care to know would be willing to occupy a house so pronounced in vulgar display. They were people whose society no money could buy. If Robert Belcher had been worth a hundred millions instead of one, the fact would not have been taken into consideration in deciding any social question relating to him.

Finally the furnishing was complete; the windows were polished, the steps were furnished, and nothing seemed to remain but the arrival of the family for which the dwelling had been prepared. One late afternoon, before the lamps were lighted in the streets, he could see that the house was illuminated; and just as the darkness came on, a carriage drove up and a family alighted. The doors were thrown open, the beautiful woman stood upon the threshold, and all ran up to enter. She kissed the lady of the house, kissed the children, shook hands cordially with the gentleman of the party, and then the doors were swung to, and they were shut from the sight of the street; but just as the man entered, the light from the hall and the light from the street revealed the flushed face and portly figure of Robert Belcher.

Harry knew him, and ran down stairs to Mrs. Balfour, pale and agitated as if he had seen a ghost. "It is Mr. Belcher," he said, "and I must go back. I know he'll find me; I must go back to-morrow."

It was a long time before the family

could pacify him and assure him of their power to protect him; but they did it at last, though they left him haunted with the thought that he might be exposed at any moment to the new companions of his life as a pauper and the son of a pauper. The great humiliation had been burned into his soul. The petty tyrannies of Tom Buffum had cowed him, so that it would be difficult for him ever to emerge from their influence into a perfectly free boyhood and manhood. Had they been continued long enough they would have ruined him. Once he had been entirely in the power of adverse circumstances and a brutal will, and he was almost incurably wounded.

The opposite side of the street presented very different scenes. Mrs. Belcher found, through the neighborly services of Mrs. Dillingham, that her home was all prepared for her, even to the selection and engagement of her domestic service. A splendid dinner was ready to be served, for which Mr. Belcher, who had been in constant communication with his convenient and most officious friend, had brought the silver; and the first business was to dispose of it. Mrs. Dillingham led the mistress of the house to her seat, distributed the children, and amused them all by the accounts she gave them of her efforts to make their entrance and welcome satisfactory. Mrs. Belcher observed her quietly, acknowledged to herself the woman's personal charms—her beauty, her wit, her humor, her sprightliness, and her more than neighborly service; but her quick, womanly instincts detected something which she did not like. She saw that Mr. Belcher was fascinated by her, and that he felt that she had rendered him and the family a service for which great gratitude was due; but she saw that the object of his admiration was selfish—that she loved power, delighted in having things her own way, and, more than all, was determined to place the mistress of the house under obligations to her. It would have been far more agreeable to Mrs. Belcher to find everything in confusion, than to have her house brought into habitable order by a stranger in whom she had no trust, and upon whom she had no claim. Mr. Belcher had bought the house without her knowledge; Mrs. Dillingham had arranged it without her supervision. She seemed to herself to be simply a child, over whose life others had assumed the offices of administration.

Mrs. Belcher was weary, and she would

have been delighted to be alone with her family, but here was an intruder whom she could not dispose of. She would have been glad to go over the house alone, and to have had the privilege of discovery, but she must go with one who was bent on showing her everything, and giving her reasons for all that had been done.

Mrs. Dillingham was determined to play her cards well with Mrs. Belcher. She was sympathetic, confidential, most respectful; but she found that lady very quiet. Mr. Belcher followed them from room to room, with wider eyes for Mrs. Dillingham than for the details of his new home. Now he could see them together—the mother of his children, and the woman who had already won his heart away from her. The shapely lady, with her queenly ways, her vivacity, her graceful adaptiveness to persons and circumstances, was sharply contrasted with the matronly figure, homely manners, and unresponsive mind of his wife. He pitied his wife, he pitied himself, he pitied his children, he almost pitied the dumb walls and the beautiful furniture around him.

Was Mrs. Dillingham conscious of the thoughts which possessed him? Did she know that she was leading him around his house, in her assumed confidential intimacy with his wife, as she would lead a spaniel by a silken cord? Was she aware that, as she moved side by side with Mrs. Belcher, through the grand rooms, she was displaying herself to the best advantage to her admirer, and that, yoked with the wifehood and motherhood of the house, she was dragging, while he held, the plow that was tilling the deep carpets for tares to be reaped in harvests of unhappiness? Would she have dropped the chain if she had? Not she. To fascinate, and make a fool of, a man who was strong and cunning in his own sphere; to have a hand—gloved in officious friendship—in other lives, was the zest of her unemployed life. She could introduce discord into a family without even acknowledging to herself that she had done it wittingly. She could do it, and weep over the injustice that charged her with it. Her motives were always pure! She had always done her best to serve her friends! and what were her rewards? So the victories that she won by her smiles, she made permanent by her tears. So the woman by whose intrigues the mischief came was transformed into a victim, from whose shapely shoulders the garment of blame slipped off, that society might throw over them the

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Mrs. Belcher measured very carefully, or apprehended very readily, the kind of woman she had to deal with, and felt at once that she was no match for her. She saw that she could not shake her off, so long as it was her choice to remain. She received from her no direct offense, except the offense of her uninvited presence; but the presence meant service, and so could not be resented. And Mrs. Belcher could be of so much service to her! Her life was so lonely—so meaningless! It would be such a joy to her, in a city full of shams, to have one friend who would take her good offices, and so help to give to her life a modicum of significance!

After a full survey of the rooms, and a discussion of the beauties and elegancies of the establishment, they all descended to the dining-room, and, in response to Mrs. Dillingham's order, were served with tea.

"You really must excuse me, Mrs. Belcher," said the beautiful lady deprecatingly, "but I have been here for a week, and it seems so much like my own home, that I ordered the tea without thinking that I am the guest and you are the mistress."

"Certainly, and I am really very much obliged to you;" and then feeling that she had been a little untrue to herself, Mrs. Belcher added bluntly. "I feel myself in a very awkward situation—obliged to one on whom I have no claim, and one whom I can never repay."

"The reward of a good deed is in the doing, I assure you," said Mrs. Dillingham, sweetly. "All I ask is that you make me serviceable to you. I know all about the city, and all about its ways. You can call upon me for anything; and now let's talk about the house. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Belcher, "too lovely. While so many are poor around us, it seems almost like an insult to them to live in such a place, and flaunt our wealth in their faces. Mr. Belcher is very generous with his family, and I have no wish to complain, but I would exchange it all for my little room in Sevenoaks."

Mr. Belcher, who had been silent and had watched with curious and somewhat anxious eyes the introductory passage of this new acquaintance, was roused by Mrs. Belcher's remark into saying: "That's Mrs. Belcher, all over! that's the woman, through and through! As if a man hadn't a right to do what he chooses with his money! If men

are poor, why don't they get rich? They have the same chance I had, and there isn't one of 'em but would be glad to change places with me, and flaunt his wealth in my face. There's a precious lot of humbug about the poor which won't wash with me. We're all alike."

Mrs. Dillingham shook her lovely head.

"You men are so hard," she said, "and Mrs. Belcher has the right feeling; but I'm sure she takes great comfort in helping the poor. What would you do, my dear, if you had no money to help the poor with?"

"That's just what I've asked her a hundred times," said Mr. Belcher. "What would she do? That's something she never thinks of."

Mrs. Belcher shook her head, in return, but made no reply. She knew that the poor would have been better off if Mr. Belcher had never lived, and that the wealth which surrounded her with luxuries was taken from the poor. It was this, at the bottom, that made her sad, and this that had filled her for years with discontent.

When the tea was disposed of, Mrs. Dillingham rose to go. She lived a few blocks distant, and it was necessary for Mr. Belcher to walk home with her. This he was glad to do, though she assured him that it was entirely unnecessary. When they were in the street, walking at a slow pace, the lady, in her close, confiding way, said:

"Do you know, I take a great fancy to Mrs. Belcher?"

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, indeed. I think she's lovely; but I'm afraid she doesn't like me. I can read—oh, I can read pretty well. She certainly didn't like it that I had arranged everything, and was there to meet her. But wasn't she tired? Wasn't she very tired? There certainly was something that was wrong."

"I think your imagination had something to do with it," said Mr. Belcher, although he knew that she was right.

"No, I can read;" and Mrs. Dillingham's voice trembled. "If she could only know how honestly I have tried to serve her, and how disappointed I am that my service has not been taken in good part, I am sure that her amiable heart would forgive me."

Mrs. Dillingham took out her handkerchief, near a street lamp, and wiped her eyes.

What could Mr. Belcher do with this beautiful, susceptible, sensitive creature? What could he do but reassure her? Under the influence of her emotion, his wife's of-

fense grew flagrant, and he began by apologizing for her, and ended by blaming her.

"Oh! she was tired—she was very tired. That was all. I've laid up nothing against her; but you know I was disappointed, after I had done so much. I shall be all over it in the morning, and she will see it differently then. I don't know but I should have been troubled to have found a stranger in my house. I think I should. Now, you really must promise not to say a word of all this talk to your poor wife. I wouldn't have you do it for the world. If you are my friend (pressing his arm), you will let the matter drop just where it is. Nothing would induce me to be the occasion of any differences in your house."

So it was a brave, true, magnanimous nature that was leaning so tenderly upon Mr. Belcher's arm! And he felt that no woman who was not either shabbily perverse, or a fool, could misinterpret her. He knew that his wife had been annoyed by finding Mrs. Dillingham in the house. He dimly comprehended, too, that her presence was an indelicate intrusion, but her intentions were so good!

Mrs. Dillingham knew exactly how to manipulate the coarse man at her side, and her relations to him and his wife. Her bad wisdom was not the result of experience, though she had had enough of it, but the product of an instinct which was just as acute, and true, and serviceable, ten years earlier in her life as it was then. She timed the walk to her purpose; and when Mr. Belcher parted with her, he went back leisurely to his great house, more discontented with his wife than he had ever been. To find such beauty, such helpfulness, such sympathy, charity, forbearance, and sensitiveness, all combined in one woman, and that woman-kind and confidential toward him, brought back to him the days of his youth, in the excitement of a sentiment which he had supposed was lost beyond recall.

He crossed the street on arriving at his house, and took an evening survey of his grand mansion, whose lights were still flaming through the windows. The passengers jostled him as he looked up at his dwelling, his thoughts wandering back to the woman with whom he had so recently parted.

He knew that his heart was dead toward the woman who awaited his return. He felt that it was almost painfully alive toward the one he had left behind him, and it was with the embarrassment of conscious guilt that he rang the bell at his own door, and

stiffened himself to meet the honest woman who had borne his children. Even the graceless touch of a bad woman's power—even the excitement of something like love toward one who was unworthy of his love—had softened him, so that his conscience could move again. He felt that his eyes bore a secret, and he feared that his wife could read it. And yet, who was to blame? Was anybody to blame? Could anything that had happened have been helped or avoided?

He entered, determining to abide by Mrs. Dillingham's injunction of silence. He found the servants extinguishing the lights, and met the information that Mrs. Belcher had retired. His huge pile of trunks had come during his absence, and remained scattered in the hall. The sight offended him, but beyond a muttered curse he said nothing, and sought his bed.

Mr. Belcher was not in good humor when he rose the next morning. He found the trunks where he left them on the previous evening; and when he called for the servants to carry them upstairs, he was met by open revolt. They were not porters, and they would not lift boxes; that sort of work was not what they were engaged for. No New York family expected service of that kind from those who were not hired for it.

The proprietor, who had been in the habit of exacting any service from any man or woman in his employ that he desired, was angry. He would have turned every one of them out of the house, if it had not been so inconvenient for him to lose them then. Curses trembled upon his lips, but he curbed them, inwardly determining to have his revenge when the opportunity should arise. The servants saw his eyes, and went back to their work somewhat doubtful as to whether they had made a judicious beginning. They were sure they had not, when, two days afterward, every one of them was turned out of the house, and a new set installed in their places.

He called for Phipps, and Phipps was at the stable. Putting on his hat, he went to bring his faithful servitor of Sevenoaks, and bidding him find a porter in the streets and remove the trunks at Mrs. Belcher's direction, he sat down at the window to watch for a passing newsboy. The children came down, cross and half sick with their long ride and their late dinner. Then it came on to rain in a most dismal fashion, and he saw before him a day of confinement and ennui. Without mental resource—unable to find any

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satisfaction except in action and intrigue—the prospect was anything but pleasant. The house was large, and, in a dark day, gloomy. His humor was not sweetened by noticing evidences of tears on Mrs. Belcher's face. The breakfast was badly cooked, and he rose from it exasperated. There was no remedy but to go out and call upon Mrs. Dillingham. He took an umbrella, and, telling his wife that he was going out on business, he slammed the door behind him and went down the steps.

As he reached the street, he saw a boy scudding along under an umbrella, with a package under his arm. Taking him for a newsboy, he called: "Here, boy! Give me some papers." The lad had so shielded his face from the rain and the house that he had not seen Mr. Belcher; and when he looked up he turned pale, and simply said: "I'm not a newsboy," and ran away as if he were frightened.

There was something in the look that arrested Mr. Belcher's attention. He was sure he had seen the lad before, but, where, he could not remember. The face haunted him—haunted him for hours, even when in the cheerful presence of Mrs. Dillingham, with whom he spent a long and delightful hour. She was rosy, and sweet, and sympathetic in her morning wrapper—more charming, indeed, than he had ever seen her in evening dress. She inquired for Mrs. Belcher and the children, and heard with great good humor his account of his first collision with his New York servants. When he went out from her inspiring and gracious presence he found his self-complacency restored. He had simply been hungry for her; so his breakfast was complete. He went back to his house with a mingled feeling of jollity and guilt, but the moment he was with his family the face of the boy returned. Where had he seen him? Why did the face give him uneasiness? Why did he permit himself to be puzzled by it? No reasoning, no diversion could drive it from his mind. Wherever he turned during the long day and evening that white, scared face obtruded itself upon him. He had noticed, as the lad lifted his umbrella, that he carried a package of books under his arm, and naturally concluded that, belated by the rain, he was on his way to school. He determined, therefore, to watch for him on the following morning, his own eyes reinforced by those of his oldest boy.

The dark day passed away at last, and things were brought into more homelike

order by the wife of the house, so that the evening was cozy and comfortable; and when the street lamps were lighted again and the stars came out, and the north wind sounded its trumpet along the avenue, the spirits of the family rose to the influence.

On the following morning, as soon as he had eaten his breakfast, he, with his boy, took a position at one of the windows, to watch for the lad whose face had so impressed and puzzled him. On the other side of the avenue a tall man came out, with a green bag under his arm, stepped into a passing stage, and rolled away. Ten minutes later, two lads emerged with their books slung over their shoulders, and crossed toward them.

"That's the boy—the one on the left," said Mr. Belcher. At the same moment the lad looked up, and apparently saw the two faces watching him, for he quickened his pace.

"That's Harry Benedict," exclaimed Mr. Belcher's son and heir. The words were hardly out of his mouth when Mr. Belcher started from his chair, ran down-stairs with all the speed possible within the range of safety, and intercepted the lads at a side door, which opened upon the street along which they were running.

"Stop, Harry, I want to speak to you," said the proprietor, sharply.

Harry stopped, as if frozen to the spot in mortal terror.

"Come along," said Thede Balfour, tugging at his hand, "you'll be late at school."

Poor Harry could no more have walked than he could have flown. Mr. Belcher saw the impression he had made upon him, and became soft and insinuating in his manner.

"I'm glad to see you, my boy," said Mr. Belcher. "Come into the house, and see the children. They all remember you, and they are all homesick. They'll be glad to look at anything from Sevenoaks."

Harry was not reassured: he was only more intensely frightened. A giant, endeavoring to entice him into his cave in the woods, would not have terrified him more. At length he found his tongue sufficiently to say that he was going to school, and could not go in.

It was easy for Mr. Belcher to take his hand, limp and trembling with fear, and under the guise of friendliness to lead him up the steps, and take him to his room. Thede watched them until they disappeared, and then ran back to his home, and reported



what had taken place. Mrs. Balfour was alone, and could do nothing. She did not believe that Mr. Belcher would dare to treat the lad foully, with the consciousness that his disappearance within his house had been observed, and wisely determined to do nothing but sit down at her window and watch the house.

Placing Harry in a chair, Mr. Belcher sat down opposite to him, and said:

"My boy, I'm very glad to see you. I've wanted to know about you more than any boy in the world. I suppose you've been told that I am a very bad man, but I'll prove to you that I'm not. There, put that ten-dollar gold piece in your pocket. That's what they call an eagle, and I hope you'll have a great many like it when you grow up."

The lad hid his hands behind his back, and shook his head.

"You don't mean to say that you won't take it!" said the proprietor in a wheedling tone.

The boy kept his hands behind him, and still shook his head.

"Well, I suppose you are not to blame for disliking me; and now I want you to tell me all about your getting away from the poor-house, and who helped you out, and where your poor, dear father is, and all about it. Come, now, you don't know how much we looked for you, and how we all gave you up for lost. You don't know what a comfort it is to see you again, and to know that you didn't die in the woods."

The boy simply shook his head.

"Do you know who Mr. Belcher is? Do you know he is used to having people mind him? Do you know that you are here in my house, and that you *must* mind me? Do you know what I do to little boys when they disobey me? Now, I want you to answer my questions, and do it straight. Lying won't go down with me. Who helped you and your father to get out of the poor-house?"

Matters had proceeded to a desperate pass with the lad. He had thought very fast, and he had determined that no bribe and no threat should extort a word of information from him. His cheeks grew hot and flushed, his eyes burned, and he straightened himself in his chair as if he expected death or torture, and was prepared to meet either, as he replied:

"I won't tell you."

"Is your father alive? Tell me, you dirty little whelp? Don't say that you won't do what I bid you to do again. I have a great

mind to choke you. Tell me—is your father alive?"

"I won't tell you, if you kill me."

The wheedling had failed; the threatening had failed. Then Mr. Belcher assumed the manner of a man whose motives had been misconstrued, and who wished for information that he might do a kind act to the lad's father.

"I should really like to help your father and if he is poor, money would do him a great deal of good. And here is the little boy who does not love his father well enough to get money for him, when he can have it and welcome. The little boy is taken care of. He has plenty to eat, and good clothes to wear, and lives in a fine house, but his poor father can take care of himself. I think such a boy as that ought to be ashamed of himself. I think he ought to kneel down and say his prayers. If I had a boy that could do that, I should be sorry that he'd ever been born."

Harry was proof against this mode of approach also, and was relieved, because he saw that Mr. Belcher was baffled. His instincts were quick, and they told him that he was the victor. In the meantime, Mr. Belcher was getting hot. He had closed the door of his room, while a huge coal fire was burning in the grate. He rose and opened the door. Harry watched the movement, and descried the grand staircase beyond his persecutor, as the door swung back. He had looked into the house in passing, during the previous week, and knew the relations of the staircase to the entrance on the Avenue. His determination was instantaneously made, and Mr. Belcher was conscious of a swift figure that passed under his arm, and was half down the staircase before he could move or say a word. Before he cried "stop him" Harry's hand was on the fastening of the door, and when he reached the door, the boy was half across the street.

He had calculated on smoothing over the rough places of the interview, and preparing a better report of the visit for the lad's friends on the other side of the Avenue, but the matter had literally slipped through his fingers. He closed the door after the retreating boy, and went back to his room without deigning to answer the inquiries that were excited by his loud command to "stop him."

Sitting down, and taking to himself his usual solace, and smoking furiously for awhile, he said: "D—n!" Into this one

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favorite and familiar expletive he poured his anger, his vexation, and his fear. He believed at the moment that the inventor was alive. He believed that if he had been dead his boy would, in some way, have revealed the fact. Was he still insane? Had he powerful friends? It certainly appeared so.

The lad's reticence, determined and desperate, showed that he knew the relations that existed between his father and the proprietor, and seemed to show that he had acted under orders.

Something must be done to ascertain the residence of Paul Benedict, if still alive, or



"I AM THE MOST MISERABLE OF MEN."

Otherwise, how could the lad be where he had discovered him? Was it rational to suppose that he was far from his father? Was it rational to suppose that the lad's friends were not equally the friends of the inventor? How could he know that Robert Belcher himself had not unwittingly come to the precise locality where he would be under constant surveillance? How could he know that a deeply laid plot was not already at work to undermine and circumvent him?

to assure him of his death, if it had occurred. Something must be done to secure the property which he was rapidly accumulating. Already foreign Governments were considering the advantages of the Belcher rifle, as an arm for the military service, and negotiations were pending with more than one of them. Already his own Government, then in the first years of its great civil war, had experimented with it, with the most favorable results. The business was never so promis-

ing as it then appeared, yet it never had appeared so insecure.

In the midst of his reflections, none of which were pleasant, and in a sort of undefined dread of the consequences of his indiscretions in connection with Harry Benedict, the bell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Talbot were announced. The factor and his gracious lady were in fine spirits, and full of their congratulations over the safe removal of the family to their splendid mansion. Mrs. Talbot was sure that Mrs. Belcher must feel that all the wishes of her heart were gratified. There was really nothing like the magnificence of the mansion. Mrs. Belcher could only say that it was all very fine, but Mr. Belcher, finding himself an object of envy, took great pride in showing his visitors about the house.

Mrs. Talbot, who in some way had ascertained that Mrs. Dillingham had superintended the arrangement of the house, said, in an aside to Mrs. Belcher: "It must have been a little lonely to come here and find no one to receive you—no friend, I mean."

"Mrs. Dillingham was here," remarked Mrs. Belcher quietly.

"But she was no friend of yours."

"No; Mr. Belcher had met her."

"How strange! How very strange!"

"Do you know her well?"

"I'm afraid I do; but now, really, I hope you won't permit yourself to be prejudiced against her. I suppose she means well, but she certainly does the most unheard-of things. She's a restless creature—not quite right, you know, but she has been immensely flattered. She's an old friend of mine, and I don't join the hue and cry against her at all, but she does such imprudent things! What did she say to you?"

Mrs. Belcher detected the spice of pique and jealousy in this charitable speech, and said very little in response—nothing that a mischief-maker could torture into an offense.

Having worked her private pump until the well whose waters she sought refused to give up its treasures, Mrs. Talbot declared she would no longer embarrass the new house-keeping by her presence. She had only called to bid Mrs. Belcher welcome, and to assure her that if she had no friends in the city, there were hundreds of hospitable hearts that were ready to greet her. Then she and her husband went out, waved their adieus from their snug little coupé, and drove away.

The call had diverted Mr. Belcher from his somber thoughts, and he summoned his

carriage, and drove down town, where he spent his day in securing the revolution in his domestic service, already alluded to, in talking business with his factor, and in making acquaintances on 'Change.

"I'm going to be in the middle of this thing one of those days," said he to Talbot as they strolled back to the counting-room of the latter, after a long walk among the brokers of Wall street. "If anybody supposes that I've come here to lie still, they don't know me. They'll wake up some fine morning and find a new hand at the bellows."

Twilight found him at home again, where he had the supreme pleasure of turning his very independent servants out of his house into the street, and installing a set who knew, from the beginning, the kind of man they had to deal with, and conducted themselves accordingly.

While enjoying his first cigar after dinner, a note was handed him, which he opened and read. It was dated at the house across the Avenue. He had expected and dreaded it, but he did not shrink like a coward from its perusal. It read thus:

"MR. ROBERT BELCHER: I have been informed of the shameful manner in which you treated a member of my family this morning—Master Harry Benedict. The bullying of a small boy is not accounted a dignified business for a man in the city which I learn you have chosen for your home, however it may be regarded in the little town from which you came. I do not propose to tolerate such conduct toward any dependent of mine. I do not ask for your apology, for the explanation was in my hands before the outrage was committed. I perfectly understand your relations to the lad, and trust that the time will come when the law will define them, so that the public will also understand them. Meantime, you will consult your own safety by letting him alone, and never presuming to repeat the scene of this morning.

"Yours, JAMES BALFOUR,  
"Counselor-at-Law."

"Hum! ha!" exclaimed Mr. Belcher, compressing his lips, and spitefully tearing the letter into small strips and throwing them into the fire. "Thank you, kind sir; I owe you one," said he, rising, and walking his room. "That doesn't look very much as if Paul Benedict were alive. He's a counselor-at-law, he is, and he has inveigled a boy into his keeping, who, he sup-

poses, has a claim on me; and he proposes to make some money out of it. Sharp game!"

Mr. Belcher was interrupted in his reflections and his soliloquy by the entrance of a servant with the information that there was a man at the door who wished to see him.

"Show him up."

The servant hesitated, and finally said: "He doesn't smell very well, sir."

"What does he smell of?" inquired Mr. Belcher, laughing.

"Rum, sir, and several things."

"Send him away, then."

"I tried to, sir, but he says he knows you, and wants to see you on particular business."

"Take him into the basement, and tell him I'll be down soon."

Mr. Belcher exhausted his cigar, tossed the stump into the fire, and, muttering to himself, "Who the devil!" went down to meet his caller.

As he entered a sort of lobby in the basement that was used as a servants' parlor, his visitor rose, and stood with great shamefacedness before him. He did not extend his hand, but stood still, in his seedy clothes and his coat buttoned to his chin, to hide his lack of a shirt. The blue look of the cold street had changed to a hot purple under the influence of a softer atmosphere; and over all stood the wreck of a great face, and a head still grand in its outline.

"Well, you look as if you were waiting to be damned," said Mr. Belcher, roughly.

"I am sir," responded the man solemnly.

"Very well; consider the business done, so far as I am concerned, and clear out."

"I am the most miserable of men, Mr. Belcher."

"I believe you; and you'll excuse me if I say that your appearance corroborates your statement."

"And you don't recognize me? Is it possible?" And the maudlin tears came into the man's rheumy eyes and rolled down his cheeks. "You knew me in better days, sir;" and his voice trembled with weak emotion.

"No; I never saw you before. That game won't work, and now be off."

"And you don't remember Yates?—Sam Yates—and the happy days we spent together in childhood?" And the man wept again, and wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

"Do you pretend to say that you are Sam Yates, the lawyer?"

"The same, at your service."

"What brought you to this?"

"Drink, and bad company, sir."

"And you want money?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the man, with a hiss as fierce as if he were a serpent.

"Do you want to earn money?"

"Anything to get it."

"Anything to get drink, I suppose. You said 'anything.' Did you mean that?"

The man knew Robert Belcher, and he knew that the last question had a great deal more in it than would appear to the ordinary listener.

"Lift me out of the gutter," said he, "and keep me out, and—command me."

"I have a little business on hand," said Mr. Belcher, "that you can do, provided you will let your drink alone—a business that I am willing to pay for. Do you remember a man by the name of Benedict—a shiftless, ingenious dog, who once lived in Sevenoaks?"

"Very well."

"Should you know him again, were you to see him?"

"I think I should."

"Do you know you should? I don't want any thinking about it. Could you swear to him?"

"Yes. I don't think it would trouble me to swear to him."

"If I were to show you some of his handwriting, do you suppose that would help you any?"

"It—might."

"I don't want any 'mights.' Do you know it would?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to sell yourself—body, soul, brains, legal knowledge, everything—for money?"

"I've sold myself already at a smaller price, and I don't mind withdrawing from the contract for a better."

Mr. Belcher summoned a servant, and ordered something to eat for his visitor. While the man eagerly devoured his food, and washed it down with a cup of tea, Mr. Belcher went to his room, and wrote an order on his tailor for a suit of clothes, and a complete respectable outfit for the legal "dead beat" who was feasting himself below. When he descended he handed him the paper, and gave him money for a bath and a night's lodging.

"To-morrow morning I want you to come here clean, and dressed in the clothes that this paper will give you. If you drink

one drop before that time I will strip the clothes from your back. Come to this room and get a decent breakfast. Remember that you can't fool me, and that I'll have none of your nonsense. If you are to serve me, and get any money out of it, you must keep sober."

"I can keep sober—for a while—any way," said the man, hesitatingly and half despairingly.

"Very well, now be off; and mind, if I ever hear a word of this, or any of our dealings outside, I'll thrash you as I would a dog. If you are true to me I can be of use to you. If you are not, I will kick you into the street."

The man tottered to his feet, and said: "I am ashamed to say that you may command me. I should have scorned it once, but my chance is gone, and I could be loyal to the devil himself—for a consideration."

The next morning Mr. Belcher was informed that Yates had breakfasted, and awaited his orders. He descended to the basement, and stood confronted with a respectable-looking gentleman, who greeted him in a courtly way, yet with a deprecating look in his eyes, which said, as plainly as words could express, "don't humiliate me any more than you can help. Use me, but spare the little pride I have, if you can."

The deprecatory look was lost upon Mr. Belcher. "Where did you get your clothes?" he inquired. "Come, now; give me the name of your tailor. I'm green in the city, you see."

The man tried to smile, but the effort was a failure.

"What did you take for a night-cap last night, eh?"

"I give you my word of honor, sir, that I have not taken a drop since I saw you."

"Word of honor! ha! ha! ha! Do you suppose I want your word of honor? Do you suppose I want a man of honor, anyway? If you have come here to talk about honor, you are no man for me. That's a sort of nonsense that I have no use for."

"Very well; my word of dishonor," responded the man, desperately.

"Now you talk. There's no use in such a man as you putting on airs, and forgetting that he wears my clothes and fills himself at my table."

"I do not forget it, sir, and I see that I am not likely to."

"Not while you do business with me; and now, sit down and hear me. The first

thing you are to do is to ascertain whether Paul Benedict is dead. It isn't necessary that you should know my reasons. You are to search every insane hospital, public and private, in the city, and every alms-house. Put on your big airs and play philanthropist. Find all the records of the past year—the death records of the city—everything that will help to determine that the man is dead, as I believe he is. This will give you all you want to do for the present. The man's son is in the city, and the boy and the man left the Sevenoaks poor-house together. If the man is alive, he is likely to be near him. If he is dead he probably died near him. Find out, too, if you can, when his boy came to live at Balfour's over the way, and where he came from. You may stumble upon what I want very soon, or it may take you all winter. If you should fail then, I shall want you to take the road from here to Sevenoaks, and even to Number Nine, looking into all the alms-houses on the way. The great point is to find out whether he is alive or dead, and to know, if he is dead, where, and exactly when he died. In the meantime, come to me every week with a written report of what you have done, and get your pay. Come always after dark, so that none of Balfour's people can see you. Begin the business, and carry it on in your own way. You are old and sharp enough not to need any aid from me, and now be off."

The man took a roll of bills that Mr. Belcher handed him, and walked out of the door without a word. As he rose to the sidewalk, Mr. Balfour came out of the door opposite to him, with the evident intention of taking a passing stage. He nodded to Yates, whom he had not only known in other days, but had many times befriended, and the latter sneaked off down the street, while he, standing for a moment as if puzzled, turned, and with his latch-key reentered his house. Yates saw the movement, and knew exactly what it meant. He only hoped that Mr. Belcher had not seen it, as, indeed, he had not, having been at the moment on his way upstairs.

Yates knew that, with his good clothes on, the keen lawyer would give but one interpretation to the change, and that any hope or direct plan he might have with regard to ascertaining when the boy was received into the family, and where he came from, was nugatory. He would not tell Mr. Belcher this.

Mr. Balfour called his wife to the window,

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pointed out the retreating form of Yates, gave utterance to his suspicions, and placed her upon her guard. Then he went to his office, as well satisfied that there was a

mischievous scheme on foot as if he had overheard the conversation between Mr. Belcher and the man who had consented to be his tool.

(To be continued.)

## AN ELECTRO-MECHANICAL ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ENGINE.

SHE was a beauty. From head-light to buffer-casting, from spark-arrester to air-brake coupling, she shone resplendent. A thing of grace and power, she seemed instinct with life as she paused upon her breathless flight. Even while resting quietly upon the track, she trembled with the pulsations of her mighty heart. Small wonder that the passengers waiting upon the platform came down to gaze upon the great express engine, No. 59. She seemed long and slender like a greyhound, and her glistening sides, delicate forefeet, and uplifted head were suggestive of speed and power.

The engineer stepped down from his high throne with his long nickel-plated oiler in hand, and the fireman clambered over the glistening heap of coal and swung round the great copper water-pipe that the magnificent creature might have a drink of pure spring water. The engineer looked eagerly up and down the platform as if in search of some one. Two or three tourists of the usual type and a stray idler were all to be seen. A group of big fellows were unloading mail bags, and beyond them the busy throng down the platform was lost to view. How lovingly he touched the shining arms of his great pet with the smooth clear oil, golden and limpid. Here her great cylinder, seventeen inches wide, and with a stroke of twenty-four, safely rested behind the sturdy buttress that held her forefoot so daintily thrust out in front. The head-light gleamed in all the sparkle of plate glass, and her shapely rods fairly glowed in polished beauty. On one side lay her boiler-feed pump, a finished bit of mechanism, and on the other was hung a steam-injector for forcing water into the boiler without the aid of the pump. How perfect everything! Even the driving-wheels were works of art. From balanced

throttle-valves to air-brake she had every device that American skill had produced, or that such an engine could demand, and her thirty-five tons of chained-up energy seemed the perfect expression of the highest mechanic art.

With a loud roar her safety-valve yielded to her pent-up vitality and filled all the air



"A HANDKERCHIEF IS QUICKLY FLIRTED IN THE AIR."

with clouds of steam. The engineer gazed proudly upon his noble steed, and then looked anxiously down the platform to see if any came whose presence would be welcome.

The fireman swung back the great copper pipe, and the idlers suddenly withdrew. The last trunk was thrown in, and the engineer climbed slowly up into his house. He looked anxiously about the long platform. It was nearly clear, and he could see the gold band on the conductor's hat glistening in the sun.

Where can she linger? Why does she

not come? 59 is here, and still she comes not. The gold-banded cap is lifted in the air. With one hand on the throttle-valve, the engineer glances down the long empty platform. The bell rings; there is a hissing sound beneath the giant's feet; the house trembles slightly; the water-tank seems to move backward; the roar of the safety-valve suddenly stops; the fury of the great iron monster vents itself in short deep gasps; clouds of smoke pour down on everything. They almost hide the platform from view.

Ah! A dress fluttering in the door-way. Some one appears abruptly upon the platform. With both hands on the throttle-valve, the engineer leans out the window. A handkerchief is quickly flirled in the air. He nods, smiles, and then turns grimly away, and stares out ahead with a fixed look as if the world had suddenly grown very dark, and life was an iron road with dangers everywhere. The fireman shovels coal into the fiery cavern at the engineer's feet, and then stirs up the glowing mass till it roars and flames with fury. The steam-gauge trembles at 120°, and quickly rises to 125°. The vast engine trembles and throbs as it leaps forward. The landscape—woods, houses and fields seem to take wings in a wild Titanic waltz. The engineer gazes ahead with tight-set lips, but his heart can outrun his locomotive, and lingers behind at the deserted way-station.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

WITH that perversity for which railroads are famous, the line did not enter the town, but passed along its outermost edge, among the farms and woodlands. This affected the life of the place curiously. At one hour the station was animated and thronged with people; at another it was dull, quiet and deserted by all save the station-master and his daughter. She it was who guarded the little telegraph office, received and sent the telegrams of the town, and did anything else that pertained to her position. She had a little box of a place portioned off in one corner of the ladies' waiting-room, where there was a sunny window that looked far up the line, and a little opening where she received the messages. She viewed life through this scant outlook, and thought it very queer. Were people always in a state of excitement? Did everybody have trouble in the family that demanded such breathless,

heart-rending messages? Was it in every life to have these awful, sudden things happen? Life from her point of view was more tragic than joyful, and she sometimes thought it a relief to receive a prosy order to "tell Jones bring back boots and have mower mended." Sometimes between the trains the station was quite deserted, and were it not for the ticking of the clock, and the incessant rattle of the fretful machine on her desk, it would be as still as a church on Monday. At first she amused herself by listening to the strange language of the wires, and she even made the acquaintance of the other operators. With one exception they all failed to interest her. They were a frivolous set, and their chatter seemed as empty as the rattle of a brass sounder. One girl she knew must be a lady. Her style of touch, and the general manner of her work, showed that plainly, and between the two a friendship sprang up, though they lived a hundred miles apart, and had never met. Finally, she took wisely to reading books, and the sounder chattered in vain, except on business.

Then there was John. She saw him for one hurried moment every day, and the thinking of it filled many a weary hour. He was the engineer of the express, and stopped at the station every afternoon at five and just before daylight every morning. She met him at the water-tank by day, and by night she awoke to hear his train thunder through the valley. She heard it whistle as it passed the grade crossing, a mile up the line, and as it pulled up at the station. If the night was calm, she heard the faint rumble as it flew over the resounding iron bridge at the river. Then she slept again. He would soon reach the city, and on the morrow she would see him again.

The happy morrow always found her at her post, busy and cheerful as the long day crept away, and the time drew near for his train. Oh! if her window only looked out the other way, that she might see No. 59 come round the curve in the woods! The station was always full at that hour, and messages were sure to come in just as she wanted to close her little office and go out to the water-tank, where John waited, oiler in hand, to see her. Strange, that he should always be oiling up just there.

This time, she waited with calm face and beating heart to see if any stupid passenger had forgotten anything, that he must telegraph home. Fortunately, none came, and as the engine rolled past her

window, she hastily put on her pretty hat and ample cloak and went out on the platform. A few quick steps, and she was beside the noble 59.

The fireman smiled a grimy smile, and, while he swung the water-pipe over the tender, he gave a lively whistle. The engineer tipped up his oiler with a sudden jerk, as if the piston-rod had quite enough, and then climbed hastily into the cab. There she sat on the fireman's perch, radiant, blushing, and winsome.

"She's a beauty—perfectly lovely, and a Westinghouse, too! I tried to see you yesterday, and aren't you very proud of her?"

John thought he was rather proud of 59. She was perfect. Ran her one hundred and fifty miles yesterday, for the first time. The little electrician was charmed. To think that John should be appointed master over the Company's new express engine. Dear fellow, he had run that old 13, till she was ready to rattle to pieces. And now, what a magnificent machine he had beneath him!

"And everything is so bright and handsome. I know you're proud of her."

John thought he was also proud of somebody else. Then they smiled, and the fireman whistled softly as he pushed back the water-spout. How brief the precious moments!

John pulled out a little blank-book and began hastily to tell her about the new prize the Directors had offered to the engineer who should travel five thousand miles with the least expenditure of coal and oil. It would take about twenty-seven days to decide the matter, and then the books would be all handed in, and the records examined, and the prize awarded.

"And if we could get it!"

"It would come in very convenient for——"

She blushed a rosy blush, and, clasping his arm, she laughed softly, and said:

"My dear, you must win it. We shall want it for——our——"

"Lively, now! Here comes the Conduc——"

What a friendly fireman! How sharp he watched for the lovers! The girl prepared to spring down from the engine when the gold-banded cap of the conductor came in sight.

"Run up to the siding, Mills, and bring down that extra car."

"Aye, aye, sir. Cast off the couplings, Dick." Then, in a whisper: "Wait a bit, Kate. Ride up to the siding with us."

The girl needed no invitation.

"Oh! I intended to. Here, let me tend the bell."

"Good! Do. Dick must tend the couplings."

With a hiss and a jar the monster started forward, while the girl sat on the fireman's high seat with her hand on the bell-rope and one little foot steadied against the boiler. Suddenly, John turned the valve for the air-brake and reversed his lever, and the monster stopped. A deafening blast from the whistle.

"Where is that signal man? Why don't he show his flag?"

Again the whistle roared in short, quick blasts.

"Oh! Why didn't I think of it before?"

"Think of what?"

"That whistle. You could use it to call me."

"When?"

"Why, you see, I never exactly know when you are coming. I cannot tell your whistle from any other, and so, I sometimes miss seeing you."

"I—have—noticed—that——" said John, pulling at the throttle valve. "But, what can I do? If I gave two whistles or three, they would think it meant some signal, and it would make trouble."

"Yes, but if you did this, I should know you were coming, and nobody would think anything of it."

So saying, she stood up, leaned over the boiler, and grasping the iron rod that moved the whistle, made it speak in long and short blasts, that may be represented as follows:

"— — — — —"

"I see. Like a sounder. Morse's alphabet. But what does it spell?"

"K — — — — A — — — — T — — — — E — —"

"Oh! Let me learn that by heart."

"You must, John. And will it not be amusing to hear the folks talk? What on earth can that engineer be roaring about with his '— — — — —'"

The signal-man looked indignant as 59 rolled past him. What was the good of such a din on the whistle! Was the man crazy!

"You must write it down, Kate. It won't do to practice now. See how the people stare on—the—platform."

The sentence was broken up by John's efforts over the reversing bar, and the deep-toned gasps of the engine drowned further conversation. The monster backed into the siding, where Dick stood ready to couple on the extra car. Then he climbed up into the

cab, and the lovers were silenced. The engine, with the three, rolled out upon the main line, stopped, and then backed up to the train. Kate, with a pencil wrote some marks on the edge of the window-frame, and with a bright smile she shook hands with the



"THE GIRL SAT ON THE FIREMAN'S HIGH SEAT."

burly engineer, nodded to the fireman, and then sprang lightly to the ground.

The safety-valve burst out with a deafening roar. The smoke belched forth in clouds, and while fairy rings of steam shot into the air, the train moved slowly away.

Presently, the girl stood alone upon the deserted platform, with the ruddy glow of the setting sun gilding her bright face.

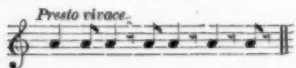
The roar of the train melted away on the air. Still, she stood listening intently. She would wait till she heard him whistle at the next crossing. Then, like a mellow horn softened by the distance, came this strange rhythmic song:



A smile and a blush lit up her winsome face.

How quickly love can learn!

That night, the waning moon sank cold and white in the purple west, while the morning star came out to see the sleeping world. Kate awoke suddenly and listened. Was that the roar of his train?



"How soft and sweet the notes so far away! There! He has crossed the bridge. Dear John!"

Then she slept again.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE OTHER OPERATOR.

THE last local train to the city left the station. The gray old station-master put out the lamps on the platform, rolled the baggage-trucks into the freight-house, and, having made the tour of the switches to see that all was clear for the main-line night mail, he returned to his little ticket den.

His daughter still sat reading like a demure cat in her little corner. The old man remarked that it was ten o'clock, and time to go home.

"Leave the key, father; I'll lock up and return home as soon as I have finished this chapter."

The old fellow silently laid a bunch of keys on her desk and went his way. The moment he departed she finished her chapter in a flash, and laying the book down, began to operate her telegraphic apparatus.

No reply. Middleboro had evidently gone to bed, and that office was closed.

No response. Dawson City refused to reply. Good. Now, if the operator at the junction failed to reply, she and Mary would have the line to themselves with none to overhear.

Allston Junction paid no heed. Good. Now for:

Mary replied instantly, and at once the two girl friends were in close conversation with one hundred miles of land and water between them. The conversation was by sound in a series of long and short notes—nervous and staccato for the bright one in the little station; smooth, legato and placid for the city girl.

Translated, it ran as follows:

Kate—"I taught him my name in Morse's alphabet, and he sounds it on his whistle as he comes up to the station; but I am in daily terror lest some impertinent operator should hear it, and, catching its meaning, tell of it."

The other operator was all sympathy, and replied:

"I see the danger. At the same time, my dear, I think the idea is worthy of your bright self. It is perfectly jolly. Think of hearing one's name for miles over the country on a steam-whistle. I never heard of anything so romantic in my life."

Kate—"And when he passes in the night he sounds my name all through the valley, and I can hear it for miles. How people would laugh if they knew what it meant."

Mary—"They would, I'm sure, and it would be very unpleasant to be found out. Why don't you fix up some kind of open circuit and let him telegraph to you from the line as he approaches your station?"

Kate—"My love, your idea is divine. If I only had a wire."

Mary—"It would take two wires, you know, and a small battery. At the same time, it would not cost much, and would be perfectly safe."

Kate—"Would not some one find it out and be ringing the bell out of mischief?"

Mary—"No. You could hide the connections in the bushes or trees by the road, and his engine could touch it as it passed."

Kate—"Yes, but wouldn't every engine touch it?"

Mary—"Then you could fix it so that a stick, or something secured to the engine, would brush it as it passed. No other engine would be provided with the stick, and they would all pass in silence."

The idea was almost too brilliant for contemplation, and the two friends, one in her deserted and lonely station in the far country, and the other in the fifth story of a city block, held close converse over it for an hour or more, and then they bid each other good night, and the wires were at rest for a time.

About five one afternoon shortly after, Kate sat in her office waiting for 59 to sound its Titanic love-signal. Presently it came in loud-mouthed notes:

She closed her little office hastily, and went out on the platform. As she opened the door, two young men laughed immoderately, and one said aloud:

"Kate! Who's Kate?"

Found out! She hastily turned away to hide the blush that mounted to her temples and walked rapidly up the platform to the water-tank.

59 rolled up to the spot, and the lovers met. With one hand on the iron front of his great engine, she stood waiting him, and at once began to talk rapidly.

"It will never do, John! They have found it all out."

"Oh! I was afraid they would. Now, what are we to do? If I could only telegraph you from the station below."

"It wouldn't do. It is too far away. Besides, it would be costly, and somebody would suspect."

"Conduct!" shouted the fireman, as he swung back the great water-pipe.

"Good-bye, dear. I'm sorry we must give it up."

"So am I. And, John, come and spend next Sunday with us."

"Yes, I will. Good-bye, Good-bye."

59 hissed out her indignation in clouds of steam from her cylinders, and moved slowly forward. Then Kate stood alone again on the platform. The sun sunk in angry clouds, and the wind sighed in the telegraph wires with a low moaning sound, fitful, sad and dreary.



"KATE UNROLLED THE WIRE AS HE TOOK IT UP."

The next morning the express tore savagely through the driving rain, and thundered over the iron bridge till it roared again. The whistle screamed, but love no longer charmed its iron voice.



The electrician listened in silence, and then, after a tear or two, slept again.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

It was a lovely autumnal afternoon, and the lovers went out to walk in the glorious weather.

To escape observing eyes, they wandered down the railroad track toward the woods, where the line made a great curve to avoid a bend in the river.

After a while they reached a shady dell in the woods, and, taking down a bar in the fence, they entered its depths. Just here the various telegraph wires hung in long festoons from their poles. With a sudden cry of delight, she seized his arm and cried:

"Look, John. Just the thing. An abandoned wire."

"Well; what of it?"

"My dear, can't we use it? Come, let us follow it and see where it goes. Perhaps we may make it useful."

John failed to see how that might be. Kate was all eagerness to follow the wire, and returned to the track, and began to trace the wire up and down the line as far as it was visible. John replaced the fence rail and joined her. Then she began to talk in that rapid manner that was so becoming to her. He was fairly dazzled by the brilliancy and audacity of her ideas. They both walked on the sleepers toward the bridge over the river. The wire was still continuous, but after walking about half a mile, they found it was broken, and apparently abandoned. Then she laid down her plan. This wire had been put up by a certain company some years since, but as the company had failed, the wire had been abandoned, and here for perhaps a mile it was still hanging on its insulators. At the bridge it came to a sudden end.

"Now, if we can manage to rig up another wire from here to our station we can make an open circuit, and as you pass this point you can join it and—ring a bell in my office!"

The two sat down on the iron bridge and fairly laughed at the splendor of the idea. Suddenly she looked very grave.

"The expense!"

"Ah! yes. Well, I'm willing to pay something for the advantage of seeing you every day. It's worth——"

"How much?"

"About \$5,000,000."

"John!"

Two days after, a package came by express from the city, and Kate stowed it away in her telegraphic den till the evening. Then, when the day had passed, and she had some leisure, she carefully opened it and found a neat little wooden box with a small brass gong or bell attached to the bottom. A slender hammer hung beside it, and there were places for securing the connecting wires, an electric bell and 3,000 feet of insulated wire and a bill for the same. Eleven dollars.

"Not half so bad as I expected. As for the battery, I fancy I can make one myself. A pickle jar, some zinc and copper and a little acid will answer, and John can arrange the rest. Fortunately I selected insulated wire, as we shall have to carry our line through the woods to cut off that bend in the road."

Thus talking and planning to herself, she examined her purchase, and then carefully placing the bell and the wire in a closet under her desk, she closed up the station and went demurely home, conscious of the innocence of all her dark plottings.

The third day after seemed like the Sabbath, and was not. It was Thanksgiving Day, and all the very good people went soberly to church. The good people like Kate and her lover did nothing of the kind. John Mills, engineer, did not ride on No. 59 that day. He had a holiday, and came to see Kate quite early in the morning. She proposed a walk in the woods, as the day was fine.

"Did you bring the boots?"

"I did, my love, spikes and all. I tried 'em on an apple-tree, and I found I could walk up the stem as nicely as a fly on the ceiling."

"That is good; for, on the whole, I think we must shorten the line, and cut off that great bend in the road."

"And save battery power?"

"Yes. My pickle-jar battery works well, but I find that it is not particularly powerful. It rings the bell furiously when I close the circuit, but the circuit is not two yards long. What it will do when the line is up, remains to be seen."

"Where did you place the bell?"

"Oh, I hung it up in the cupboard under my desk. I can hear it, and no one will be likely to look for it there. But that is not the great difficulty. How are we to hide the wires that enter the station?"

"I wouldn't try. Let them stand in plain sight. Not a soul will ever notice them among the crowd of wires that pass the station."

By this time the two had reached the railroad station, and, opening her little office, they both went in. Presently they reappeared, each with a brown paper parcel, and, with the utmost gravity, walked away down the line toward the woods.

In a few moments they were lost to view round a curve in the road, and they turned off toward the bank and sat down on a large, flat stone.

"The boots, Kate."

She opened the bundle she had in her hand, and displayed a pair of iron stirrups having an iron rod on one side, and a sharp steel point on the bottom. There were also leather straps and buckles, and John, laying aside his burden, proceeded to strap them to his feet. When ready, the iron rods or bars reached nearly to the knee, and the steel points were just below the instep. Kate meanwhile took a pair of stout shears from her pocket and began to open the other bundle. It contained a large roll of insulated copper wire, some tacks, and a hammer.

Then they started down the track, with sharp eyes on the abandoned wire hanging in long festoons from its insulators. All right so far. Ah! a break; they must repair it. Like a nimble cat John mounted the pole, and Kate unrolled the wire as he took it up. In a moment or two he had it secured to the old wire. Then up the next pole, and while Kate pulled it tight he secured it, and the line was reunited.

Then on and on they walked, watching the wire, and still finding it whole. At last they reached the great iron bridge, and anxiously scanned the dozen or more wires, to see if their particular thread was still continuous.

"We must cross the river, John. The line seems to be whole, and we can take our new line through the woods on the other shore till we reach the town bridge."

It was a relief to leave the dizzy open sleepers of the bridge and stand once more on firm ground.

"This must be the limit of our circuit. I wish it was larger, for it will not give me more than three minutes time. Now, if you'll break the line on that pole, John."

There was a sound of falling glass, and then the new insulated line was secured to the old line; the broken end fell to the

ground and was abandoned. For half an hour or more the two were busy over their work, and then it was finished. It was a queer-looking affair, and no one would ever guess where it was or what it was designed to do. A slender maple-tree beside the track had a bit of bare copper wire (insulated at the ends), hung upright, in its branches. Near by stood a large oak-tree, also having a few feet of wire secured horizontally to its branches. From the slender maple a wire ran to the old telegraph line. From the old oak our young people quickly ran a new line through the woods by simply tacking it up out of sight in the trees.

Then they came to the wooden bridge where the town road crossed the stream. It took but a few moments to tack the insulated wire to the under side of one of the string-pieces well out of sight, and then they struck off into the deep woods again.

Three hours later they struck the railroad, and found the old wire some distance beyond the station up the line. Again the two-legged cat ran up the pole, and there was a sound of breaking glass. The old wire fell down among the bushes, and the new one was joined to the piece still on the line. A short time after, two young people with rather light bundles and very light hearts gravely walked into the station and then soberly went to their dinner. That night two mysterious figures flitted about the platform of the deserted station. One like a cat ran up the dusky poles, and the other unrolled a bit of copper wire. There was a sound of boring, and two minute wires were pushed through a hole in the window frame. The great scientific enterprise was finished.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### ALMOST TELESCOPED.

IT was very singular how absent-minded and inattentive the operator was that day. She sent that order for flowers to the butcher, and Mrs. Robinson's message about the baby's croup went to old Mr. Stimmins, the bachelor lodger at the gambrel-roofed house.

No wonder she was disturbed. Would the new line work? Would her pickle-jar battery be strong enough for such a great circuit? Would John be able to close it? The people began to assemble for the train. The clock pointed to the hour for its arrival.

"He cometh not," she said. Then she began to be a little tearful. The people

all left the waiting-room and went out on the platform, and the place was deserted and silent. She listened intently. There was nothing, save the murmur of the voices outside, and the irritating tick of the clock.

Suddenly, with startling distinctness, the bell rang clear and loud in the echoing room. With a little cry of delight she put on her dainty hat and ran in haste out upon the platform. The idle people stared at her flushed and rosy face, and she turned away and walked toward the water-tank. Not a thing in sight? What did it mean?

Ah! The whistle broke loud and clear on the cool, crisp air, and 59 appeared round the curve in the woods. The splendid monster slid swiftly up to her feet and paused.

"Perfect, John! Perfect! It works to a charm."

With a spring she reached the cab and sat down on the fireman's seat.

"Blessed if I could tell what he was going to do," said Dick. "He told me about it. Awful bright idea! You see, he laid the poker on the tender brake there, and it hit the tree slam, and I saw the wires touch. It was just prime!"

The happy moments sped, and 59 groaned and slowly departed, while Kate stood on the platform, her face wreathed in smiles and white steam.

So the lovers met each day, and none knew how she was made aware of his approach with such absolute certainty. Science applied to love, or rather love applied to science, can move the world.

Two whole weeks passed, and then there suddenly arrived at the station, late one evening, a special with the directors' car attached. The honorable directors were hungry—they always are—and would pause on their journey and take a cup of tea and a bit of supper. The honorables and their wives and children filled the station, and the place put on quite a gala aspect. As for Kate, she demurely sat in her den, book in hand, and over its unread pages admired the gay party in the brightly lighted waiting-room.

Suddenly, with furious rattle her electric bell sprang into noisy life. Every spark of color left her face, and her book fell with a dusty slam to the floor. What was it? What did it mean? Who rang it?

With affrighted face she burst from her office and brushed through the astonished people and out upon the snow-covered plat-

form. There stood the directors' train upon the track of the on-coming engine.

"The conductor! Where is he? Oh! sir! Start! Start! Get to the siding. The express! The express is coming!"

With a cry she snatched a lantern from a brakeman's hand, and in a flash was gone. They saw her light pitching and dancing through the darkness, and they were lost in wonder and amazement. The girl is crazy! No train is due now! There can be no danger. She must be —

Ah! that horrible whistle. Such a wild shriek on the winter's night! The men sprang to the train, and the women and children fled in frantic terror in every direction.

"Run for your lives," screamed the conductor. "There's a smash-up coming!"

A short, sharp scream from the whistle. The head-light gleamed on the snow-covered track, and there was a mad rush of sliding wheels and the gigantic engine roared like a demon. The great 59 slowly drew near and stopped in the woods. A hundred heads looked out, and a stalwart figure leaped down from the engine and ran on into the bright glow of the head-light.

"Kate!"

"Oh! John, I —"

She fell into his arms senseless and white, and the lantern dropped from her nerveless hand.

They took her up tenderly and bore her into the station-house and laid her upon the sofa in the "ladies' room." With hushed voices they gathered round to offer aid and comfort. Who was she? How did she save the train? How did she know of its approach?

"She is my daughter," said the old station-master. "She tends the telegraph."

The President of the Railroad, in his gold-bowed spectacles, drew near. One grand lady in silk and satin pillowed Kate's head on her breast. They all gathered near to see if she revived. She opened her eyes and gazed about dreamily, as if in search of something.

"Do you wish anything, my dear?" said the President, taking her hand.

"Some water, if you please, sir; and I want—I want—"

They handed her some wine in a silver goblet. She sipped a little, and then looked among the strange faces as if in search of some one.

"Are you looking for any one, Miss?"

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ma'am, I feel better. I sprained my foot on the sleepers when I ran down the track. It is not severe, and I'll sit up."



"SHE FELL INTO HIS ARMS SENSELESS AND WHITE."

They were greatly pleased to see her recover, and a quiet buzz of conversation filled the room. How did she know it? How could she tell the special was chasing us? Good Heavens! if she had not known it, what an awful loss of life there would have been; it was very careless in the superintendent to follow our train in such a reckless manner.

"You feel better, my dear," said the President.

"Yes, sir, thank you. I'm sure I'm thankful. I knew John—I mean the engine was coming."

"You cannot be more grateful than we are to you for averting such a disastrous collision."

"I'm sure, I am pleased, sir. I never thought the telegraph—"

She paused abruptly.

"What telegraph?"

"I'd rather not tell, sir."

"But you will tell us how you knew the engine was coming?"

"Must you know?"

"We ought to know in order to reward you properly."

She put up her hand in a gesture of refusal, and was silent. The President and directors consulted together, and two of them came to her and briefly said that they would be glad to know how she had been made aware of the approaching danger.

"Well, sir, if John is willing, I will tell you all."

John Mills, engineer, was called, and he came in, cap in hand, and the entire company gathered round in the greatest eagerness.

Without the slightest affectation, she put her hand on John's grimy arm, and said:

"Shall I tell them, John? They wish to know about it. It saved their lives, they say."

"And mine, too," said John, reverently. "You had best tell them, or let me."

She sat down again, and then and there John explained how the open circuit line had been built, how it was used, and frankly told why it had been erected.

Never did story create profounder sensation. The gentlemen shook hands with him, and the President actually kissed her for the Company. A real Corporation kiss, loud and hearty. The ladies fell upon her neck, and actually cried over the splendid girl. Even the children pulled her dress, and put their arms about her neck, and kissed away the happy tears that covered her cheeks.

Poor child! She was covered with confusion, and knew not what to say or do, and looked imploringly to John. He drew near, and proudly took her hand in his, and she brushed away the tears and smiled.

The gentlemen suddenly seemed to have found something vastly interesting to talk about, for they gathered in a knot in the corner of the room. Presently the President said aloud:

"Gentlemen and Directors, you must pardon me, and I trust the ladies will do the same, if I call you to order for a brief matter of business."

There was a sudden hush, and the room, now packed to suffocation, was painfully quiet.

"The Secretary will please take minutes of this meeting."

The Secretary sat down at Kate's desk, and then there was a little pause.

"Mr. President!"

Every eye was turned to a corner where a gray-haired gentleman had mounted a chair.

"Mr. President."

"Mr. Graves, director for the State, gentlemen."

"I beg leave, sir, to offer a resolution."

Then he began to read from a slip of paper.

"Whereas, John Mills, engineer of engine Number 59, of this railway line, erected a

private telegraph; and, whereas he, with the assistance of the telegraph operator of this station (I leave a blank for her name), used the said line without the consent of this Company, and for other than railway business:

"It is resolved that he be suspended permanently from his position as engineer, and that the said operator be requested to resign——"

A murmur of disapprobation filled the room, but the President commanded silence, and the State Director went on.

"——resign her place.

"It is further resolved, and is hereby ordered, that the said John Mills be and is appointed chief engineer of the new repair shops at Slawson."

A tremendous cheer broke from the assembled company, and the resolution was passed with a shout of assent.

How it all ended they never knew. It

seemed like a dream, and they could not believe it true till they stood alone in the winter's night on the track beside that glorious 59. The few cars the engine had brought up had been joined to the train, and 59 had been rolled out on the siding. With many hand-shakings for John, and hearty kisses for Kate, and a round of parting cheers for the two, the train had sped away. The idlers had dispersed, and none lingered about the abandoned station save the lovers. 59 would stay that night on the siding, and they had walked up the track to bid it a long farewell.

For a few moments they stood in the glow of the great lamp, and then he quietly put it out, and left the giant to breathe away its fiery life in gentle clouds of white steam. As for the lovers, they had no need of its light. The winter's stars shone upon them, and the calm cold night seemed a paradise below.

## THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE first week of January was devoted to the manufacture of the linen garments required by the colony. The needles found in the box were used by sturdy if not delicate fingers, and we may be sure that what was sewn was sewn firmly. There was no lack of thread, thanks to Cyrus Smith's idea of re-employing that which had been already used in the covering of the balloon.

The cloth of which the balloon-case was made was then cleaned by means of soda and potash, obtained by the incineration of plants, in such a way that the cotton, having got rid of the varnish, resumed its natural softness and elasticity; then, exposed to the action of the atmosphere, it soon became perfectly white. Some dozen shirts and socks—the latter not knitted, of course, but made of cotton—were thus manufactured. What a comfort it was to the settlers to clothe themselves again in clean linen, which was doubtless rather rough, though they were not troubled about that, and then to go to sleep between sheets, which made the

couches at Granite House quite comfortable beds!

It was about this time also that they made boots of seal-leather, which were greatly needed to replace the shoes and boots brought from America. You may be sure that these new shoes were large enough and never pinched the feet of the wearers.

With the beginning of the year 1866 the heat was very great, but the hunting in the forests was continued.

Cyrus Smith recommended them to husband the ammunition, and took measures to replace the powder and shot which had been found in the box, and which he wished to reserve for the future.

In place of lead, of which Smith had found no traces in the island, he employed granulated iron, which was easy to manufacture. These bullets, not having the weight of leaden bullets, were made larger, and each charge contained less, but the skill of the sportsmen made up for this deficiency. As to powder, Cyrus Smith would have been able to make that also, for he had at his disposal saltpeter, sulphur, and coal; but this preparation re-

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quires extreme care, and without special tools it is difficult to produce it of a good quality. Smith preferred, therefore, to man-

ufacture pyroxyle or gun-cotton, the advantages of which consist in this, that it is not injured by damp, that it does not make the gun-barrels dirty, and that its force is four times that of ordinary powder. In this substance, cotton is not indispensable, as the elementary tissue of vegetables may be used, and this is found in an almost pure state, not only in cotton, but in the textile fibers of hemp and flax, in paper, the pith of the elder, etc. Now, the elder abounded in the island toward the mouth of Red Creek, and the colonists had already made coffee of the berries of these shrubs, which belong to the family of the caprifoliaceæ.

The only thing to be collected, therefore, was elder-pith, for as to the other substance necessary for the manufacture of pyroxyle, it was only fuming nitric acid. Now, Smith having sulphuric acid at his disposal, had already been easily able to produce nitric acid by attacking the saltpeter with which nature supplied him.

To make pyroxyle, the cotton must be immersed in the fuming nitric acid for a quarter of an hour, then washed in cold water and dried. Nothing could be more simple. The sportsmen of the island, therefore, soon had a perfectly prepared substance, which, employed discreetly, produced admirable results.

By this time the intelligent Jupe was raised to the duty of valet. He had been dressed in a jacket, white linen breeches and an apron, the pockets of which were his delight. The clever orang had been marvelously trained by Neb, and any one would have said that the negro and the ape

understood each other when they talked together.

Judge, then, of the pleasure Jupe gave to



JUPE HAS A REVELATION.

the inhabitants of Granite House when, without their having had any idea of it, he appeared one day, napkin on his arm, ready to wait at table. Quick, attentive, he acquitted himself perfectly, changing the plates, bringing dishes, pouring out water, all with a gravity which gave intense amusement to the settlers and which enraptured Pencroff.

"Jupe, some soup!" "Jupe, a little agouti!" "Jupe, a plate!"

And Jupe, without ever being disconcerted, replied to every one, watched for everything, and shook his head in a knowing way when Pencroff, referring to his joke of the first day, said to him:

"Decidedly, Jupe, your wages must be doubled."

Toward the end of January the colonists began their labors in the center of the island. Within three weeks a corral was established near the sources of the Red Creek, at the foot of Mount Franklin, and into this enclosure were driven the animals which were

radishes, and other cruciferae. The soil on the plateau was particularly fertile, and it was hoped that the harvests would be abundant.

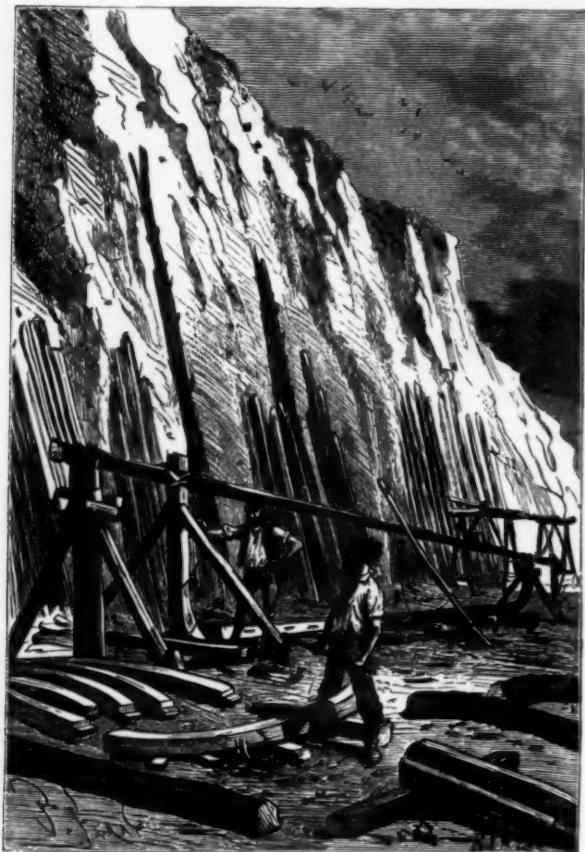
#### CHAPTER IX.

THE colonists, not having any pressing work out of doors, profited by the stormy weather of March to work at the interior of Granite House, the arrangement of which was becoming more complete from day to day. The engineer made a turning-lathe, with which he turned several articles both for the toilet and the kitchen, particularly buttons, the want of which was greatly felt. A gun-rack had been made for the fire-arms, which were kept with extreme care, and neither tables nor cupboards were left incomplete. They sawed, they planed, they filed, they turned; and during the whole of this bad season, nothing was heard but the grinding of tools or the humming of the turning-lathe which responded to the growling of the thunder.

About this time the engineer devised a lifting apparatus which took the place of the long ladder at Granite House.

A natural force was already at his disposal which could be used without great difficulty. To obtain motive power it was only necessary to augment the flow of the little stream which sup-

plied the interior of Granite House with water. The opening among the stones and grass was then increased, thus producing a strong fall at the bottom of the passage, the overflow from which escaped by the inner well. Below this fall the engineer fixed a cylinder with paddles, which was joined on the exterior with a strong cable rolled on a wheel, supporting a basket. In this way, by means of a long rope reaching to the ground,



THE DOCKYARD, LINCOLN ISLAND.

to supply the wool for the settlers' winter garments.

Before the cold season should appear, the most assiduous care was given to the cultivation of the wild plants which had been transplanted from the forest to Prospect Heights. The kitchen-garden, now well stocked and carefully defended from the birds, was divided into small beds, where grew lettuces, kidney potatoes, sorrel, turnips,

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which enabled them to regulate the motive power, after a few trials they were able to hoist their burdens and themselves in the basket to the door of Granite House.

About this time, too, Cyrus Smith attempted to manufacture glass, putting the old pottery-kiln to this new use. After several fruitless attempts, he succeeded in setting up a glass manufactory, which Gideon Spilett and Harbert, his usual assistants, did not leave for several days. As to the substances used in the composition of glass, they are simply sand, chalk, and soda, either carbonate or sulphate. Now the beach supplied sand, lime supplied chalk, sea-weeds supplied soda, pyrites supplied sulphuric acid, and the ground supplied coal to heat the kiln to the wished-for temperature. Cyrus Smith thus soon had everything ready for setting to work.

The tool the manufacture of which presented the most difficulty, was the pipe of the glass-maker, an iron tube, five or six feet long, which collects on one end the material in a state of fusion. But by means of a long, thin piece of iron rolled up like the barrel of a gun, Pencroff succeeded in making this tube soon ready to be used.

On the 28th of March the tube was heated. A hundred parts of sand, thirty-five of chalk, forty of sulphate of soda, mixed with two or three parts of powdered coal, composed the substance, which was placed in crucibles. When the high temperature of the oven had reduced it to a liquid, or rather a pasty state, Cyrus Smith collected with the tube a quantity of the paste; he turned it about on a metal plate, previously arranged, so as to give it a form suitable for blowing; then he passed the tube to Harbert, who blew so much and so well into the tube—taking care to twirl it round at the same time—that his breath dilated the glassy mass. Other quantities of the substance in a state of fusion were added to the first, and in a short time the result was a bubble which measured a foot in diameter. Smith then took the tube out of Harbert's hands, and, giving to it a pendulous motion, he ended by lengthening the malleable bubble so as to give it a cylindro-conic shape.

The blowing operation had given a cylinder of glass terminated by two hemispheric caps, which were easily detached by means of a sharp iron dipped in cold water; then, by the same proceeding, this cylinder was cut lengthways, and after having been rendered malleable by a second heating, it was extended on a plate and spread out with a wooden roller.

The first pane was thus manufactured, and they had only to perform this operation fifty times to have fifty panes. The windows at Granite House were soon furnished with panes, not very white perhaps, but still sufficiently transparent. Bottles, tumblers, and other utensils were also made.

Cyrus Smith and Harbert, while hunting one day, had entered the forest of the Far West, on the left bank of the Mercy, when Harbert, stopping, and uttering a cry of joy, exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain Smith; do you see that tree?" and he pointed to a shrub, rather than a tree, for it was composed of a single stem, covered with a scaly bark, which bore leaves streaked with little parallel veins.

"And what is this tree? It resembles a little palm," said Smith.

"It is a 'cycas revoluta,' of which I have a picture in our Dictionary of Natural History!" said Harbert.

"But I can't see any fruit on this shrub!" observed his companion.

"No, captain," replied Harbert; "but its stem contains a flour which nature has provided all ready ground."

"It is, then, the bread-tree?"

"Yes, the bread-tree."

"Well, my boy," replied the engineer, "this is a valuable discovery, since our wheat harvest is not yet ripe; I hope that you are not mistaken!"

Harbert was not mistaken; he broke the stem of a cycas, which was composed of a glandulous tissue, containing a quantity of floury pith, traversed with woody fiber, separated by rings of the same substance, arranged concentrically. With this fecula was mingled a mucilaginous juice of disagreeable flavor, but which it would be easy to get rid of by pressure. This cellular substance was regular flour of a superior quality, extremely nourishing; its exportation was formerly forbidden by the Japanese laws.

They returned to Granite House with an ample supply of cycas stems. The engineer constructed a press, with which to extract the mucilaginous juice mingled with the fecula, and he obtained a large quantity of flour, which Neb soon transformed into cakes and puddings. This was not quite real wheaten bread, but it was very like it.

One day it occurred to the engineer to make observations by means of the sextant, to verify the position which he had already obtained, and this was the result of his operation. His first observation had given him for the situation of Lincoln Island: West

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## THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE first week of January was devoted to the manufacture of the linen garments required by the colony. The needles found in the box were used by sturdy if not delicate fingers, and we may be sure that what was sewn was sewn firmly. There was no lack of thread, thanks to Cyrus Smith's idea of re-employing that which had been already used in the covering of the balloon.

The cloth of which the balloon-case was made was then cleaned by means of soda and potash, obtained by the incineration of plants, in such a way that the cotton, having got rid of the varnish, resumed its natural softness and elasticity; then, exposed to the action of the atmosphere, it soon became perfectly white. Some dozen shirts and socks—the latter not knitted, of course, but made of cotton—were thus manufactured. What a comfort it was to the settlers to clothe themselves again in clean linen, which was doubtless rather rough, though they were not troubled about that, and then to go to sleep between sheets, which made the

couches at Granite House quite comfortable beds!

It was about this time also that they made boots of seal-leather, which were greatly needed to replace the shoes and boots brought from America. You may be sure that these new shoes were large enough and never pinched the feet of the wearers.

With the beginning of the year 1866 the heat was very great, but the hunting in the forests was continued.

Cyrus Smith recommended them to husband the ammunition, and took measures to replace the powder and shot which had been found in the box, and which he wished to reserve for the future.

In place of lead, of which Smith had found no traces in the island, he employed granulated iron, which was easy to manufacture. These bullets, not having the weight of leaden bullets, were made larger, and each charge contained less, but the skill of the sportsmen made up for this deficiency. As to powder, Cyrus Smith would have been able to make that also, for he had at his disposal saltpetre, sulphur, and coal; but this preparation re-

quires extreme care, and without special tools it is difficult to produce it of a good quality. Smith preferred, therefore, to manufacture pyroxylo or gun-cotton, the advantages of which consist in this, that it is not injured by damp, that it does not make the gun-barrels dirty, and that its force is four times that of ordinary powder. In this substance, cotton is not indispensable, as the elementary tissue of vegetables may be used, and this is found in an almost pure state, not only in cotton, but in the textile fibers of hemp and flax, in paper, the pith of the elder, etc. Now, the elder abounded in the island toward the mouth of Red Creek, and the colonists had already made coffee of the berries of these shrubs, which belong to the family of the caprifoliace.

The only thing to be collected, therefore, was elder-pith, for as to the other substance necessary for the manufacture of pyroxylo, it was only fuming nitric acid. Now, Smith having sulphuric acid at his disposal, had already been easily able to produce nitric acid by attacking the saltpeter with which nature supplied him.

To make pyroxylo, the cotton must be immersed in the fuming nitric acid for a quarter of an hour, then washed in cold water and dried. Nothing could be more simple. The sportsmen of the island, therefore, soon had a perfectly prepared substance, which, employed discreetly, produced admirable results.

By this time the intelligent Jupe was raised to the duty of valet. He had been dressed in a jacket, white linen breeches and an apron, the pockets of which were his delight. The clever orang had been marvelously trained by Neb, and any one would have said that the negro and the ape

understood each other when they talked together.

Judge, then, of the pleasure Jupe gave to



JUPE HAS A REVELATION.

the inhabitants of Granite House when, without their having had any idea of it, he appeared one day, napkin on his arm, ready to wait at table. Quick, attentive, he acquitted himself perfectly, changing the plates, bringing dishes, pouring out water, all with a gravity which gave intense amusement to the settlers and which enraptured Pencroff.

"Jupe, some soup!" "Jupe, a little agouti!" "Jupe, a plate!"

And Jupe, without ever being disconcerted, replied to every one, watched for everything, and shook his head in a knowing way when Pencroff, referring to his joke of the first day, said to him:



"Decidedly, Jupe, your wages must be doubled."

Toward the end of January the colonists began their labors in the center of the island. Within three weeks a corral was established near the sources of the Red Creek, at the foot of Mount Franklin, and into this enclosure were driven the animals which were

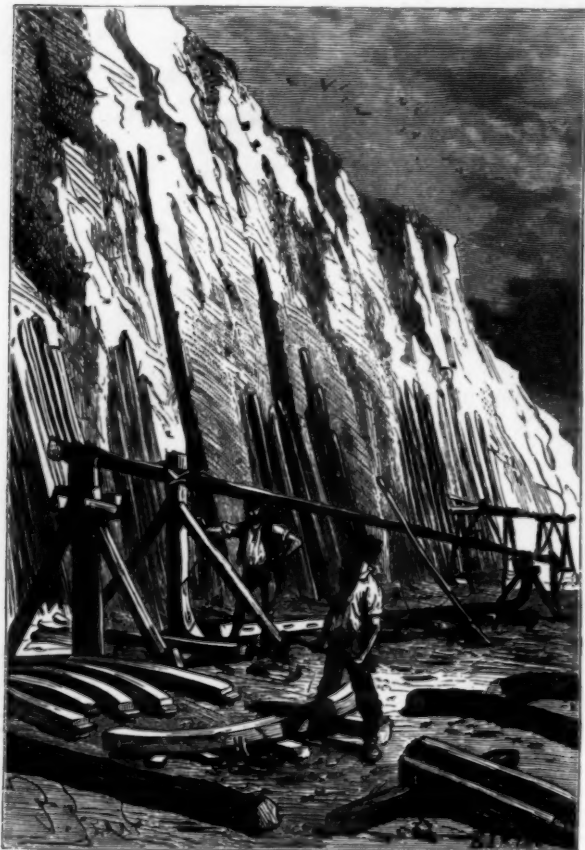
radishes, and other crucifere. The soil on the plateau was particularly fertile, and it was hoped that the harvests would be abundant.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE colonists, not having any pressing work out of doors, profited by the stormy weather of March to work at the interior of Granite House, the arrangement of which was becoming more complete from day to day. The engineer made a turning-lathe, with which he turned several articles both for the toilet and the kitchen, particularly buttons, the want of which was greatly felt. A gun-rack had been made for the fire-arms, which were kept with extreme care, and neither tables nor cupboards were left incomplete. They sawed, they planed, they filed, they turned; and during the whole of this bad season, nothing was heard but the grinding of tools or the humming of the turning-lathe which responded to the growling of the thunder.

About this time the engineer devised a lifting apparatus which took the place of the long ladder at Granite House.

A natural force was already at his disposal which could be used without great difficulty. To obtain motive power it was only necessary to augment the flow of the little stream which supplied the interior of Granite House with water. The opening among the stones and grass was then increased, thus producing a strong fall at the bottom of the passage, the overflow from which escaped by the inner well. Below this fall the engineer fixed a cylinder with paddles, which was joined on the exterior with a strong cable rolled on a wheel, supporting a basket. In this way, by means of a long rope reaching to the ground,



THE DOCKYARD, LINCOLN ISLAND.

to supply the wool for the settlers' winter garments.

Before the cold season should appear, the most assiduous care was given to the cultivation of the wild plants which had been transplanted from the forest to Prospect Heights. The kitchen-garden, now well stocked and carefully defended from the birds, was divided into small beds, where grew lettuces, kidney potatoes, sorrel, turnips,

which power, hoist the basket. About ed to pottery, fruitless a glass and H leave f used i simply ate or sand, l plied s and th kiln to Smith setting. The sented the gla long, v in a sta thin pi a gun, tube se On ed. A chalk, two o posed crucibi the ov a past tube a about so as then lew taking time mass. a state fa a which then and, ended so as The der o caps, a shar same ways, able l a pla

which enabled them to regulate the motive power, after a few trials they were able to hoist their burdens and themselves in the basket to the door of Granite House.

About this time, too, Cyrus Smith attempted to manufacture glass, putting the old pottery-kiln to this new use. After several fruitless attempts, he succeeded in setting up a glass manufactory, which Gideon Spilett and Harbert, his usual assistants, did not leave for several days. As to the substances used in the composition of glass, they are simply sand, chalk, and soda, either carbonate or sulphate. Now the beach supplied sand, lime supplied chalk, sea-weeds supplied soda, pyrites supplied sulphuric acid, and the ground supplied coal to heat the kiln to the wished-for temperature. Cyrus Smith thus soon had everything ready for setting to work.

The tool the manufacture of which presented the most difficulty, was the pipe of the glass-maker, an iron tube, five or six feet long, which collects on one end the material in a state of fusion. But by means of a long, thin piece of iron rolled up like the barrel of a gun, Pencroff succeeded in making this tube soon ready to be used.

On the 28th of March the tube was heated. A hundred parts of sand, thirty-five of chalk, forty of sulphate of soda, mixed with two or three parts of powdered coal, composed the substance, which was placed in crucibles. When the high temperature of the oven had reduced it to a liquid, or rather a pasty state, Cyrus Smith collected with the tube a quantity of the paste; he turned it about on a metal plate, previously arranged, so as to give it a form suitable for blowing; then he passed the tube to Harbert, who blew so much and so well into the tube—taking care to twirl it round at the same time—that his breath dilated the glassy mass. Other quantities of the substance in a state of fusion were added to the first, and in a short time the result was a bubble which measured a foot in diameter. Smith then took the tube out of Harbert's hands, and, giving to it a pendulous motion, he ended by lengthening the malleable bubble so as to give it a cylindro-conic shape.

The blowing operation had given a cylinder of glass terminated by two hemispheric caps, which were easily detached by means of a sharp iron dipped in cold water; then, by the same proceeding, this cylinder was cut lengthways, and after having been rendered malleable by a second heating, it was extended on a plate and spread out with a wooden roller.

The first pane was thus manufactured, and they had only to perform this operation fifty times to have fifty panes. The windows at Granite House were soon furnished with panes, not very white perhaps, but still sufficiently transparent. Bottles, tumblers, and other utensils were also made.

Cyrus Smith and Harbert, while hunting one day, had entered the forest of the Far West, on the left bank of the Mercy, when Harbert, stopping, and uttering a cry of joy, exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain Smith; do you see that tree?" and he pointed to a shrub, rather than a tree, for it was composed of a single stem, covered with a scaly bark, which bore leaves streaked with little parallel veins.

"And what is this tree? It resembles a little palm," said Smith.

"It is a 'cycas revoluta,' of which I have a picture in our Dictionary of Natural History!" said Harbert.

"But I can't see any fruit on this shrub!" observed his companion.

"No, captain," replied Harbert; "but its stem contains a flour which nature has provided all ready ground."

"It is, then, the bread-tree?"

"Yes, the bread-tree."

"Well, my boy," replied the engineer, "this is a valuable discovery, since our wheat harvest is not yet ripe; I hope that you are not mistaken!"

Harbert was not mistaken; he broke the stem of a cycas, which was composed of a glandulous tissue, containing a quantity of floury pith, traversed with woody fiber, separated by rings of the same substance, arranged concentrically. With this fecula was mingled a mucilaginous juice of disagreeable flavor, but which it would be easy to get rid of by pressure. This cellular substance was regular flour of a superior quality, extremely nourishing; its exportation was formerly forbidden by the Japanese laws.

They returned to Granite House with an ample supply of cycas stems. The engineer constructed a press, with which to extract the mucilaginous juice mingled with the fecula, and he obtained a large quantity of flour, which Neb soon transformed into cakes and puddings. This was not quite real wheaten bread, but it was very like it.

One day it occurred to the engineer to make observations by means of the sextant, to verify the position which he had already obtained, and this was the result of his operation. His first observation had given him for the situation of Lincoln Island: West

longitude, from  $150^{\circ}$  to  $155^{\circ}$ ; south latitude, from  $30^{\circ}$  to  $35^{\circ}$ . The second gave exactly: West longitude,  $150^{\circ} 30'$ ; south latitude,  $34^{\circ} 57'$ . So then, notwithstanding the imperfection of his apparatus, Cyrus Smith had operated with so much skill that his error did not exceed five degrees.

"Now," said Gideon Spilett, "since we possess an atlas as well as a sextant, let us see, my dear Cyrus, the exact position which Lincoln Island occupies in the Pacific."

The map of the Pacific was opened, and the engineer, his compasses in his hand, prepared to determine their position.

Suddenly the compasses stopped, and he exclaimed:

"But an island exists in this part of the Pacific already!"

"An island?" cried Pencroff.

"Ours, doubtless," returned Gideon Spilett.

"No," replied Smith. "This island is situated in  $153^{\circ}$  latitude and  $37^{\circ} 11'$  longitude, that is to say, two degrees and a-half more to the west and two degrees more to the south than Lincoln Island."

"And what is the name of this island?" asked Harbert.

"Tabor Island."

"An important island?"

"No, an islet lost in the Pacific, and which, perhaps, has never been visited."

"Well, we will visit it," said Pencroff.

"We?"

"Yes, captain. We will build a decked boat, and I will undertake to steer her. At what distance are we from this Tabor Island?"

"About a hundred and fifty miles to the north-east," replied Smith.

"A hundred and fifty miles! And what's that?" returned Pencroff. "In forty-eight hours, with a good wind, we should sight it!"

"But what would be the use?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know. We must see."

And, on this reply, it was decided that a vessel should be constructed in time to be launched toward the month of next October, on the return of the fine season.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE engineer was not working in the dark at this new trade. He knew a great deal about ship-building as about nearly everything else, and at first drew the model of his ship on paper. Besides, he was ably seconded by Pencroff, who, having worked for several years in a dockyard at Brooklyn, knew the

practical part of the trade. It was not until after careful calculation and deep thought that the timbers were laid on the keel.

It was agreed that since the fine season would not return before six months, only the engineer and Pencroff should work at the boat. Spilett and Harbert were to continue to hunt, and neither Neb nor Jupe was to leave the domestic duties which had devolved upon them.

Pencroff, as may be believed, was all eagerness to carry out his new enterprise, and would not leave his work for an instant.

A single thing had the honor of drawing him, but for one day only, from his dockyard. This was the second wheat-harvest, which was gathered in on the 15th of April. It was as much a success as the first, and yielded the number of grains which had been predicted.

One day in April, as the sportsmen were hunting in the forests of the Far West, the reporter was attracted by the odor which exhaled from certain plants with straight stalks, round and branchy, bearing grape-like clusters of flowers and very small berries. He broke off one or two of these stalks and said:

"What can this be, Harbert?"

"Where did you find this plant, Mr. Spilett?"

"There, in a clearing, where it grows abundantly."

"Well, Mr. Spilett," said Harbert, "this is a treasure which will secure you Pencroff's gratitude for ever."

"Is it tobacco?"

"Yes, and though it may not be of the first quality, it is none the less tobacco!"

"Oh, good old Pencroff! Won't he be pleased? But we must not let him smoke it all, he must give us our share."

"Ah! an idea occurs to me, Mr. Spilett," replied Harbert. "Don't let us say anything to Pencroff yet; we will prepare these leaves, and one fine day we will present him with a pipe already filled!"

The reporter and the lad secured a good store of the precious plant, and then returned to Granite House, where they smuggled it in with as much precaution as if Pencroff had been the most vigilant and severe of custom-house officers.

Once more, however, his favorite work was interrupted, on the 1st of May, by a fishing adventure, in which all the colonists took part.

For some days they had observed an enormous animal two or three miles out in the open sea swimming around Lincoln Island.

This was a whale of the largest size, which apparently belonged to the southern species, called the "Cape Whale."

"What a lucky chance it would be if we could capture it!" cried the sailor. "Ah! if we only had a proper boat and a good harpoon, I would say, 'After the beast,' for he would be well worth the trouble of catching!"

"Well, Pencroff," said Gideon Spilett, "I should much like to see you handle a harpoon. It would be very interesting."

"Very interesting, and not without danger," said the engineer; "but, since we have not the means of attacking the animal, it is useless to think about it."

"I am astonished," said the reporter, "to see a whale in this relatively high latitude."

"Why so, Mr. Spilett?" replied Harbert. "We are exactly in that part of the Pacific which English and American whalers call the whale-field, and, it is here, between New Zealand and South America, that the whales of the southern hemisphere are met with in the greatest numbers."

"That is quite true," said Pencroff; "and what surprises me is, that we have not seen more of them. But, after all, since we can't get at them, it doesn't matter."

But what the colonists could not do for themselves chance did for them, and on the 3d of May shouts from Neb, who had stationed himself at the kitchen window, announced that the whale was stranded on the beach of the island.

The stranding had taken place on the beach of Flotsam Point, three miles from Granite House, and at high tide. It was, therefore, probable that the cetacean would not be able to extricate itself easily; at any rate, it was best to hasten, so as to cut off its retreat if necessary. They ran with pickaxes and iron-tipped poles in their hands, passed over the Mercy bridge, descended the right bank of the river along the beach, and in less than twenty minutes were close to the enormous animal, above which flocks of birds already hovered. It was a southern whale, eighty feet long, a giant of the species, probably not weighing less than 150,000 pounds.

It was dead, and a harpoon was sticking out of its left side.

"There are whalers in these quarters, then," said Gideon Spilett directly.

"Why?" asked the sailor.

"Since the harpoon is still there—"

"Oh, Mr. Spilett, that doesn't prove any-

thing," replied Pencroff. "Whales have been known to go thousands of miles with a harpoon in the side."

"However—" said Spilett, whom Pencroff's explanation did not satisfy.

"That is possible," replied Smith, "but let us examine this harpoon. Perhaps, according to the usual custom, the whalers have cut the name of their ship upon it."

In fact, Pencroff, having torn the harpoon from the animal's side, read this inscription on it:

"MARIA STELLA,  
VINEYARD."

"A vessel from the Vineyard!" he cried. "The 'Maria Stella!' A fine whaler; 'pon my word, I know her well! Oh, my friends, a vessel from the Vineyard!—a whaler from the Vineyard!"

But as it could not be expected that the "Maria Stella" would come to reclaim the animal harpooned by her, they resolved to begin cutting it up before decomposition should commence.

Pencroff had formerly served on board a whaling ship, and he could methodically direct the operation of cutting up—a disagreeable operation lasting three days. The blubber, cut in parallel slices of two feet and a-half in thickness, then divided into smaller pieces, was melted down in large earthen pots brought to the spot, for they did not wish to taint the environs of Granite House, and in this fusion it lost nearly a third of its weight. The tongue alone yielded 6,000 pounds of oil, and the lower lip 4,000. Then, besides the fat, which would insure for a long time a store of stearine and glycerine, there were still the bones, for which a use could doubtless be found, although there were neither umbrellas nor stays used at Granite House. The remains of the animal were left to the birds.

One day, after dinner, just as he was about to leave the table, Pencroff felt a hand on his shoulder, and the engineer said:

"One moment, Pencroff; you mustn't sneak off like that. You've forgotten your dessert."

"Thank you, Mr. Spilett," replied the sailor. "I am going back to my work."

"Well, a cup of coffee, my friend?"

"Nothing more."

"A pipe, then?"

Pencroff jumped up, and his great good-natured face grew pale when he saw the reporter presenting him with a ready-filled pipe, and Harbert with a glowing coal.

The sailor endeavored to speak, but could

not get out a word; so, seizing the pipe, he carried it to his lips, and then, applying the coal, drew five or six great whiffs. A fragrant blue cloud soon arose, and from its depths a voice was heard repeating excitedly:

"Tobacco! real tobacco!"

"Yes, Pencroff," returned the engineer, "and very good tobacco too."

"Well, my friends, I will repay you some day," replied the sailor. "Now we are friends for life."

(To be continued.)

## A FARMER'S VACATION: II.

DROOGMAKERIJ.

WE spell it differently here, but the art of drainage is itself so much more an art in Holland, that one is tempted to dignify and distinguish it by its more ponderous Dutch synonym.

How the silt of the Rhine, and the blending of its currents with the tides of the North Sea formed the sand-bar that stretched with occasional interruptions along the front of its wide-mouthed bay; how the waves and the winds raised this sand-bar above the level of the sea and tossed it into high dunes; how the slimy deposits of the river settled in the stilled waters behind, and by slow accretions rose to the reach of the sun's warmth; how the reeds and lily-pads and bulrushes then covered the face of the flood with the promise of a fertile land that was to grow from their gradual accumulation and from the ever-coming wash of the Rhineland and the higher Alps—all this is clouded in the gloom of prehistoric speculation.

When Cæsar came to Batavia vast forests grew at the level of the water, quaking morasses lay on every side, and the oozy soil was only here and there thrown high enough to give a foothold to the scant and hardy population. Travelers of that time relate that the whole land could be traversed on fallen timber without touching the ground, and rivers were blocked with rafts of uprooted oaks. The climate had an almost Norwegian fierceness. Even four centuries later the country was described as an "endless and pitiless forest."

Out of this waste of water and almost floating soil—driven now here and now there by the unbridled floods of the Rhine, or melted into silt again and swept away by fierce inroads of the sea—a noble people has created the fertile and productive home of a compact and most prosperous commonwealth; has defended it in long and fero-

cious contest with the mightiest power of Europe, and stands to-day the proudest example that our race has to show of conquest by patient and unflinching toil and devotion, over the combined opposition of nature and of man.

The changes made by inundations have been almost incredibly great. Fig. 1 shows the north-western portion of the Netherlands before the floods of the twelfth century, as contrasted with their present condition. A large part of that arm of the German Ocean which forms what is called the Zuyder Zee was formerly inhabited and cultivated land. Successive irruptions of the sea have melted away this vast tract, until from Harlingen to Texel all is now navigable water. In the final inundation which effected this opening 80,000 lives were lost.

In 1277 an irruption of the sea, sweeping 44 villages from the face of the earth, carried the borders of the Dollart beyond Winschoten. Gradual reclamations have reduced it to its present size.

Frequent inundations are recorded from the earliest history of the Netherlands. In 1570 100,000 lives were lost, 30,000 of them in Friesland alone, this province and Groningen having always been the greatest sufferers. Since then the inundations here have been less frequent and somewhat less disastrous, Robles, the Spanish commander in Friesland, having inaugurated a new and more suitable system of diking.

Internal inundations, arising from the action of storms on the inland lakes, and still more from the floods of the Rhine, have been only less disastrous than the breaking in of the sea itself. The Rhine, bringing vast deposits of soil in its flood, is always lifting its bed, and constant additions to its dikes are thus made necessary. Then, too, while its northern waters are frozen, the more southern sources of its current are



already unlocked, sending down freshets, which are dammed back by the ice and even thrown out of the banks, flowing over fertile farms, and constituting a never-ending source of danger.

Flanders and Italy were the richest, and the most industrious and flourishing of the Western nations.

To what extent the character of the people, and the condition of the land in

which they have lived, have reacted on each other, it would be curious to examine. Certainly the success of such enormous undertakings bears evidence of great strength of character, natural or developed. The Dutch have been spoken of as a people who can sit for hours *en tête-à-tête* with their thoughts and their pipes; a people who feel a sufficient stimulus in successes to be reached only years hereafter. Their life has always been practical, earnest, and driven by the necessities of

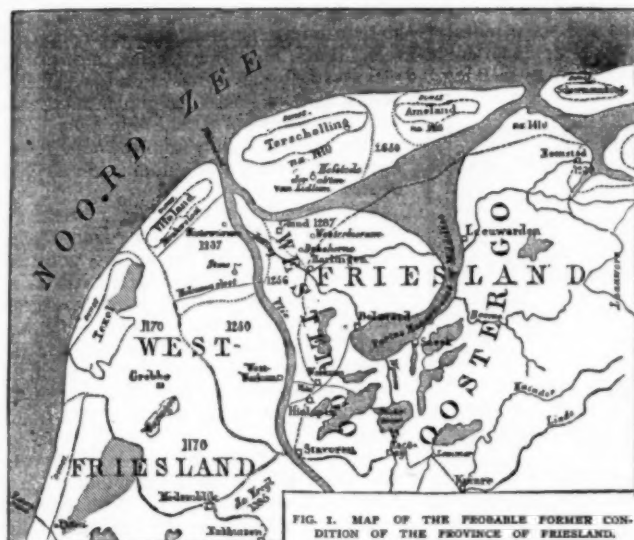


FIG. 1. MAP OF THE PROBABLE FORMER CONDITION OF THE PROVINCE OF FRIESLAND.

The condition of the best part of North Holland in 1575 is shown in the accompanying map (Fig. 2). Leaving out the barren sand dunes along the coast, there was less land than water; and such land as there was had to be defended by constant care, not only against the incursions of the higher-lying sea, but equally against the waters of the interior lakes, which often stormed the protecting banks of the reclaimed country with such force as to break through and do vast harm. The land was divided into polders, which were kept dry by pumping. There was little soil so high that artificial drainage was not necessary, and the whole territory was saved from being overwhelmed by the sea, only by the dunes and by artificial embankments.

On this insecure soil the Dutch made their successful stand against the Spaniards, often cutting the dikes and flooding miles of fertile country as the only available defense of their liberties and their lives. From the rich ports, scattered over the interrupted land, they controlled the commerce of the world. Education was universal, as it was nowhere else in Europe; nearly the whole population could read and

their anomalous position. Of them it might have been said from the first that "obstacles change themselves into auxiliaries."

There is no field of human enterprise in which their success has not been at one time or another notable. At the bottom of it all, apparently at the bottom of the character on which their success has been founded, we find their traditional jealousy of every acre of water which covers good land. Neglecting the poorer lands, they have dived into the fertile deposits lying under water and peat, and sought there a wealth that no other soil can equal. Seeking this they have become patient, long-enduring, sturdy, hardy, and resolute. If a lake is to be drained they sit quietly down and count the cost, the time, and the interest that time will add to the cost, and then devise the means for the most effectual performance of the work; this done, the undertaking proceeds with the regularity and the persistence of the work of ants. If obstacles cannot be made auxiliaries they are overcome. The clamors of dissatisfied people are idle, not as the wind—for the wind is not idle in Holland—but they pass unheeded, and steadily, day by day, the toiling goes

on until the end is gained, and a new territory has been added to the earth's domain.

In the pursuit of their aims it would almost seem that no cost is too great. The whole country bristles with the evidences of the most gigantic expenditure. The coast of Friesland is held against the attacks of the sea by works which include sixty miles of piles three rows deep. Near Haarlem a dike of Norwegian granite, forty feet high,



FIG. 2. MAP OF NORTH HOLLAND IN 1575.

and stretching two hundred feet into the water, continues for a length of five miles.

Since 1575, three hundred years have passed, and now nearly all the vast wastes of water among which the films of land formerly threaded, have been pumped off from the face of the earth. The map of the North Holland of to-day is shown in Fig. 3. After the IJ has been canalized and its broad area laid dry, there will remain in all the province only the water needed for navigation.

In a certain sense the whole world knows about the draining of the Netherlands, but their knowledge is of that sort which gives

an impression rather fanciful than real. Holland is a broad land rather than a deep one, and while the traveler is often below the level of the sea he does not often realize the position from any obvious contrast. The sea is out of sight, and the canals are themselves below its level often by several locks, so that in its general aspects the country as seen from the railway seems only a wide plain, with its canals raised on low embankments and its housetops hidden more than such embankments should hide them. We see the polders mainly from the outside, and so fail of getting a due impression of their depth.

The marvel that we expect to realize is the freeing of all this low-lying land from its old-time floods,—but the water is gone and we need to be told that these fertile farms and blooming flower-beds were once at the bottom of deep lakes. Those who have taken their information from popular descriptions are quite sure to have wrong ideas, and I confess that my own first view of the flat country of Holland was a disappointment.

Away from the canal-netted towns there was much less of the amphibious element than had been anticipated. With one who makes only a rapid run through the country by rail this feeling of disappointment will be likely to remain; but he who gives more attention to the special problems of Dutch drainage must soon find himself astonished that so much could have been done by so small a people, and that the reality should be so much more interesting than the suggested fancy.

Nearly the whole of North and South Holland is a level plain, stretching from Helder to Zeeland, and lying behind dunes or sand-hills on the sea-coast. It is a level plain in the sense of having no elevations, but it is full of depressions, where the surging of the old-time waves washed away the half-soluble soil and floated it out to sea. Much of the land remaining is of a sort that may be in like manner easily destroyed. The plain formerly stretched away to the eastward and north-eastward, through Friesland and Groningen, but the formation of the Zuyder Zee has made a wide separation between the two districts.

The unit of all Dutch drainage is what is called the "polder," a term which applies to any single area inclosed in its own dike and drained by the same pumps. Some of them are but slightly below the level of the surrounding country, and need but a light

embankment,  
soil,  
water,  
original  
mud,  
substratum,  
the river  
to be  
are from  
the polder  
occupies  
the former  
banking  
even  
ter to  
is four  
eral  
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The l  
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embankment; such are often of tolerably firm soil, and require only the removal of the water to make them fertile. Others were originally ponds or lakes, or deposits of wet muck, which have been inclosed by more substantial embankments, and from which the removal of the water was, and continues to be, a more serious operation. Polders are frequently formed after the removal of the peat and its sale for fuel. Its place is occupied with water, and then commences the fresh operation of improving the embankment, removing the water, and often even adding a large quantity of foreign matter to make fertile soil. Sometimes the peat is found under a stratum of arable soil several feet thick. This is carefully laid aside to form the basis of cultivation after the peat is removed and the drainage completed. The boats which take turf to the cities bring back street sweepings, builders' rubbish, and waste of all kinds, which in all towns in Holland, large and small, are said to be carefully collected and sold for filling places from which turf has been raised.

The polders vary in size from two or three acres to over forty thousand acres. They are sometimes only a few inches below the established level of the out-lying water, sometimes seventeen or eighteen feet below this. Those first drained were shallow marshes, which could be secured by slight dikes and drained by a single small mill. Later, when the country had made more progress, the system was applied to deep marshes and lakes, requiring large and strong dikes, and a number of large mills for their pumping. The interior of each polder is cut with canals and ditches, which serve to lead the water toward the mills, and in summer for the distribution of the water admitted from without. In the district of the "Rhineland" there are nearly ninety thousand acres of land, which, but for the combined skill, and perseverance, and capital of the people, would be buried, much of it, under seventeen feet of water. The polder drainage alone, aside from the Haarlem Lake, employed two hundred and sixty wind-mills.

The next step in the organization is what is called the Hydraulic Administration. This is a body of skilled men, some of them engineers, who have charge of the hydraulic interests of certain districts. The Administration of the Rhineland, for instance, has complete jurisdiction in all matters concerning the dikes and drains of that part of North Holland lying between Amsterdam

and the sea on the east and west, and between the IJ and the environs of the Hague and Gouda on the north and south. Their territory includes Leyden and Haarlem and



FIG. 3. PRESENT MAP OF NORTH HOLLAND.

the great Haarlem Lake. These administrations have entire control of the means of outlet for the drainage waters, and of the mechanical appliances by which their removal is facilitated. They have also a supervisory control over the drainage government of the different polders in their districts. The district is divided into two classes of territory, the Polders, and the Basin. The polders are governed by officers appointed by local proprietors; the basin, entirely by the Administration. The latter consists of all canals of communication and other channels for the removal of the water pumped from the polders, and also of any undrained bodies of water that may exist in the district. One of the most important duties of the Hydraulic Administration is to establish the maximum level of the water in the basin, and when from any cause the water has reached this level, to see that no more water is pumped from the polders until it shall have subsided below it. Control is also taken by this body, of all questions arising between different polders as to the injurious effect of the pumping of one upon the interests of the other. The care of the exterior defenses—defenses against the influx of water from the sea or from interior sources—forms an important part of their

office, and, indeed, the safety of the country depends more than on anything else on the vigilance with which in time of danger the

individual polders, have charge of the maintenance of the dikes and mills, and of the opportune removal of the waters. The

Hydraulic Administration is charged with the maintenance of a just equilibrium between the interests of the polders and those of their own works of drainage, and with the control of intercommunication, etc. The point at which the level of water in the basin shall be fixed, and the strictness with which it is maintained, are the cause of frequent difficulty between the two organizations. The authorities of the polders are naturally anxious to make their draining as rapid as possible, and frequently continue the working of the mills after the fixed level of the waters without has been reached, hoping to escape detection, or risking the penalty that may result—anything rather than that their own polders shall remain submerged. The owners of polders with strong and high dikes often care little that, in draining them, they injure neighboring polders with smaller or feeble dikes, and it requires the strong authority of the administration to which they belong to prevent serious injury from this source.

No view of Dutch drainage would be complete which did not take into consideration the vast production of peat for fuel. In spite of the fact that Newcastle coal can frequently be delivered at Amsterdam or Rotterdam for less than its price in Dublin, and that German coal can also be had at very low cost, yet by far the largest part of the fuel used in the Netherlands, not only for domestic purposes, but for steaming, brick-burning, and all manner of manufactures, is the peat taken from their own bogs.

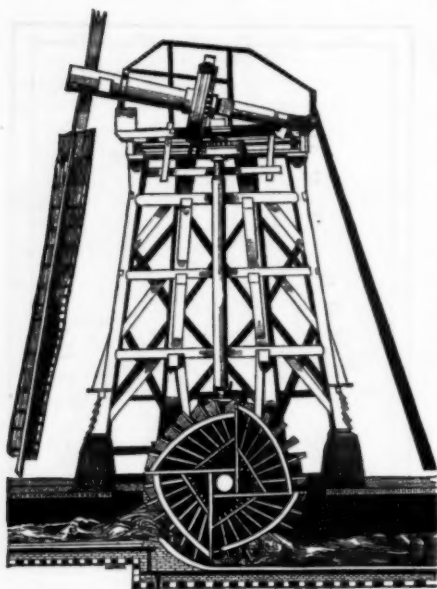


FIG. 4. CONSTRUCTION OF PUMPING WIND-MILL.

detailed dike-guards are made to attend to their duty.

When south-west gales have long prevailed, forcing the waters of the Atlantic around the North of Scotland, and are then succeeded by north-west gales which blow these waters into the German Ocean beyond the capacity of the English Channel to pass them, they are piled against the coast of Holland with terrific force; the high tide is prevented from receding, and the next tide, and sometimes even the next, is piled upon it by the winds until only the utmost exertion suffices to prevent its surmounting the dikes. In such times, an army of men hastily build a new dike on the top of the old one, contending with the waters inch by inch, and so preventing that first damaging flow which is like "the beginning of strife."

The hydraulic administrations are of such universally recognized importance that they have always been respected during political troubles and revolutions, and in spite of the administrative or judiciary subdivisions of the country.

The polder-masters, or the local authorities for the regulation of the drainage of the

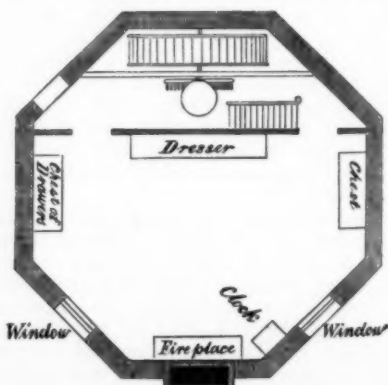


FIG. 5. GROUND-FLOOR OF WIND-MILL.

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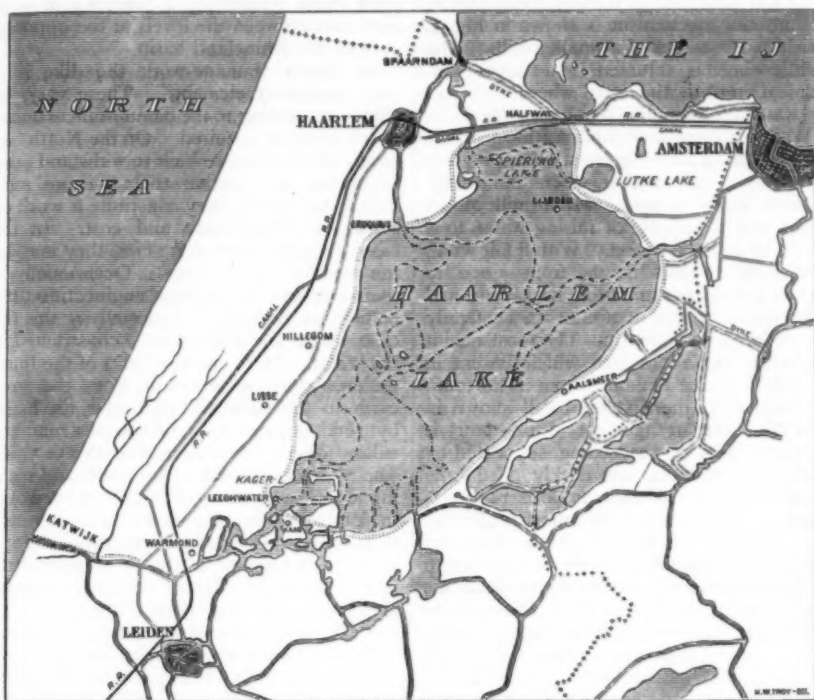


FIG. 6. MAP OF THE RIJNLAND BEFORE THE DRAINING OF THE HAARLEM LAKE.

The annual consumption amounts to millions of tons, and is constantly increasing. So strong is the influence of the profits of the peat-trade, that even in this country, where land is so high in agricultural value, and where so much of the energy of the people is devoted to the reclamation of submerged lands, there is a constant destruction of fertile fields in the interest of those who seek the fuel lying beneath the soil. This latter is rapidly removed, strip by strip, and then, the substratum of rich peat being taken out, the trench from which it came is allowed to fill with water—thus to remain until the new draining at the lower level shall have restored it to cultivation. Some of these turf-lakes have attained great size; the polder called Zuidplas, near Rotterdam, about 14,000 acres in extent, was an artificially formed turf-lake. The turf-lakes lying east of Haarlem Lake, and parts of which have long been drained, were of even greater extent. Now, no such removal of turf is permitted until provision has been made for payment into the treasury of enough to cover the taxes due from the land while it

shall remain covered with water, and the cost of the final drainage.

Each polder is supplied with a gate for the admission of the exterior water. These lands, although so low, and though created by artificial drainage, suffer quickly from drought, and it is important to their fertility that the water in the interior ditches and canals be not, in dry weather, reduced below a certain level; fortunately the means are always at hand for the needed supply.

Wind-mills have been used in Holland for the drainage of land from immemorial time. The little mill, with a vane to turn it toward the wind, which is much used in Friesland, costs about 300 gulden. The large mills used in deep draining cost even a hundred times this sum. These are, indeed, large, and a row of them at the side of a canal is really imposing.

Fig. 16 shows such a row of giants near Rotterdam. The foundation, to the height of the doors, is of stone or brick; on this rests the superstructure, which, including the revolving hood, is beautifully thatched with straw. The turning of the sails toward the



wind was described in the preceding article. The interior mechanism is shown in Fig. 4, which is a section of a smaller mill. The paddle-wheel is actuated by a simple communication with the wind-wheel; it drives the water up an incline to a higher level.

With no important modifications, this is the type of all draining-mills, except a comparatively small number, where the Archimedean screw is used. Each mill of the larger size is capable of raising water to a height of about four feet. With a fair wind, it will lift to this height from 5,000 to 10,000 gallons per minute. Each wind-mill is under the charge of a man whose family makes its home within it. The most quaint and charming room into which I went in Holland was the principal room in the foundation story of the first wind-mill shown in Fig. 16. The arrangement of this story is shown in Fig. 5; the ceiling, supported by heavy oak timbers, was darkly oiled; the floor was covered with smooth red tiles. Between the windows was a hearth of blue-and-white Dutch tiles, these also covering the back of the fire-place for the full width of the hearth, until it was screened by the curtain hanging about the front of the chimney throat. Against this bright back hung a polished steel chain and hooks, from one of which was suspended a polished brass kettle over the little fire of smoldering turf. At one side stood a high-carved clock. Opposite the fire-place was a well-arranged and very old dresser, well furnished with Delft ware and other quaint pottery. The other furniture of the room was of old style, quaintly carved, and mounted with brightly polished brass ornaments. The windows were low, broad, and bright, and the whole air of the place was unique and entirely in keeping. The people were polite and friendly, and they willingly allowed me to inspect the general construction of the mill.

The influence of the wind on the level of interior waters is important to be considered, as affecting the level at which the pumping of the polders is to be stopped, the rapidity with which water is discharged at the outlet sluices, and the danger with which the containing banks are menaced. In a large basin like that of the Rhineland before the draining of Haarlem Lake, when a strong south wind blows, the water is raised in the northern part to such a height that the northern polders sometimes cannot be pumped, however great their need of it, while those at the south have ample margin. The force of the

wind made sometimes a difference of over three feet between the levels at the opposite ends of the Rhineland basin.

In Dutch drainage-work the dike is a very important element. These vary, of course, according to the circumstances under which they are required. On the North Sea coast, where they are built to withstand tides rising ten feet beyond their average, and, lashed by storms, they constitute a work of stupendous magnitude and cost. In the case of a polder of a few acres, they may be the work of a single man. Occasionally in their construction serious engineering difficulties are presented; especially is this the case where the dike is to be constructed in the water. Here the two sides of the foundation, which must reach from the solid earth to the surface of the water, are made by sinking great rafts of fascines made of willow osiers, often from 100 to 150 yards square, strongly secured together, and making a compact mass. These are floated over the place they are intended to occupy, where they are guided by poles sunk in the bottom, and are loaded with stones or with earth until they sink. Upon this first, a second and smaller one, and often a third, and even a fourth, always decreasing in size, are placed in turn. The space between the two walls is filled with solid earth, and on the top of this secure foundation the dike is built. If the dike is to remain exposed to moving water, it must be further protected by jetties, or by mason-work, or by wattles placed upon its slope, or by rows of piles, basket-work of straw or rushes, or sometimes by brick walls.

The security that all this enormous work affords is maintained only by eternal vigilance. Even a mole-track may be the beginning of an inundation that will soon destroy the whole. As a consequence, the engineering supervision and control of all public hydraulic works assumes an importance in the Netherlands nowhere else known.

The standard of all water measurement in Holland is a bench mark at Amsterdam, showing the ordinary level of water at that point. It is indicated by the letters A P (Amsterdamsche Peil), and is the zero point to which all hydraulic descriptions of Holland refer, and will be used in this paper. It is 2 feet 4 inches above ordinary low water, and about 2 feet 7 inches below ordinary high water. Levels above this bench mark are indicated by + A P, those below by — A P.

The Rhineland is protected against the

North Sea by high sand dunes along the coast, and against the IJ by a vast dike stretching along its southern shore from the dunes to Amsterdam, its crest being nearly ten feet + A P. Before the drainage of Haarlem Lake this administration covered over 300,000 acres, 75,000 (including the dunes) being naturally above the water level, and 175,000 polders or drained lakes; the remainder, constituting what is called the Basin, covered the undrained lakes, canals, and water-courses, including an area of about 55,000 acres.

The accompanying map (Fig. 6) shows that portion of the Rhineland about Haarlem Lake, a body of water which attained the proportion here shown only by slow extension, as the soft soil has been washed away and removed by the drifting waters. The dotted line shows the contour of the water in 1531. Successive removals since then, up to 1740, brought the lake to the form given. The dark surrounding line shows the position finally adopted for the dike.

The administration of the Rhineland dates back beyond the earliest history. It was recognized by the King in 1253. It is directed by a college of seven members, nominated when vacancies occur by the remaining members and confirmed by the King. They revise the annual accounts of the polders, decide disputes concerning questions of drainage, establish and maintain all hydraulic works of general utility, and divide their charges pro rata among the polders benefited. In financial matters it is subject to the decision of a board composed of some of the principal landed proprietors chosen by the land-owners at large. While it is in theory subject to the inspection of the Government, it is practically uncontrolled in its very excellent management of the affairs intrusted to it.

Serious ground for apprehension existed in the great restriction of the basin of the Rhineland by separating the lake from it, reducing it to about one-fifth its former size; not only from the danger that it might be overflowed during the pumping out of the lake, but that after the polder was subjected to cultivation there would be, during summer droughts, too little water available for the necessary supply of its canals and ditches. This apprehension could be met only by theory, and the administration of the Rhineland, naturally jealous of its rights and impressed with its duties to its constituents, was slow to concede its permission for the execution of the plan.

A long discussion resulted in a contract between them and the commission, acting on behalf of the Government, which was exceedingly strenuous in its restrictions, and illustrates the degree to which the Government defers to the hydraulic administrations, on which so much of the safety of the country depends. It is difficult for those not familiar with the drainage of Holland to understand how the question of a half-inch more or less in the elevation of the water should become a question of state.

This contract held the commission to the strictest responsibility, and required them to stop the action of their pumps whenever the basin should rise higher than 5.4 inches in winter or 11.2 inches in summer — A P. They were required to establish such works as might be necessary to supply fresh water from without whenever in dry weather the basin should descend lower than seventeen inches — A P. As fast as the drained lands were put in cultivation they were to pay to the administration their proportional taxes. The drainage being completed, the polder was to form a part of the territory of the administration, this body having also the same control of the navigation of the encircling canal that it had of other waters within its district.

The drainage of all the large polders of Holland is an interesting subject of study, but all the others sink into relative insignificance when compared with Haarlem Lake, which, being the latest and the largest work of its kind in the world, is selected for the illustration of the system followed.

This lake had always been a source of great danger to the cities of Amsterdam, Haarlem, and Leyden, and the known fertility of the soil at its bottom was always a strong temptation to enterprising improvers. Schemes for its drainage date back for more than two centuries and a-half. As long ago as 1643 a mill builder, named Jan Adriansz (surnamed Leeghwater), published a detailed plan for its drainage, which passed through thirteen editions (the latest in 1838).

Leeghwater proposed an inclosing dike with a canal outside of it, but he omitted a portion of the southern end (the Kager meer). He proposed to use 160 wind-mills, forty upon each of four different elevators raising the water from one to the other. The outlet of the basin of the Rhineland at Katwijk did not then exist, the Rhine having been closed with silt and drift. Another similar plan appeared about the same time, and then the question rested for a century.



FIG. 7. CROSS-SECTION OF DIKE AND ENCIRCLING CANAL.

In 1742 the engineers of the Rhineland prepared a new plan, leaving out not only the Kager meer, but also the Spiering meer at the north. They proposed the use of 112 wind-mills. After this time the subject was frequently discussed. It had much attention from the Government, and many modifications of the plan were proposed, some greatly extending the boundaries of the land to be drained.

The first proposal to make use of steam as a motive power was made by Baron Lijnden, who recommended eighteen steam-engines to drive rotating paddle-wheels, similar to those used with wind-mills. As time passed on, plans and descriptions multiplied, and the use of steam alone, or as an accessory to wind-power, was more and more considered. During the whole two centuries there were fifteen well-studied plans submitted to the public or to the Government.

Final action was stimulated by the repeated hurricanes of the autumn of 1836. On the 9th of November, the fierce west wind drove the waters of the lake violently upon Amsterdam. They swept across the polders, and above the roads and dikes, to the very walls of the capital. On Christmas day another storm blowing from the east carried the waters of the lake toward Leyden, submerging a part of the city. The waves broke the dikes, or poured in cascades into the deep polders. In November, near Amsterdam, the water rose nearly three feet + A P, and flooded nearly 100,000 acres of polders. In December an equal height was attained, over 18,000 acres of polders being inundated. With extraordinary cost and energy, it was still more than a year before the submerged lands were

made dry again. This was the deciding circumstance which resulted in the formation of the commission for the drainage of Haarlem Lake.

The chief area of the modern Haarlem Lake was formerly an inhabited country. According to an old map of 1531 (as indicated by the dotted lines in Fig. 6), there were at that time only four small lakes. Two roads crossed the whole extent, and there were three flourishing villages. These lakes occupied together less than one-third of the modern area. In 1591 one of these villages had already disappeared, and in 1647 the others had gone, and the four lakes had run into one. The cause of this continual loss of land, as has already been explained, is to be sought in the exceedingly fine and siltable condition of the soil, which is readily moved by moving water, and yields rapidly to the force of strong waves.

The soft bed of the lake is tolerably uniform, and was covered with rather more than thirteen feet of water. The firm soil lay more than sixteen feet — A P.

The plans which were finally adopted for the drainage of the lake involved:

1. The building of a huge dike entirely around the lake for a distance of about thirty-seven miles, and outside of this a canal, 131 feet wide, serving the double purpose of affording a channel for the active navigation, now to be excluded from the lake, and for the escape of the water of drainage during and after the formation of the polder.

2. The enlargement of the canal and lock at Katwyk to secure the more rapid escape of the waters delivered at that point.

3. The erection of steam-works at Spaarn-dam and Halfway to secure the more rapid discharge of these outlets into the IJ, and to prevent the interruption of the flow on the occasion of unusual rises of the water in that arm of the sea.

4. Another of like character at the southern border of the territory of the Rhineland (at Gouda) to improve the drainage of the polders of this region—this not necessarily as an aid to the drainage of the lake itself, but as an inducement for concessions on the part of the administration of the Rhineland.

5. The establishment of three pumping-stations at the borders of the lake, each supplied with lifting-pumps worked by enormous steam-engines specially invented and constructed for the work. One of these pumping-stations, "The Cruquius," was fixed at the



FIG. 8. DIKE WITH JETTIES.

junction of the Spaarne with the encircling canal, and the other two at the ends of the longitudinal axis of the lake ("The Lijnden" opposite the Lutke meer, and "The Leeghwater" at Kaag.)

The estimated cost of the enterprise was 8,355,000 gulden (\$3,342,000 gold, or about \$75 per acre for the land to be reclaimed).

The scheme was finally adopted by the States-General by an immense majority in 1839. The commission charged with the work comprised thirteen distinguished engineers, landed proprietors, and State counselors, under the presidency of Gevers d'Endegeest, to whose elaborate monograph I am indebted for many of the statistics given in this article.

The dike was entirely to isolate the lake, without locks for the admission of boats to the canals of the future polder. It was to be a simple embankment on the firmer ground bordering the lake, but protected by loaded caissons sunk in the creeks and canals which it crossed. These works under water covered a length of nearly two miles, and presented in many cases serious engineering difficulties.

The general character of the dike and canal will be understood from the accompanying profile, Fig. 7. For a width of 95 feet the canal has a depth of over 10 feet. The dike rises to a height of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet + A P. The banks of the canal have a slope of 2 to 1, and are bordered by a level strip about 6 feet wide, which is slightly covered by water. Between the canal and the dike of the lake on one

side, and the dikes of the adjoining polder on the other, there is a level roadway.

The body of the dike is generally composed of the peaty earth thrown up in the excavation of the canal. It is covered with turf, and has generally sunk but little, the heavy weight of the mass in construction having at once compacted it firmly.

In exceptional cases it has been necessary to restore its height from time to time—generally with the silt taken out in cleaning the canal.

The narrow tongue of land separating the lake from the peat-lakes lying to the south-east of it, was not land in the true sense of the word, only a narrow floating bed composed of a variety of aquatic plants whose roots were closely interlaced, and which rose and fell with the level of the basin. This was gradually loaded with the earth taken from the canal and sunk, little by little, to the hard bottom 12 or 15 feet below. Upon this, as it solidified, the body of the dike was finally built. The result was entirely satisfactory, and the cost was not excessive.

Occasionally it was necessary to build walls of fascines (sunken caissons), and occasionally heavy deposits of sand were brought at great cost from the dunes on the opposite side of the lake. This construction is shown in Fig. 8.

In October, 1843, the lake was entirely closed with the exception

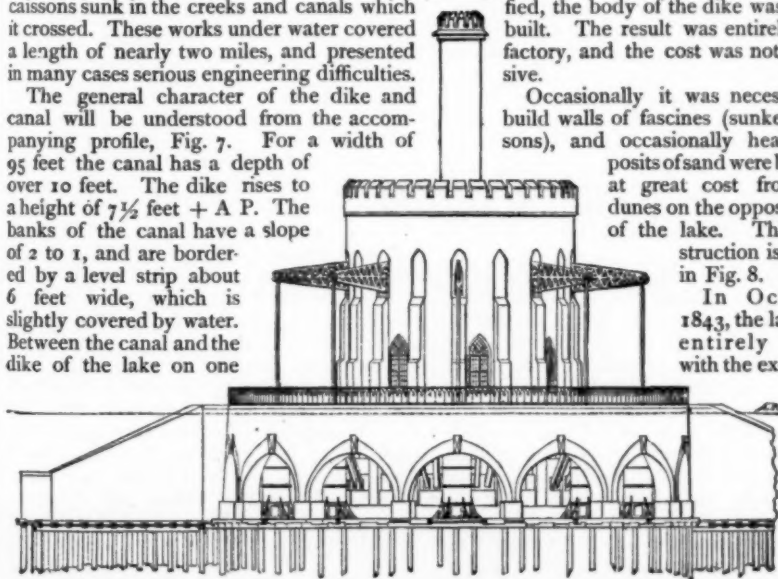


FIG. 9. ELEVATION OF THE PUMP-ENGINE LEEGHWATER.

of certain openings left for navigation, and the final closing of which awaited the completion of the machinery and the consent of the administration of the Rhineland. It actually took place only in May, 1848.

The dike and canal cost 1,938,328 gulden. Their length is 37.02 miles. The average cost for canal and dike together was 9.91 gulden per running foot. The superficial area of the canal is 654.36 acres, and the area of the dike and its slopes is 1013.52 acres.

During the early stages of the work, before the dike had settled and become covered with vegetation, it was subject to considerable washing by the water of the canal, and had frequently to be protected by basket-work of straw and rushes.

After its completion, in 1848, it needed no repair save occasional slight additions to its height at certain points where it had settled or had lost material by accidental fires.

A curious phenomenon, however, occurred in connection with the outer dike of the canal on the east side of the lake, where it crossed an area of floating soil which bordered wide ponds near the village of Aalsmeer. An area of many acres, detached by the canal from the old works of defense against the lake, found itself one fine day driven by the tempest from the bank of the canal to the other side of the pond. The proprietor implored the aid of the commission. His land had floated to the opposite shore, widely separated from his other fields, and resting on water that was not his own. By the combined effort of the proprietor and of the commission these fugitive fields were towed back to the borders of the canal and pinned in place by piles and poles which prevented them from undertaking another voyage.

The question which required the most careful consideration, and the decision of which involved the greatest responsibility, was that of the exclusive use of steam-power for pumping. The amount of water to be lifted was over seven hundred and eighty million tons. To this must be added the rainfall and the water of infiltration, which was estimated to amount to forty million tons per annum during the drainage of the lake, and to sixty million tons after the drainage. There had, however, to be taken into account the necessity for the rapid removal of the greatest additions the waters of the polder might receive under the most unfavorable circumstances. Provision was con-

sequently to be made for the removal of forty million tons per month. The lowest water level of the canals and ditches after the draining would be sixteen feet—A P. This would constitute a task for the full capacity of one hundred wind-mills of the largest size. A serious objection to the use of these was found in the fact that a pumping wind-mill works effectively only one thousand five hundred hours in the year; the rest of the time (during the wet season) the wind is too strong, or too light.

In using wind-mills with the Archimedean screw, with which the lake could be emptied in two lifts, of about seven feet each, it would have been necessary to have fifty-seven mills on each lift. The upper lift would have required fifteen months for its removal. The second lift could be moved only so fast as the mills of the upper could lift the water for the whole height of seven feet. This would have required for the removal of all the water of the lower lift thirty-three months. Draining by wind would therefore have required four years time. Steam would be able to remove the whole in fourteen months, allowing an actual working of two hundred and fifty days per annum. Each wind-mill would cost 26,000 gulden, and would each cost 750 gulden per annum for maintenance, making a total, including interest, of 3,700,000 gulden.

It was calculated that the removal of forty million tons per month would be accomplished, with the use of pumps, by steam-engines having a combined force of 1,084 horse-power. In adopting steam as the motive power, the commission undertook a work on a scale larger than had ever before been attempted. There was no model to follow at home or abroad.

The experience of the mines of Cornwall had demonstrated that the larger the steam cylinder—at least up to a diameter of eighty inches—the less is the fuel required for the production of a certain force; that direct-acting engines with pumps give the most advantageous results; that such engines of eighty-inch cylinders can raise six hundred and fifty tons of water three feet high, with the consumption of twenty-two pounds of coal, being less than two and a-quarter pounds of coal per horse-power, per hour. Making allowance for friction and all drawbacks, there was allowed less than three pounds of coal per horse-power, per hour.

The cost of draining by steam would be only 1,200,000 gulden. After the removal of the water, the maintenance of the one



hundred and fourteen wind-mills would cost 74,100 gulden, per annum. The steam pumps (allowing fifty-three days' work per annum) would cost 54,000 gulden.

These calculations induced the commission definitely to employ steam as their mo-

foot, with the consumption of ninety-four pounds of the first quality of Welsh coal, the circumstances being the same as would obtain when the water had to be lifted from the whole depth of the drained polder. This result being obtained, they were to receive

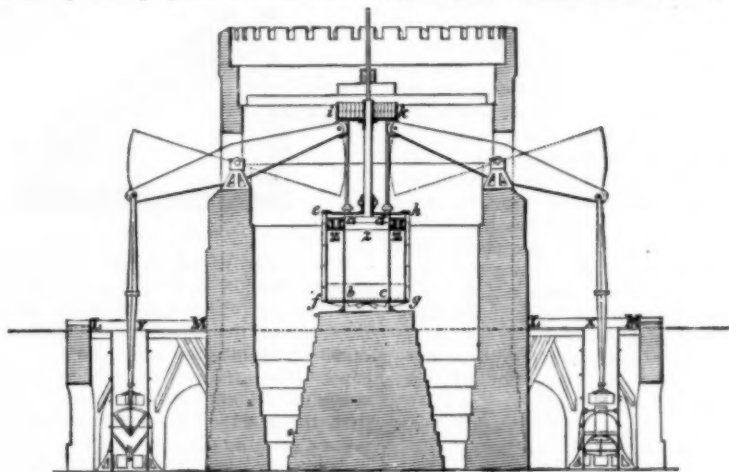


FIG. 10. CROSS-SECTION OF ENGINE AND PUMPS, LEEGHWATER.

tive power, and, in default of all example, they decided to create an apparatus which nowhere else existed.

As Hollanders had been called to England, to France, and to Germany, for the construction of hydraulic works, they had no hesitation in employing English engineers, to prepare plans of their pumping engines.

The duty was intrusted to Messrs. Arthur Dean and Joseph Gibbs, who contracted to furnish complete plans for a steam-engine with a double cylinder, the diameter of the inner one being eighty-four inches. Each engine should have a force of three hundred and fifty horse-power, with ten strokes per minute, the length of stroke being ten feet, and capable of raising from seventy to seventy-five million pounds one foot with the consumption of ninety-four pounds of coal of the best quality. They engaged further to superintend the construction and placing of the machine.

Their compensation was to depend mainly on the success of their plans. They were to receive 3,000 gulden, whether the Leeghwater succeeded or not. To succeed, the machine should be of at least three hundred and fifty horse-power, should lift from seventy to seventy-five million pounds to the height of one

in addition, 9,000 gulden. For all greater result, they were to receive 200 gulden for each million in excess. The same plans being adopted for the Lijnden and Cruquius, they were to receive 9,000 gulden for each of these machines.

Fig. 10 represents an elevation and cross-section of the engine as actually constructed. The inner cylinder *a b c d* (eighty-four inches in diameter) is placed immediately within the larger cylinder *e f g h* (144 inches in diameter). These cylinders have no connection at the bottom,—only at their upper parts. The solid piston *z* works in the smaller cylinder, and an annular piston *Z Z* in the larger.

These two pistons are connected by means of five piston-rods (one extending from the inner piston and four from the segments of the annular piston) with a circular crosshead, to which they are securely fastened. This crosshead and the pistons themselves are heavily loaded with ballast as a counterpoise to the burden of water.

When the two pistons are at the bottoms of the cylinders, steam is admitted beneath the interior one; this is forced upward, carrying with it the annular piston, the crosshead, and the load of ballast; at a certain point the steam is cut off and the rest of the

stroke is by expansion, until the pistons have reached the tops of their cylinders. During this time, the plungers of the pumps descend by their own weight, and independently of the machine, to the bottoms of their cylinders, this movement causing the opposite ends of the working-beams to rise against the bottom of the crosshead, at this moment a valve is opened, allowing the steam to pass to the tops of the cylinders. The interior piston is then in equilibrium, with an equal pressure above and below; but the expansive force of the steam can act only upon the upper side of the annular piston, which it forces to the bottom of its cylinder, this force aiding that exerted by the dead weight of the heavy apparatus, and of the ballast, in drawing down the inner ends of the working-beams and lifting the plungers of the pumps with their load of water. The return stroke being finished, the equilibrium valve is closed, the used steam passes to the condenser, and live steam from the boiler raises the piston for the succeeding stroke.

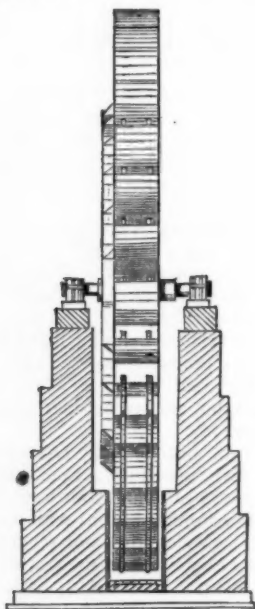


FIG. 11.  
ELEVATION OF PUMPING WHEEL.

Each of the eleven pumps is sixty-three inches in diameter and has a stroke of ten feet, the amount of water lifted at each stroke being over 216 cubic feet for each pump, or

over 2,376 cubic feet for the whole set, and, when running at full force, over 23,760 cubic feet per minute. The total product of twenty-four hours reaches the enormous figure of 34,214,400 cubic feet, or, 1,069,200 tons.

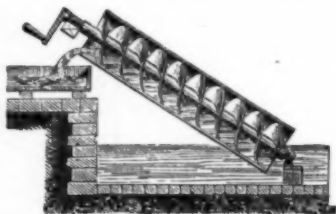


FIG. 12. THE ARCHIMEDEAN SCREW.

The water raised by the pumps flows directly upon a spilling floor, L. M. As soon as the water spread upon the floor rises higher than that outside, sluice-gates open of themselves and allow it to escape. This arrangement renders it unnecessary to lift the water materially higher than the level of the external canal, and gives a certain economy of force when this is below its usual standard, constituting an important advantage over the Archimedean screw, which necessarily raises its water always to a fixed point, causing a useless expenditure of power when the outer waters are low.

The pumps were so arranged that the engine could work to its full capacity during the early part of the drainage, when the lift was slight, and all the pumps could be operated together. As the level was lowered and the lift became heavier, opposite pairs of pumps could be detached successively, and at the lift from the full depth it was contemplated to use only three pumps.

The construction of the building to receive this machinery required the isolation by a circular dike of the spot intended for its foundation. This was drained and dug out to a depth of 23 feet — A. P. At the bottom of this deep pit there were sunk 1,400 piles, 490 of them, of oak, being under the central tower, and soil was found so solid that it was impossible to sink them to the desired depth of 40 feet. Sometimes twenty-five blows of a hammer weighing 1,100 pounds moved them but the fraction of an inch.

The floor, composed of timbers rather than of planks, was secured to the tops of the piles, and on this were begun the enormous walls of the edifice. In three

months two and a-half million bricks were laid.

The walls were not less massive than the foundation. They were to sustain at their upper part not only the eleven working beams in constant motion, each weighing 22,000 pounds, but also the rods and plungers of the pumps, and the torrents of

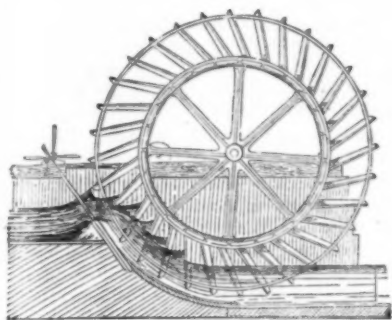


FIG. 13. DUTCH DRAINING-WHEEL.

water that these were to lift—48,400 pounds when at the depth of 3 feet, and more than 220,000 pounds at the lower limit of the drainage.

The first trial of the Leeghwater engine was made in September, 1845. Those parts of the machine which came from England were perfect in every respect, although several of them were of a size until then unknown. The steam cylinder was the largest in the world. This cylinder, with an interior diameter of nearly 12 feet, and a length of nearly 13 feet, weighed 24.2 tons, the crosshead 18.8 tons. The eleven pump cylinders, 19 feet long and 63 inches in diameter, weighed 6.82 tons each. Having lain for a long time upon their sides, they had settled by their own weight, until they had lost one-tenth of an inch of their circular form. They regained this after lying for some time in an inverse position.

When we consider the magnitude of this enterprise we readily excuse the president of the commission and historian of the work for the enthusiasm shown in the following: "The enormous machine could at last be tried in September, 1845. It was a moment full of anxiety, but most imposing, when the colossus put for the first time in motion traveled off directly—imperfectly, it is true, but it went. That which until now had existed only in the human mind had become a reality. This mass at once, as though animated, presented itself to our

gaze in its magnificent *ensemble*, grand, simple, strong, unique of its kind, and working grandly. Until now the Leeghwater had been but an attempt; the attempt had succeeded. \* \* \* What would have happened if the attempt had not succeeded? The commission would have been blamed and contemned; this would have been the consolation of those who had dared to compromise their names in the interests of a grand undertaking. But further, we should have expended uselessly one and a-half million gulden; the drainage would have been retarded and discredited beyond measure, the Dutch name would have been despised on every hand, where it is now, because of the success of the Leeghwater machine, honored by all who render homage to science and genius."

On the 6th of November, 1845, the Leeghwater machine in full action was presented to the King. The actual drainage of the lake was not commenced until two and a-half years later; but an artificial basin was made, of the depth of 16 feet — A P, and work from the bottom of this demonstrated the efficiency of the mechanism.

In May, 1848, the lake had been finally closed, and the pumping was commenced with this machine alone, the other two not being ready for work until April, 1849. During this whole period of eleven months the Leeghwater reduced the water level only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

In the erection of the buildings for the other machines, the "Lijnden" and "Cruquius," the contractor found so firm a foundation and such good material at the site of the former, that a small pump worked by two horses was sufficient to keep the bed dry. At the "Cruquius," at a depth of 19 feet, he struck a bed of shells from which water and quicksand poured in on every side as through a sieve. He established and maintained in action, night and day, three pumps with sixty horses, and a six horsepower steam-pump. The deeper they sank the greater became the difficulty, until the caving-in of the whole bank became imminent. Finding the case hopeless, he announced to the president of the commission that he had ceased a work which insurmountable obstacles rendered impossible, and asked a discharge from his contract. The reply was: "All means are not yet exhausted; there is room on your encircling bank for a fourth horse-pump and a second steam-pump. The caving-in can be prevented by sheet-piling. Until these means

have been tried and found insufficient, then, and then only, will *force majeure* be established. Until these have been tried the commission cannot discharge you, and you will be immediately prosecuted for an abandonment of the work; but we will come to your aid, and will add 10,000 gulden to your compensation if you immediately apply the means indicated, especially the sheet-piling." An agreement was at once signed, and the next day work was resumed with unconquerable force and tenacity. The burgomaster of the city of Leyden furnished sixty additional men; the fourth horse-pump and a ten horse-power steam-pump were added. All this pumping apparatus, twelve immense pile-drivers, 450 workmen and eighty-three horses were in full activity in and about the excavation. The top and slope of the bank were covered with sheds, shanties, stables, materials, forage; everything in movement—carting, wheeling, turning, drawing, and working, and all amidst the most cheerful songs and cries. While they gained slowly, inch by inch, on the rushing water, the twelve pile-drivers sunk the enormous piles of pine and oak. All this activity of movement, persistent, obstinate, apparently incoherent, yet perfectly regulated—this mass of men and animals gathered in so narrow a space in the midst of water and mud—all worked together for the sole end of conquering, for a few moments, the effects of the natural law of water to seek its level. The skill and energy of man triumphed over nature. Soon 1,700 piles, 1,000 of them of oak, were covered with their heavy floor; the foundations were laid upon this, and the walls rose above the waves of the lake.

The construction of these two engines, with their pumps, varied in no material point from that of the successful Leeghwater, but some minor modifications delayed their completion, so that only in April, 1849, did they fairly commence their work.

Every part of the machinery, as well as of the buildings to receive them, had to be originated and constructed from theoretical plans only. Some parts were made in Amsterdam, and others in England, and the erection was done by mechanics of both countries, who had great difficulty in understanding each other until they had invented a Dutch-English *patois*, unintelligible to others, but quite effective for their own purposes, and which is still the language of the pumping-stations.

Although the dike was made very largely

of peat, the amount of infiltration due to this cause was but slight. There were, however, developed, especially near the entrance to the Spaarne, several formidable streams of infiltration through porous strata lying beneath the canal. During the early years of the polder, before these channels had become choked with sediment, they had a sensible effect on the water level of polders lying beyond the canal.

An inspecting commission in 1860 reported that the drainage of the polder was improving year by year, and that there was no longer any serious annoyance from infiltration.

As has been stated, in April, 1849, the Leeghwater had reduced the level of the lake  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches—the real drainage may be said to have commenced at this point (about 31 inches — A P).

From this time the lowering of the water was constant, except for short intervals during winter when the rise of the water in the outer basin required the pumps to suspend action. Early in July, 1852, the lake was dry. The whole time occupied was thirty-nine months, instead of fourteen months, as contemplated.

The amount of water lifted by the pumps, which made together over 14,000,000 strokes, was over 900,000,000 tons, nearly 50 per cent. more than was originally contemplated. This excessive amount was due in a great degree to the infiltration, which, in all such work, is much the greatest during its early years, before the filtering beds have become filled with sediment.

The removal of this greater quantity of water; the time lost in awaiting the reduction of the basin to the level at which pumping was allowed to be resumed in accordance with the contract with the Rhineland; the occasional choking of the valves of the pumps by accumulations of silt; delay amounting in the aggregate to three months for each machine, caused by accidents to their parts; and the time required to excavate the canals by which the water was led from the center of the lake to the different pumping-stations,—these all combined to prolong the work, the most serious consequence of which was the addition of a large amount of interest money to the cost.

The actual time of the working of the pumps was nineteen and a-half months.

The completion of the drainage of the lake was celebrated by the issue of several medals; the one struck by the Government contained a Latin inscription, which may

be thus translated: "Haarlem Lake, after having for centuries assailed the surrounding fields, to enlarge itself by their destruction, conquered at last by the force of machinery, has returned to Holland its 44,280 acres of invaded land. The work, commenced under William I., in 1839, has been finished in 1853 under the reign of William III."

In 1860 it was decided that the level of the water in the polder should not be allowed to stand higher than  $15\frac{1}{4}$  feet — A P. The level of the lowest part of the land is 14 feet — A P.

The work of draining was not without its serious drawbacks. The administration of the Rhineland was flooded with complaints coming from land-owners and the administrations of the polders concerning the bad effect of the work upon their established interests; petitions to the same effect were also sent to the commission, to the King, to the States-General, to the Minister of the Interior. Some of these complaints no doubt were well founded—too many of them originated in fears, misconceptions, or still worse motives. They related mainly to an undue elevation of the waters of the basin, and were met by the commission with the general statement that the basin was no worse off in this respect than it had been before the closing of the lake; that serious dangers then existing had been removed; and that the means for accelerating the flow from the basin to the sea—the larger canal at Katwijk, and the engine at Spaarndam—more than compensated for the amount of water delivered into it from the new polder.

During the whole course of its work the commission was annoyed by innumerable complaints from every side and on every ground. Some of these were well founded, and received attention, but the majority were either chimerical or malicious, though none the less perplexing.

Petitions, addresses, and complaints, poured in incessantly, and divided the communities interested like petty questions of politics.

The delays that arose from all causes amounted in the aggregate to about six years, but still the 8,000,000 gulden appropriated for the work was not materially exceeded, so far as the items originally contemplated were concerned.

The lake had been pumped out, and the excavation of the minor canals and ditches had been commenced in 1852, occupying the time until 1855, during which year the sale of the land was finally concluded. In

1856 the polder was given over to its new direction, but the pumping-machine at Gouda, the last work of the commission, was not finished until March, 1858; one month later the commission was dissolved.

In addition to the drainage of the lake itself, it was an important part of the plan of the commission to establish steam water-wheels at Spaarndam and Halfway on the IJ to hasten the outflow of the water of the basin of the Rhineland.

These accessories were believed to be necessary to compensate for the lost effects of winds in driving the water toward one or the other of these outlets before the lake was drained. They must also be very important to the future interests of the polder, by keeping the Rhineland basin low enough for the pumps to be worked at all seasons.

The principle on which these wheels operate is the same as that of the water-wheel used in wind-mill pumping, and shown in Figs. 11 and 13. The construction and arrangement of this apparatus at Halfway are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The work of lifting the water is performed by a sort of reversed paddle-wheel, arranged as shown in Fig. 14, where the water is lifted over a dam and discharged through valve-gates, opening into water at a higher level. When the wheel is not in operation, the water in which it stands falls back to the inner level, and the gates are closed by the pressure of the higher water without. When the wheel is set in movement it forces the inner water over the dam, lifting it to such a height that it opens the gates and flows outward.

A series of three of these wheels on axles, which may be connected so that they shall move simultaneously, is placed on each side of the engine, as shown in Fig. 15, where the wheels at the right are obscured by the closed gates, and those at the left are seen through the open gate-ways. At the right are seen the closed gates of a large sluice-way, which, in case of flood, opens to allow the free passage of the water as it passed before the engine was built.

Fig. 17 shows the location of the machinery and the sluices. Before the diking of the lake its waters flowed directly into the IJ through three sluice-ways, which are shown in the plan. Since the diking the canal has had the same direct communication that the lake had before the east sluice was given over to the Haarlem Lake Commission, which established dikes separating it from the fore-bay, closing the opening



between these dikes with the pumping-wheels and the large sluice mentioned above. If for any reason the engine is inactive, the east sluice receives its full supply of water through the gates provided for such emergencies. As soon as the wheels are set in operation the waters in the intermediary basin rise and close the gates toward

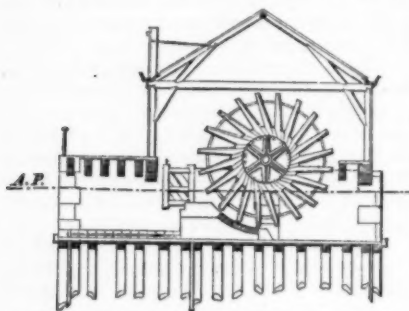


FIG. 14. SECTION OF WATER-WHEEL AND HOUSE.

the canal. When they have risen sufficiently they open the gates of the east sluice and flow into the IJ. Each wheel has a diameter of  $21\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and a breast of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

The machine at Halfway ran, during its trial, 1,367 hours, and was in actual work, up to the time of its transfer to the administration of the Rhineland, 3,623 hours; its consumption of coal was  $787\frac{1}{2}$  pounds per hour. Its average lift was 20 inches, and its total displacement of water was 202,765,406 tons, with a working force of ninety-two horse-power, and a consumption of 9 pounds of coal per horse-power per hour.

The apparatus at Spaarndam is of about twice the power of that at Halfway. Its trial showed that the six wheels, having a united width of 45.92 feet, revolving for thirty-eight minutes, raised the level of the water in the test basin  $25\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Two wheels were then disconnected, and four, with the united width of 32.8, revolving for twenty-seven minutes, raised the waters 12 inches more. A computation of the area of the test basin showed that, with the six wheels, 932.36 cubic feet had been raised per minute by each foot in width of the wheel, and that the four wheels had raised to the greater height 907.25 cubic feet for each foot in width of the wheels.

From the commencement of its work until the complete drainage of the lake in July, 1852, this machine alone threw into the sea 946,075,000 tons of water during 13,000 hours of work. This exceeded, by more than ten per cent., the whole amount of water thrown into the basin of the Rhineland by the drainage of the lake. The consumption of coal during the whole time was 7,480 tons,—about 1,150 pounds for each hour's work.

It was demonstrated, during the progress of the work, that the condition of the Rhineland would not be so satisfactory as to prevent complaint of the drainage of Haarlem Lake as a source of annoyance, unless measures were adopted to improve the outlet toward the south through the Gouwe Canal into the IJssel, at Gouda. If there was any weak point left, this was it. Many projects were suggested, and much time was lost in considering plans and objections. It was finally determined to build at Gouda a steam apparatus with paddle-wheels, similar to those at Spaarndam and Halfway, to empty the water of the Rhineland into the river IJssel.

The engine was of 120 horse-power, and the construction was similar, in all essential respects, to that at Halfway, except that there was no breast or dam in front of the wheels. Their action has the effect of pressing the water forward in a continuous stream, raising it to a sufficient height to open the sluice-gates and discharge into the river.

The average rise of the tide at Gouda is four feet + A. P. To overcome this, the axles of the wheels are placed seven feet + A. P. The wheels make but five revolutions per minute; they have each a width of  $5\frac{3}{4}$  feet, and a diameter of  $24\frac{1}{4}$  feet.

The supply of fresh water to the polders in this part of the Rhineland is very important, and there is an arrangement by which the wheels can be thrown out of gear and allowed to turn freely, when water is needed for the alimentation of the polders,—it is then only necessary to open the

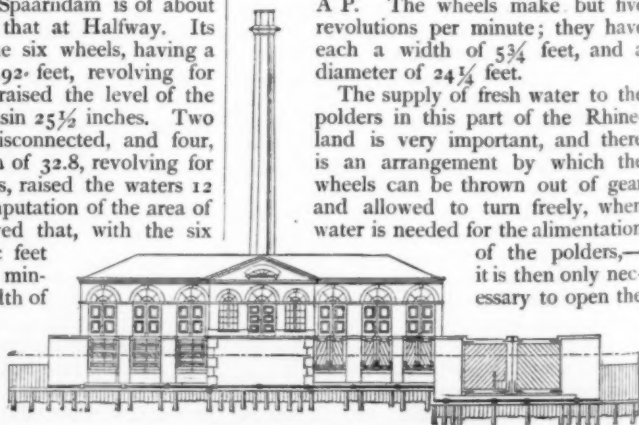


FIG. 15. ELEVATION OF STEAM WORKS AT HALFWAY.

flood-gates at the Ijssel, and allow the water to enter with no further interruption than the simple turning of these wheels.

A very important part of the plan of the improvement was that which related to the

subsequent division of the land by means of canals and smaller ditches, these being needed not only to collect the drainage water of the polder and convey it to the pumps, but also to afford means for local transportation in and among the farms, and especially to constitute the basin of the new polder,—that is, a sufficient reservoir to receive the water of the heaviest rains without allowing the land itself to be overflowed. Besides

these canals and ditches, constituting the basin, roadways and bridges were also needed.

The plan for the division of the polder is shown in Fig. 18. This plan was made in advance of the drainage, after a triangulation survey and a careful series of soundings for depth, taken in winter while the lake was frozen. The soundings were made, not only to discover the lowest points of the bottom and secure their drainage by the shortest route, but also to determine the depth of turfy and other light material, which would be subject to depression or settling after the water should be withdrawn from it; this was especially important with reference to the establishment of a summer level of the water, which should be sufficiently lower than the finally settled surface to allow dry soil for vegetation.

The summer level was definitely fixed at  $15\frac{1}{2}$  feet — A P, and the depth of the bottom of the canal at  $19\frac{1}{2}$  feet — A P.

It was believed, and the result has shown, that, having in steam an accessory which may be applied at any desired moment, the basin might be materially smaller than in cases where it would need to hold the accumulation between sufficient winds, if wind-power alone is depended upon. For ordinary polders drained by wind-mills, from

one-tenth to one-twelfth of the whole area is allowed for the basin.

By reference to the plan, it will be seen that a long canal follows the longitudinal axis of the polder in nearly a straight line from the Lijnden to the Leeghwater. An-



FIG. 16. A ROW OF GIANTS.

other crosses it about midway of its length and delivers at the Cruquius; these canals have a width of eighty feet. Besides these, there are four smaller canals lengthwise of the lake, and six crossing it. The whole area is further divided by smaller ditches into tracts of about fifty acres each.

The length of the large canals is 18.63 miles, and of the smaller, 93.15 miles. In addition to these, roads were established for a length of 122 miles, and sixty-five bridges were constructed over the canals.

The digging of the large canals had to proceed gradually as the water was removed, and the necessity for opening them to draw the water from the center of the lake to the pumping-stations caused material delays in the general operations of draining. This work frequently employed 2,000 men.

For some years after the first completion of the interior water-courses frequent cleaning was necessary to keep them in order. The whole mass of earth in parts of the lake was still so soft that horses could only plow with broad wooden *sabots* on their feet, and the slopes and beds of the water-courses were difficult to maintain in good condition. In June, 1856, the basin was in sufficiently good condition to require no further expense on the part of the commission.

The size of the polder to the interior of the encircling canal is 44,659 acres; of this, 41,648 acres are valuable land subject to taxation; the remainder is made up of roads and water-ways.

Canals and ditches have been dug for a length of nearly 750 miles, and roads have been made for a length of 133½ miles within the dike, and a tow-path of 37¼ miles adjoining the canal. The total length of water-courses and roadways was 919 miles.

When the polder had been divided by ditches into areas of fifty acres each, and it was proposed to sell the land, an offer was made by a foreign association to buy the whole for 120 gulden per acre. There were many objections to this—an insurmountable one in the fact that those who held the bonds of the drainage loan had the right to use these at par in paying for land to be sold when the work should be completed.

The first public sale took place in August, 1853, in that part of the lake over which the city of Leyden claimed ownership. In the midst of the crowd of buyers and spectators there appeared an officer of the court, who read in a loud voice the protest of the city against the sale, and threatened with prosecution any purchaser who might attempt to occupy his land. This was met by a guarantee of the Government securing all purchasers in undisturbed possession.

At the last great sale of similar land which had been made it had brought sixty-nine gulden per acre; a higher price was expected here, because of the close vicinity of several cities, and of the fact that many large proprietors in the neighborhood would wish to increase their domains. It had been hoped that eighty gulden would be reached. The foreign association had offered 120 gulden. To the great astonishment of all, this first sale brought an average of two hundred and ninety-eight gulden per acre. Some of the land subsequently sold was less advantageously situated and the prices were lower, but the average of the whole lake was 192.27 gulden per acre. The sum realized, together with the value of about 250 acres reserved for villages, etc., was over 8,000,000 gulden.

The basin of the Rhineland (the area to receive the water pumped from the polder), as has already been stated, was reduced to about one-fifth of its original size, but no inundation of a polder has resulted from this. Many of them would have been drowned, as in 1836, if the broad basin had been in existence in February, 1860, when a fearful

tempest reigned for twenty-four hours in all the land. Formerly the huge lake, in prolonged storms, buried half the leeward country, filling entire polders, reaching into the streets of Leyden and Haarlem, or beating at the very gates of Amsterdam. The draining has rendered such disasters forever impossible.

The effect of the wheel-engine at Gouda has hardly been less important; it acts on the basin of the Rhineland by reducing the level of the Gouwe Canal, thus radically relieving all the polders which depend upon this for their outlet.

The cost of running the three steam-pumps during the four years covering the time of the drainage was as follows:

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| Maintenance, repair, and improvements of machinery..... | 80,120 Gulden. |
| Attendance .....  | 61,875 "       |
| Coal .....  | 229,426 "      |
| Lubricating material.....                               | 20,670 "       |
| Total.....  | 392,091 "      |

The total cost of the work from its inception until it was given over to the administration of the new polder in 1856 (not including interest and commission on the loan) was 9,377,512 gulden, divided as follows:

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Works for the discharge of waters from the basin of the Rhineland (wheel-engines, Katwijk Canal, &c.)..... | 1,373,473 |
| The encircling canal and dikes.....  | 1,988,257 |
| Land purchases.....  | 684,513   |
| Three pumping-engines, and the cost of maintaining and running them.....                                   | 2,405,433 |
| Works connected with the navigation of the canal and Spaarne, &c.....                                      | 196,815   |
| Works for the defense of the capital by inundation.....  | 275,920   |
| The division of the polders, roads, canals, &c.....  | 1,325,828 |
| Repairs, &c.....   | 434,917   |
| Expenses of the commission, police lawsuits, &c.....   | 644,975   |
| Expenses not provided for in the original estimate.....  | 47,381    |

Aside from the addition of this valuable territory, with its costly works, to the taxable capital of the kingdom, the following cash returns were realized:

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Received for rents, pasture rights, sale of material, &c.....   | 55,609    |
| The sale of land, including the value of the small amount retained.....   | 8,032,781 |
| Received from purchasers as pumping tax.....  | 184,187   |
| Received for fuel, lubricants, and work at the different pumping-stations, on turning them over to the polder and the Rhineland ..... | 72,415    |
| Total.....  | 8,344,992 |

Leaving the question of interest out of the account (and much of this was due to delays for which the commission was not responsible), the net cost of the improvement was 1,032,520 gulden, or \$413,008 gold—less than ten dollars per acre for the land added to the taxable estate of the kingdom.

The historian of the work closes his account of the material gain to the State as follows: "But this is not all; we have driven forever from the bosom of our country a most dangerous enemy; we have at the same time augmented the means for defending our capital in time of war. We have conquered a province in a combat without tears and without blood, where science and genius took the place of generals, and where polderjongens were the worthy soldiers. Persevering to surmount the obstacles of nature, and those created by man, the country has accomplished, to its great honor and glory, one of the grandest enterprises of the age."

The commission served long and faithfully without compensation. Its members accepted as a sufficient recompense these five words, inserted in 1852 in the "Official Journal," "*Le Lac est à sec.*"

In my own visit to the polder, after examining Mr. Amersfoort's farm just within the dike, I walked along the tow-path of the canal to the pumping-engine at Lijnden, which is in charge of an English engineer, and which was even more stupendous than I had supposed. It works now mainly during winter with seven pumps, making seven strokes per minute, and lifting 56 tons of water at each stroke; the lift is 15 feet, 3 feet below the general level of the land in the polder. There are consumed about 29 tons of German coal per day. This engine, as well as the Cruquius and Leeghwater, works about three months during the year, day and night.

I went some distance into the lake, which yet has, as compared with the older polders like the Beemster, a somewhat new look, though with a population of from 11,000 to 12,000 mainly devoted to agriculture, and with farms of small size, there is much more activity, more cultivation, and very much greater evidence of good farming than are to be found in new districts in our own country. There is, after visiting the older drainages, nothing of special interest, so far as I was able to learn, except the immense initial fact of the reclaiming of this vast polder from the domain of the sea. Here one can best study the customs of the whole kingdom, for

the inhabitants have come from every province, and each has built and does his farming according to the practices of his former home.

In this vast plain, so lately the bottom of a deep navigable lake, straight roads are bordered with trees; substantial and often elegant farm-houses are seen on every hand; over 30,000 letters are distributed annually; throughout the whole commune there are police, cemeteries, fire-engines, all the appliances of Dutch civilization, as well organized as in any of the older districts; periodical cattle-markets are regularly held; the diligence makes its stated trips; a steamboat plies on the encircling canal; grain-mills are at work, and all the necessities of life are obtained within the polder. In the villages are artisans, manufacturers, and professional men of all sorts—in a word, thrift, industry, and prosperity have taken complete possession of the polder.

Nearly opposite the Lijnden, on the other side of the canal, is the Aker polder of 738 acres, which is entirely drained and kept in satisfactory condition by a small wind-mill, which has been running for 250 years driving a paddle-wheel which lifts the water about 4 feet. Each of the four sails of this mill is only about 22 feet long.

A little further on toward Halfway is the Lutke meer, containing 452 acres, lying 11½ feet below the level of the canal. This is a new reclamation, and was pumped out in six months in 1864 by a centrifugal pump having a diameter of 18 inches, and delivering through a 12-inch iron pipe. This pump consumes 85 pounds of coal per hour, and the engine is of 12 horse-power. The polder is in good condition, but requires the constant working of the pump for seven months of the year.

The pumping-wheels at Halfway I was not able to examine.

At Haarlem I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Van de Poll, the Dijk Graaf of the Haarlem Lake polder, who is the custodian of the documents and maps relating to the improvement, and is in charge of all matters connected with the removal of water and the protection of the works. From him I obtained much valuable engineering information:

|   |                |
|---|----------------|
| The average annual rainfall in the Haarlem Lake for ten years, ending in 1872, was..... | 31.267 inches. |
| The average for the first four months of the year .....                                 | 7.472 "        |
| The average for the second four months of the year .....                                | 10.503 "       |

|   |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| The average for the third four months of the year.....  | 13.292 inches.           |
| The average work of the pumps was.....                  | 558 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. |
| The average for the first four months of the year.....  | 225 $\frac{1}{4}$ "      |
| The average for the second four months of the year..... | 398 $\frac{1}{2}$ "      |
| The average for the third four months of the year.....  | 2932 "                   |

The average annual consumption of coal was 2,690 tons.

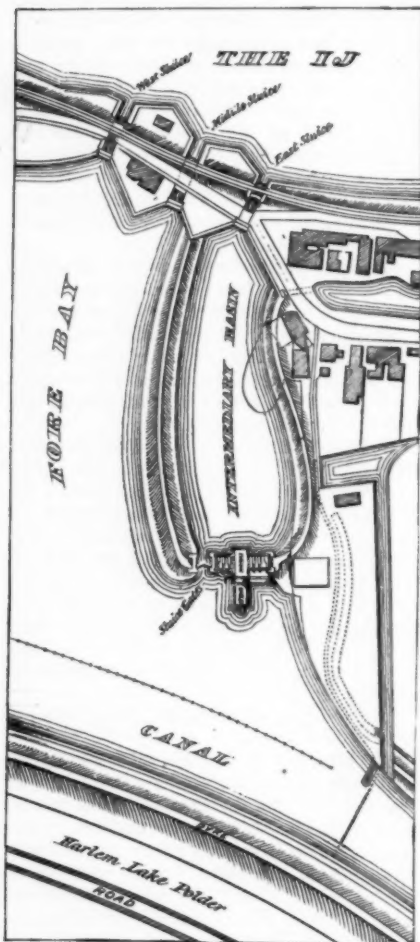


FIG. 17. ARRANGEMENT OF SLUICES AND MACHINERY AT HALFWAY.

Drainage operations throughout Holland are carried on on the basis of 10 horse power, necessary to drain 6,000 acres to the depth of 1 foot.

If wind-power is used, it is necessary that one-tenth of the area of the polder should be in canals and ditches (basin). If steam is used, the basin need be but one-twentieth of the area.

For a lift of only 3 feet, it is immaterial whether the paddle-wheel or the Archimedean screw be used; either delivers ordinarily from 55 to 65 tons per minute.

The large wind-mills, such as are used near Rotterdam and in the Beemster, deliver as follows:

|   |                             |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 11 tons when the force of the wind is from..... | 10 to 20 lbs. per sq. yard. |
| 25 tons when the force of the wind is from..... | 20 to 40 lbs. per sq. yard. |
| 42 tons when the force of the wind is from..... | 40 to 60 lbs. per sq. yard. |

The annual cost of draining the Beemster by the present system is 25,440 gulden. To drain it by steam would cost 56,575 gulden. The area of the Beemster is 17,647 acres. The extra cost, therefore, to drain it by steam would be 31,135 gulden, or 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  gulden per acre. The change is seriously contemplated, because under the present system, for an average of seven weeks during the winter, hundreds of acres are submerged, while the other parts are only from 4 to 12 inches above the water level. They should be never less than from 16 to 24 inches above.

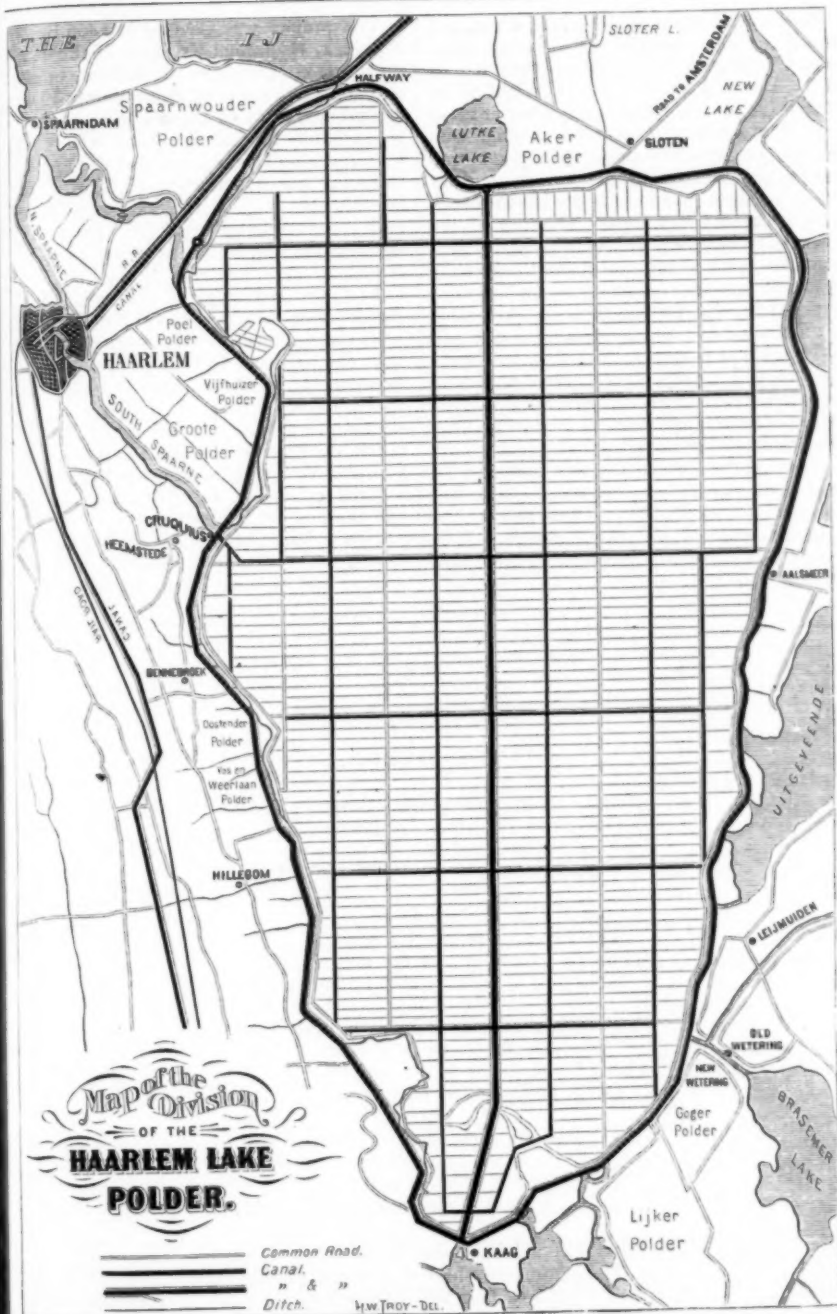
Mr. Van de Poll gave me the details of the canalization of the IJ, described in the previous article (Hollow-land). He states that the chief motive, that of perfecting a direct communication between Amsterdam and the sea, would hardly have been sufficient to induce the prosecution of the work, had it not been strongly seconded by the craving for the rich reclaimed land, which it is believed will lead to sales that will largely recompense its cost.

The ambition of the Dutch people to regain what the sea has taken from them will evidently know no limit until the solid defense against its incursions shall enclose only cultivated land, and the canals necessary for navigation.

The drainage of the Haarlem Lake is by much the largest operation of its kind ever undertaken by man, yet it becomes almost unimportant as compared with the project now on foot for the drainage of the Zuyder Zee.

This improvement is to include the whole of the southern part of this body of water. It is proposed to build a dike from Enkhuizen to the Island of Urk, and





thence to Kampen on the east coast, just south of the mouths of several rivers which belong to the outlets of the Rhine. This dike will be raised to a height of 16 feet + A P,—its width at high water mark 131 feet. The dike will be covered with granite on its outer slope to a point well below the surface of the water—laid at a very slight inclination so as to break the force of the waves. The top of the dike is to have a width of nearly 20 feet, and the inner slope for a width of 29½ feet will rest upon a heavy stone and sand foundation. Adjoining these, a level space 33 feet wide will be devoted to a railroad. Within these comes a canal 492 feet wide and 16½ feet deep. This canal will be in communication with the Grand Canal of Amsterdam. It will be separated by another dike with a long inner slope reaching to the bottom of the Zuyder Zee and bordered by a shallow canal 130 feet wide. The top of the dike will be 27 feet above the summer level of the inner canals. The whole area will be intersected by navigable canals.

The project was devised in 1866 by Mr. Bijerinck, Hydraulic Engineer of the Kingdom. It contemplates the draining of 480,000 acres by means of steam-pumps having a combined force of 9,400 horse-power. It is estimated that the draining will occupy four and a-half years, and that the expense, including the construction of dikes, canals, interest, etc., will be 184,000,000 gulden,—each acre costing 1,050 gulden. The average depth of the Zuyder Zee is nearly 11 feet — A P.

Lest the reduction of the area of the Zuyder Zee should increase the rise of the tides during north-westerly storms and overflow the adjacent low country, the passage between the islands of Texel and Vlieland is to be diked, forming a barrier across the opening to the Zuyder Zee which will very much decrease the influx of water. The Commission was unanimous in recommending the enterprise, on the score of health and the general interests of the country, all previous drainages having proved advantageous. The whole scheme is now only waiting the approval of the Government.

### THE HERON.

WHERE water-grass grows over-green  
On damp, cool flats by gentle streams,  
Still as a ghost and sad of mien,  
With eyes half-closed, the heron dreams.

Above him in the sycamore  
The flicker beats a dull tattoo;  
Through papaw groves the soft airs pour  
Gold dust of blooms and fragrance new.

And from the thorn it loves so well  
The oriole flings out its strong,  
Sharp lay wrought in the crucible  
Of its flame-circled soul of song.

The heron nods, the charming runes  
Of Nature's music thrill his dreams,  
The joys of many Mays and Junes  
Wash past him like cool summer streams.

What tranquil life, what joyful rest  
To be thus swathed in fragrant grass,  
And doze like him while tenderest  
Dream-waves across my sleep would pass!

## THE ELDER MYTHS.

WE have the authority of John Milton for it, that in the Garden of Eden Adam and Eve discussed by themselves such hard matters as the motions of the heavenly bodies, the relation of the sexes, and the due submissiveness of women, as well as the simpler art of husbandry. When the affable angel visited them they listened to unearthly tales—how the heavens were built, how the stars were made, and how the angels fought and fell. Milton could not suspect that under the banks of the rivers Hiddekel and Euphrates, which watered the Garden of Eden, there were buried imperishable records that would ere long tell us how in the early infancy of the world the children of Adam and Eve told their tales of high emprise—of the birth of the world, of the creation of sun and moon and planets, of the motions and meanings of the stars, of the battles of gods and giants, of the mighty deeds of heroes, of the Flood and its devastation, of heaven and hell and the ghosts of mighty men.

For twenty-five years students of the Assyrian and Babylonian remains have been working hardest to develop the *history* of those empires. They have been spurred on to their work by their brilliant success in discovering long and full records of various monarchs mentioned in the Scriptures, and by the invaders' accounts of the victories recorded in the Old Testament over the various kings of Judah and Israel. These wonderful confirmations of the sacred history have been carefully developed, and a new and very important chapter of the world's history has been recovered, including tolerably complete annals of successive kings, beginning nearly 2,000 years before the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus. But it is only within a very few years that we have begun to learn what was the real literature of these people, what their books, what their inner life and feelings, what their Iliad or Kalevala, what their omens and exorcisms and star-gazers' prodigies. To these subjects the labor of Assyrian students is now directed, and already a rich store of information has been secured, as important as it is curious. The public attention directed to this subject through the discovery by Mr. George Smith, of the Babylonian story of the Flood, resulted in the commission given to Mr. Smith, first by the publishers of the London "Telegraph," and afterward

by the British Museum, to carry on further explorations in Nineveh, with the object of completing the story of the Flood, and of securing other records. He was successful in discovering the only missing fragment of that story, and in adding other mythological and historical tablets of great value, translations of which, as of inscriptions previously in the British Museum, he has given in his important work just published, entitled "Assyrian Discoveries." \*

The Assyrian mythological tablets which we possess were mainly from the large library which was deposited in the upper story of the palace of King Sennacherib. The kings of Babylon and Nineveh were as munificent in their support of literature as Alexander, Ptolemy, or Mæcenas. There were famous libraries in different places, and in Babylon, as in Palestine, one of the oldest cities was named the City of Books. Sanskrit scholars lament that the historical instinct seems to have been wholly lacking to the monarchs of India from the earliest times, and that it is impossible to construct any trustworthy account of their history. But the kings of the Valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris had great regard for the good opinion of posterity. Their greatest fear was that they might be forgotten. They might have said with the Elder Cato: "Do you imagine that I would have endured such heavy toils by day and night, in war and peace, had I supposed that my glory would end with my life? But somehow my soul was ever lifting itself up and gazing forward upon posterity, as if, when it should depart from this life, it would then begin to live." Like Cicero, they "would not have tried to accomplish deeds that would belong to posterity, if they had not seen that posterity would belong to them." Every brick in their temples was stamped with the royal name—the wainscoting of their palaces was engraved with pictures of their victories and the stories of their battles. Every year the court historian prepared anew the annals of the monarch's reign, and inscribed them on numerous cylinders. In each of the four corners of their temples and palaces there was carefully built up within the wall the full record of the king's biography, and curses were invoked on the

\* New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

head of the successor who should impiously destroy these annals. Thus wrote King Vul-nirari less than two hundred years after the death of Moses:

"May the god Assur hear the prayer of the succeeding prince, who repairs the damage of this place when it becomes old and decayed, and restores to its place my tablet written with my name. But whoever shall efface the writing of my name and write his name upon it; whoever shall cover over this my tablet, or hurl it into the water, or burn it in the fire, or bury it in the ground, or shall hide it where it cannot be seen, to him, the foreigner, stranger, enemy and evil one, I appoint these curses: May Assur, the mighty god, dwelling in the temple of Sadi-matati; may Anu, Bel, Hea, and Ziru; may the great gods, the angels of heaven and the spirits of earth, firmly seize him in their might; may they quickly curse him with an evil curse; may they wipe his name, his seed, his strength, his family out of the land; may they sweep his country, and destroy his people and his landmarks; may Vul, the god of the air, with his storms of evil, stir up a flood, an evil wind, a ruinous earthquake, destruction, scarcity and famine in his land; the rain may he send in a deluge; to mounds and ruins may Vul turn his country and consume it."

One would almost think that the words which Shakespeare wrote for his own monument had been translated from the blessing and the cursing of Vul-nirari:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust inclosed here;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

A stone with a similar inscription warning all successors against its removal or destruction, has its oburgation enforced by the symbols engraved on one side of the gods and avenging spirits who would punish its profanation.

But the Mæcenases of Mesopotamia did not confine their literary ambition to the preservation of their historical records. Their mythology and their astrology were compiled in extensive treatises written and burned in clay tablets, each leaf carefully numbered and provided with titles and catch-words, and arranged for easy reference under the direction of the librarian. We are concerned just now only with their tales of the gods.

One of these is, unfortunately, too much mutilated for correct translation; but, as described by Mr. Smith, it tells a part of the

story of the creation. When the gods in their assembly made the universe there was confusion, the Biblical formlessness and void, and the gods sent out the spirit of life, corresponding to that "Spirit of God" which, we are told by Moses, "moved upon the face of the waters." Then the gods created the beasts of the field and the creeping things of the field, and put in them the breath of life. Next came the creation of the creeping things and domestic animals of the city. The imperfection of this story is greatly to be regretted. Another tablet records the occasion of the creation of the heavenly bodies, but here the parallelism with the Scriptural account is very slight. In the beginning, we are told, the seven evil gods, spirits who had been in rebellion, bearing the forms of serpents and leopards and other beasts, stirred up fearful commotion in heaven, the abode of the god Anu. They mingled cloud and darkness and storm, darting like lightning through the sky, and finding no opponent in the realms of Anu. Then Bel, ruler of the earth and god of the middle region, was displeased, and took counsel with Hea (or Nisroch), the god of wisdom, and they placed in the sky the sun, the moon, and the planet Venus (Shamas, Sin, and Ishtar), to bring order out of the confusion of the heavens. But Shamas, the sun, and the planet Ishtar were not true to their trust. Only Sin, the moon, remained firm, while the other luminaries were won over by the seven evil spirits. The moon god (a chief male divinity in the Assyrian Pantheon) was greatly troubled, as was Bel, at the failure of his attempt to reform the heavens. Again Bel sought the advice of the wise Hea, who called in the aid of his son Merodach.

"Bel to his attendant, the god Nusku, said:  
'The needs of my child Sin, who in heaven is greatly troubled,  
Repeat to the god Hea in the Ocean.'  
Nusku the command of his lord obeyed,  
To Hea in the Ocean he descended and went.  
To the prince, the noble sage, the lord, the god unfailing,  
Nusku the message of his lord at once repeated.  
Hea in the ocean the message heard;  
His lips spake, and with wisdom was his mouth filled.  
Hea called his son, god Merodach, and this word he spoke:  
'Go, Merodach, my son,  
Go to the shining Sin, who in heaven is greatly troubled,  
His troublers expel from heaven.'"

The remainder of this fragment is lost, but it doubtless contained the story of the vic-

story of the dauntless Merodach, son of Hea, over the seven evil spirits. We must wait the discovery of the missing fragments before we can learn whether the deities who abetted them were punished like the gods in the parallel Greek myth, by being thrown "sheer o'er the crystal battlements," or swung dangling out of heaven by a golden chain. As it is, the resemblance is sufficiently striking to allow us to add this as another proof of the large infusion of Semitic elements with the pure Aryan mythology of Greece.

Another remarkable fragment of Assyrian mythology is that which recounts the descent of Ishtar or Venus into hell. It appears that among the amours of the Assyrian goddess of love was one with Thammuz or Adonis. A lost fragment probably gave an account of his death, and the present tablet tells of her apparently fruitless descent into Hades in search of him. In the portions we have selected advantage has been taken of the translations published by Smith, Fox-Talbot, Lenormant, and Schrader. The story begins:

"To the returnless, distant land, the home of corruption,  
Ishtar, daughter of the moon god, turned her mind;  
Yea, the daughter of Sin turned her mind  
To the house of corruption, to the seat of the god Irkalla,  
To the house whose entrance allows no exit,  
To the road whose journey allows no return,  
To the house whose entrance is bereft of light,  
To the place where dust is their food and their nourishment clay,  
Where the light never shines and in darkness they dwell,  
Whose ghosts like birds flatter their wings,  
Over whose bolts and doors the dust lies thick."

Ishtar arrives at the gates of Hades and cries roughly to the porter, bidding him open the gates and let her in, or she will break them down and let the dead escape to devour the living. The porter replies, begging her to restrain her impatience till he can run and tell the Queen of Hades, the goddess Belit. When Belit heard the report she was angry, and exclaimed:

"Let her dwell here with heroes who have left their wives,  
With wives who have left the embrace of their husbands,  
With luckless children who have perished before their time.  
Go, Porter, open to her thy gate;  
Make an end with her as with former visitors.  
The porter went and opened the gate—  
'Enter in, O mistress of the city of Cutha,  
May the palace of the returnless land rejoice at thy coming!'"

Here the narrative takes a yet more dramatic form. It was probably arranged for recitation in a sort of sacred play; it may be in some Assyrian Mysteries.

"I let her in through the first gate,  
I despoiled her, I took the great crown from her head.'  
'Why, porter, dost thou take the great crown from my head?'  
'Enter in, O mistress; thus the queen of earth requires of her visitors.'  
'I let her in through the second gate,  
I despoiled her, I took her ear-rings from her.'  
'Why, porter, dost thou take my ear-rings from me?'  
'Enter in, O mistress; thus the queen of the earth requires of her visitors.'"

And thus the dialogue repeats itself as Ishtar is let in through all the seven gates, until she has been stripped of the last article of clothing or ornament. Thus Ishtar entered within the land whence is no return, and presented herself, dishonored, before the Queen of Hades, who received her angrily, and called her servant Nibhaz (cf. 2 Kings, xvii., 31), and bade her inflict on Ishtar disease in the eyes, the hips, the feet, the heart, and the head. Thus was the goddess of love confined by the queen of hell, and love disappeared from the earth, and neither men nor beasts sought their mates. This ends the first canto. The second tells of the release of Ishtar. Shamas, the sun god, urged by Nassir, first goes to his father Sin, the moon god, and together they greet Hea (Nisroch), god of wisdom, and tell him that since the Queen of Love has descended within the earth, love, too, has left the earth, and neither men nor beasts seek their mates. Then, in the wisdom of his heart, Hea formed his resolution. He called his phantom messenger, Assusunamir, a shade of the setting sun, and bade him carry to the queen of the lower world the commands of the great gods, that she should restrain her rage and release Ishtar. After invoking curses on the phantom messenger, Belit sent her servant Namtar, bidding him give to Ishtar the water of life and let her go. As she returned by each gate through which she had entered, there was restored the garment or ornament of which she had there been despoiled.

"He sprinkled Ishtar with the water of life and brought her forth.  
Out of the first gate he let her go;  
He returned her the girdle about her loins.  
Out of the second gate he let her go;  
He returned her the jewels for her hands and feet.  
Out of the third gate he let her go;



He returned her the cincture of precious stones about her waist.

Out of the fourth gate he let her go;

He returned her the mantle for her back.

Out of the fifth gate he let her go;

He returned her the necklace of precious stones.

Out of the sixth gate he let her go;

He returned her the rings for her ears.

Out of the seventh gate he let her go;

He returned her the great crown for her head."

This remarkable story is an episode in a long epic poem, the remaining portions of which are in a mutilated and fragmentary condition. Fortunately, yet another epic, like this, of extreme antiquity—probably as old as the time when Abram left Ur of the Chaldees—is that of which the hero is Izdubar. This name is only provisional, as the names of gods or men in Assyria are seldom written phonetically, and often long defy the best attempts of scholars who are perfectly familiar with their attributes, relationship, worship,—in fact, everything except the pronunciation of the cipher in which their names are written. Thus, the god whom we have called Hea, has been variously named Ao, Nouah, and Nisroch; and the god Vul is also called Yav, Bin, or Rimmon.

The Izdubar tablets contained, when perfect, an epic in twelve books or cantos. The eleventh book is the one that has attracted so much attention as giving the old Babylonian myth corresponding to the Biblical story of the Flood. Fortunately, this is the portion which is best preserved, and it is not strange that the contemporaneous account from the Valley of the Euphrates, almost miraculously recovered after having been lost for more than two thousand years, should have excited the profoundest interest all over the Christian world. In his "Assyrian Discoveries," Mr. Smith has, for the first time, published a translation of the fragments of the entire epic, adding and correcting something in the canto on the Flood, which he first gave to the world two years and a-half ago.

Mr. George Smith believes that Izdubar will be found to correspond with the Biblical Nimrod, although evidence in favor of the identification appears to be very scanty. Izdubar appears to have been, according

to the legend, a great hunter or giant, who ruled over the city of Erech, the Blessed, from which he had driven out a tyrant. Later, he destroyed a monster and liberated the sage Heabani, who became his trusted friend. After Heabani was killed by a wild animal, Izdubar was afflicted, probably by the goddess Ishtar, whose love he had spurned and whose sacred bull he had killed, with a disease similar to leprosy. He then went on a pilgrimage to have his disease cured, and found Hasisadra or Xisuthrus, the Biblical Noah, who relates how



VIEW OF NIMROD.

he had passed through the Flood, and had achieved the boon of immortality. Hasisadra tells Izdubar how to obtain his cure. The king then returns to Erech, makes a great mourning for Heabani, and secures the peace of his ghost—which is released from Hades and ascends to heaven. This general plot is wrought out in considerable poetical detail in the portions that are preserved.

The first fragment that we have of this epic is so disconnected and broken that we cannot tell where it belongs. It relates an early conquest by enemies of the city Erech, the Blessed, when the protecting deities of the city were unable to stand, and turned themselves to flies and escaped with the swarms of locusts. Izdubar seems to have delivered the city, and afterward to have been its chief. The next fragment opens with a petition from Izdubar, who appears to have had a dream, and to have desired a learned man named Heabani to come and interpret it. Heabani is a sort of hermit, who was in the clutches of a dragon, inhabiting a cave or hole which it had dug out of the rock. A hunter named Zaidu had tried and failed to destroy the monster, and had then gone for the aid of Izdubar. He directed Zaidu to take two females with him, that they might show themselves to the

dragon, that thus it might come out and be killed. This was done, and then one female tempted Heabani to come to Erech and explain to Izdubar his dream. The story reads:

"He turned and sat at the feet of Harimtu. Harimtu bent downward her face, And Harimtu spake and his ears heard, And thus did she speak to Heabani: 'Heabani, like a god thou art; Why dost thou associate with the reptiles in the desert? I will take thee to the midst of Erech, the Blessed, To the temple of lofty Tardusi, the seat of Anu and Ishtar, To the place of Izdubar the mighty giant, And like a bull shalt thou rule over the chiefs.'"

Heabani follows her, and doubtless interprets Izdubar's dream, and becomes his intimate counselor. The fifth tablet, which is the first with its number preserved, recounts the conflict of Izdubar and Heabani in a splendid forest of pine, with one Humbaba, whose head is cut off by them.

Of the sixth tablet we have more considerable remains. Ishtar, goddess of love, was enamored of Izdubar. She says:

"I will take thee, Izdubar, as my husband, Thy oath shall be thy bond to me, Thou shalt be husband to me and I will be wife to thee. Thou shalt drive in a chariot of *ukni* stone and gold, Whose pole is brilliant and whose body is of gold. Thou shalt secure days of mighty conquest, As far as Bitani where the pine-trees grow. There shall be under thee kings, lords, and princes; They shall bring thee the tribute of the mountains and plains, and pay thee taxes; Thy mules shall be swift and thy chariot horses strong; Thy enemies shall fall under thy yoke and thou shalt have no rival."

A break here occurs, after which we find the scornful Ishtar refusing the overtures of the goddess. He reminds her at length of her amours and the unhappy fate of all her lovers. She had granted her love to Thammuz, but now, "country after country is mourning his misfortune." She had loved Alalu-bitru, and then had smitten him and broken his wings, while he stood in the forest and had begged for their return. Ishtar was incensed at the rejection of her suit, and went into the presence of Anu, her father, and Anunit, her mother, and said:

"Father Izdubar hates me, Izdubar despises my beauty, My beauty and my charms."

In compliance with her petition, her father Anu makes a winged bull to be the instrument of her vengeance on Izdubar. But he and Heabani succeed in destroying the animal. Hereupon Ishtar went up to the wall of Erech, the Blessed, and uttered a curse upon Izdubar for slaying the winged bull. Heabani heard her speech, and, either as an exorcism, or a taunt, threw after her a portion of the bull's body. While Ishtar and her maidens mourned over it, Izdubar and his young men rejoiced, and took the weight of the horns, which was about seventy pounds, and the bulk of the body, which amounted to six *gurs*.\* Another dream of Izdubar, with its interpretation by Heabani, then follows, but too imperfect for translation.

In the eighth tablet, the curse of Ishtar appears to work. Izdubar is smitten with a disease like leprosy, which consumed or burnt his limbs. After this, Heabani was struck down and killed, which added to the grief of Izdubar.

The ninth canto opens with the sorrow of Izdubar over the death of Heabani, and his determination to go and seek the advice of Hasisadra, or Xisut-rus, the son of Ubar-atutu, or Otiartes, in reference to his disease. After worshipping the great moon god Sin, and receiving an auspicious dream, he started in search of Hasisadra. At one stage of his journey, he meets some giants whose feet rest in hell, while their heads reach to heaven, and whose office it is to direct the sun in its rising and setting. He asks them to guide his journey. They direct him to Hasisadra, and tell him that he is immortal. At each stage of the subsequent journey some adventure is met until the ninth stage, where he reaches splendid trees covered with jewels, and soon after the sea. The gate to the sea was at first shut in his face by the porter and portress; but, in some way, the account of which is lost, he passes through and meets the boatman, Urhamsi, who undertakes to navigate Izdubar to the home of Hasisadra. Fifteen days, beguiled with converse, are consumed on the voyage. Meanwhile, Hasisadra wonders why Izdubar is so long on the journey, and talks over his exploits with a female named Mua. At last, Izdubar and Hasisadra meet. Where the broken story continues, Izdubar has asked the immortal sage a question, and he is replying:

\* A *gur* is 2000-2500 litres.

"Despoiling and death exist together,  
And the image of death has not been seen.  
Whether freeman or servant, on approaching  
death  
The spirit of the great gods takes him by the  
hand.



HEAD OF ISHTAR, THE ASSYRIAN VERUS.

Mamitu, goddess, maker of fate, brings them  
their fate;  
She has fixed the limits of death and life,  
So that the day of death cannot be known."

The answer of Hasisadra appears to have been quite too general to have suited Izdubar, as he desired to know how Hasisadra had become immortal, wishing a similar honor for himself. This introduces the famous eleventh tablet, which is practically complete, and which gives the Babylonian legend of the Flood. As this was so generally reprinted two years ago, it is not necessary to copy it again now, interesting as it is. It is enough to say that the resemblance to the Mosaic account is throughout so remarkable that it cannot be questioned that one was derived from the other. The striking difference between the two is in the grossly polytheistic tone that characterized the Babylonian account. The gods Anu, Bel, and Adar, Shamas, and Sin, Hea, Vul, and Nergal, Nebo, Saru, and Ishtar, crowd the canvas of the story. Nay, the gods are represented in no lofty guise. They are utterly confused and frightened by the down-pouring flood:

"In heaven the gods feared the tempest and  
sought refuge.

They ascended to the heaven of Anu.  
The gods, like dogs, were fixed in droves  
prostrate.

Ishtar spake like a child.  
The great goddess uttered her speech.

"All are turned to corruption.  
As in the presence of the gods I prophesied evil,  
So to evil are devoted all my people for I  
prophesied.

I have brought forth my people,  
And like the young of fishes they fill the waters."

The gods concerning the spirits were weeping  
with her,  
The gods in their seats were seated in lamentation,  
Their lips were covered for the coming evil."

Mr. Smith's corrected translation makes one or two unimportant modifications of sense. The gods who, as we have just quoted, were "like dogs, fixed in droves prostrate," were, in Mr. Smith's first translation, "like dogs with their tails hidden," that is, between their legs with fear. Another new feature is Hasisadra's dread, lest in making the ark, or rather vessel, "young and old will deride me." Yet another, is Hasisadra's tears of joy when he first sees the land rise out of the water. The following lines are new, and the fruit of Mr. Smith's expeditions to Nineveh:

"Enter into it, and shut the door of the ship.  
Into the midst of it thy grain, thy furniture, and  
thy goods,  
Thy wealth, thy maid servants, thy female slaves,  
and the young men,  
The beasts of the field, the animals of the field  
all I will gather,  
And I will send to thee, and they shall be enclosed in thy door."

We have the parallel of these lines in the Mosaic account where God brings the beasts to Noah for preservation in the ark. Indeed, as we have said, the parallelism is remarkably close throughout, varying in little



TERRA COTTA WINGED FIGURE, EXCAVATED AT NIMROUD.

else than the contrast between the pure monotheistic and elevated tone of the one, and the idolatrous spirit which pervades the other, and in the indication that the one was

the product of an inland, and the other of a maritime people. In Babylon, the ark becomes a good ship, properly equipped, with naval appointments and a crew, while the Biblical account is merely of a floating, well-caulked box. After the ark had rested on the mountains of Nizir, and the swallow and raven had been sent out, and the altar had been built, and the gods had gathered like flies at its burning, and had promised never to send another flood (there is no rainbow, however), the new portion of the eleventh tablet relates how Hasisadra bade Urhamsi take Izdubar where, by bathing in the sea, he might recover the health of his skin and his hair might be restored. This was accomplished, as is told at length, and Izdubar takes Urhamsi back with him to Erech, the Blessed.

The twelfth tablet is devoted to the lament of Izdubar over his dead friend, Heabani, and to the means he took to secure the repose of his perturbed soul. Whether it was that his body had not received proper burial, or from some other cause, his ghost was wandering about, detained from the abode of the blest. There is a real and very quaint *abandon* of pathos in this most ancient elegy in all literature, more ancient even than the lament of David over Jonathan :

"The noble banquet thou dost not share,  
To the assembly they do not call thee.  
The bow from the ground thou dost not lift;  
What the bow should smite surrounds thee.  
The mace in thy hand thou dost not grasp;  
Its spoil defies thee.

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EMBLEMS OF THE GODS.

Shoes on thy feet thou dost not wear;  
The slain on the ground thou dost not stretch.  
Thy wife whom thou lovest thou dost not kiss;  
Thy wife whom thou hatest thou dost not strike.  
Thy child whom thou lovest thou dost not kiss;  
Thy child whom thou hatest thou dost not strike;  
The arms of the Earth hath taken thee.  
O darkness, O darkness, Mother Ninazu, O  
darkness!

Her noble stature like his mantle covers him,  
Her feet like a deep well enclose him!"

And in this temper Izdubar continues his threnody. Heabani's soul was not allowed entrance into heaven. Bel and Sin refused to admit it. Izdubar then appealed to Hea, who sent his son Merodach to bring before Izdubar the soul of Heabani. On seeing

his ghost, Izdubar begged it to enlighten him as to the secrets of Hades. The ghost refuses, but confides to him its longings for escape.

"From Hades, the land which I have known;  
From the house of the departed, the seat of the  
god Irkalla;  
From the house out of which there is no escape;  
From the road the course of which never re-  
turns;  
From the place within which they long for light—  
The place where dust is their nourishment and  
their food mud;  
Where light is never seen and they dwell in  
darkness.  
That I may enter the place of seers,  
Of crowned kings who from days of old ruled  
the earth,  
To whom the gods Anu and Bel have given re-  
nowned names,  
A place of abundant water, fed from perennial  
springs.  
Into the place of seers would I enter,  
The place of chiefs and unconquered ones,  
The place of bards and mighty men,  
The place of interpreters of the wisdom of the  
great gods.  
The place of the mighty, the dwelling of the  
god of Light."

The remainder is imperfect, but doubtless the spirit of Heabani found rest, and the epic a happy conclusion.

The last tablet, though not so startling as that which went before, certainly contained passages of high poetic ability. It is also a memorable record of the religious belief of the Babylonians of the time of Abraham. It will be seen that even at that early date the notion of a future state was defined with the utmost clearness. For the wicked there was not merely punishment in this world, as for the sinners destroyed in the deluge, but the disembodied soul was either received into heaven or consigned to hell. It is extremely curious that, with the faith in the immortality of the soul and the doctrine of future awards, so pronounced in both Egypt and Babylonia, the Jewish sacred writings should have had so little to say on this subject. The Jewish people must have had the same belief from the earliest times. Some of the Babylonian hymns of worship have direct reference to this expectation of a future existence. I refer not so much to the "Prayer for the King" in the third volume of "Records of the Past," which, if Mr. Fox-Talbot's translation were satisfactory, would be an excellent example, as I do to what appears to be a sort of funeral ritual found among the Assyrian tablets corresponding to the Egyptian Book of the Dead. It seems to take the soul by stages

to the lower world, and contains addresses to the various divinities which the soul meets on its way.

Besides the myths above mentioned, there is no doubt that discoveries will be made of many others when the thousands of inscribed fragments now in the British Museum shall be arranged and translated. There yet remains a great harvest for other explorers. France has her large collection, the fruits of the explorations of Botta; England hers, the work of Layard and Smith. The expense of Smith's explorations have been only about ten thousand dollars; and it is strange if American enterprise cannot be quite as munificent and successful. Even as I read these proof-sheets I see the announcement in an English journal that Mr. Smith has just discovered the Babylonian account of the creation of the world and of man; of his fall, and the curse pronounced upon him; of the building of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues. No archaeological discovery of greater interest can be imagined.

As a pleasing contrast to the idolatrous and superstitious phases of the Assyrian belief, a specimen or two may be added of their religious worship. These litanies of the elder, or, rather, the younger days, might express the devotion of the pious heart the world over.

"In the heavens who is lofty?  
Thou alone, thou art lofty.  
On the earth who is lofty?  
Thou alone, thou art lofty.

"Thy great commands in heaven are published,  
Its gods bow down before thee;  
Thy great commands on earth are published,  
Its spirits kiss the dust."

Not all the prayers, however, are offered to an unnamed supreme god. Here is a short prayer of intercession addressed by the priest to the god Shamas, or the Sun, in behalf of a worshiper.

"O thou Sun, at thy command,  
Let his sins be atoned,  
Let his iniquities be blotted out!"

Another hymn is hardly the less striking and beautiful for its reverence for Venus.

"He who fears not his God,  
Shall be cut down like a reed.  
He who worships not Ishtar,  
His strength shall fail.  
Like a star in the sky shall he fade away,  
Like the dew of the night shall he vanish."



The following psalms, however, need not the change of a word to adapt them for chanting in our own Sabbath worship :

"O God, my Creator,  
Hold thou mine arms,  
Keep the breath of my mouth  
Take thou my hands,  
O Lord of light!"

Or this :

"O Lord, let not thy servant sink!  
In the waters of the raging flood  
Hold thou his hand!"

Or this :

"Lord, my transgressions are many,  
My sins are great!  
The Lord in the wrath of his heart,  
Hath heaped dishonor upon me!  
God in the strictness of his heart,  
Hath overwhelmed me!"

A second verse, however, of this psalm, recognizes inferior deities.

"Ishtar hath pressed down hard upon me  
She hath made my troubles bitter ;

I throw myself upon the ground,  
No one taketh my hand;  
I cry aloud,  
No one heareth me."

It might give a juster view of the religion of these kings and people by whom God punished Judah and Israel, if we were to add some of their strange conjurations against a hundred sorts of goblins and devils, and incubi and succubi, which were supposed to torment mankind ; but they would only show what is abundantly proved by the religions of all nations—that the soul's pure worship of the Most High cannot quite be extinguished by the densest superstition. "In every nation," says St. Peter—and why not even in that city in which, we are told, the people cried mightily unto God at the preaching of Jonah—"he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." Theirs was what the theologians call "an invincible ignorance," for which men are not responsible, and notwithstanding which such as they, as the infallible Pope told his flock in 1863, "are able, by the operation of the power of divine light and grace, to obtain eternal life.

## THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

As often I pass the roadside,  
When wearily falls the day,  
I turn to look from the hill-top  
At the mountains far away.

The red sun through the forests  
Throws hither his parting beams,  
And far in the quiet valley  
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage  
As the husbandman's labors cease,  
And I think that all things are gathered  
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices  
Is heard in the village street,  
While pleased the grandame watches  
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside  
The rosy children come;  
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies  
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever  
To labor and to learn,  
For love with an eye of magic  
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,  
And the children bless the sire,  
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone  
Is as light from an altar fire.

Oh, flowers of rarest beauty  
In that green valley grow;  
And whether 'twere earth or heaven  
Why shouldst thou care to know?

Save that thy brow is troubled,  
And dim is thy helpmate's eye;  
And graves are green in the valley,  
And stars are bright in the sky.

## SOME OLD LETTERS.

## PART IV.

"LONDON, April 10th, 1833.—A dreadful epidemic is raging which they call influenza; it takes every kind of form, but has not proved dangerous in any instance. Whole families are laid up with it, and some of the great shops have been shut up, because all the shop-boys are ill. We heard of eighteen cases in one warehouse. Some of the theaters also have been closed, and twenty-five of the actors at Covent Garden have been confined to bed. The Tunnos have all been in bed one after the other, and half the servants are ill. Our woman is now in bed, and I have hired another for a day or two. X. and I have entirely escaped. We have remained at home, and have not, since Sunday, been out in the evening; except on Sunday, I have not been out even in the day-time for ten days."

"Thursday, April 25th, 1833.—Sunday we dined with the Lansdownes. The dinner was rather stupid to me. I was obliged to give an account of the numbers of our representatives, senators, etc. It is astonishing how little people know of anything connected with America! X. was asked the other day by Sydney Smith what sort of people he lived with in America. X.'s answer was: 'Such sort of people as I should always like to, and do live with here—when I can find them.' 'Well,' said Hal-lam, 'that's as strongly put as can be.'

"Monday was a dismal, dark day—like November. We dined at seven with Lady Affleck, a gay old lady of eighty-five, very deaf, but astonishingly active—the mother of Lady Holland. Mr. Boddington, Col. Webster, Mr. Pigou, Lady Mary Fox, X. and I, with our hostess, composed the party. We had an exceedingly agreeable dinner, after which Lady Affleck took her usual nap in her easy chair, and Lady Mary and I talked till she sent down word to the gentlemen that it was 'high time they should make their appearance,' which was delivered in a clearly audible tone by the servant down-stairs.

"Wednesday we dined at Morier's, and had a delightful dinner. Morier handed me down, and I sat between him and the famous Dr. Quinn. You have no idea of the ridiculous questions I am asked about America! They (I speak not of well-

informed persons, but of fashionable people of rank, who consider themselves such), asked me if we had any but field preachers in America; if we had much music; if it wasn't very disagreeable to have the gentlemen take their coats off in the theater, and sit with their feet on the cushions and their backs to the stage. They said they 'should not think Mr. Kemble would allow it.' Mr. Pigou, a great friend of Lord Dudley's and a scientific man, who knows what America is, enjoyed my answers amazingly.

"I happened to be the best-dressed woman in the room, and I told them that they must be very much surprised at my having so soon adopted the custom of evening clothes; that a feather was the extent of my wardrobe in America."

"Wednesday, May 1st, 1833.—A dismal day—May-day is the day for the sweeps, and it is a most ridiculous exhibition. They go about the streets, dressed in ribbons and flowers,—one of them as a clown, painted, one as a harlequin, one as Maid Marian, in muslin and flounces, and one as 'Jack-o'-the-green,' which is a green bush with a sweep inside, who dances about till it looks as if the bush were moving of its own accord; one of them carries a ladle to collect pence, and in such rags and tatters, bespattered with mud and rain, they made a sad rabble.

"Miss Tunno wrote me a note, to say that she had Mrs. Edward Tunno's box for the opera, and that two of her sisters would call for us at eight, if we were inclined to go. It was Pasta's first appearance this season. We went at eight and heard the overture. About ten or eleven every box was full, and the pit crowded with fashionable people in full dress; it was exceedingly brilliant, but the music I cannot describe. I do not pretend to say that the dramatic effect of an Italian opera touches my feelings; but I could have conceived of nothing more perfect, or more exceedingly beautiful than parts of it. I probably heard the finest music that can be heard or ever was heard. Pasta carries the art of singing to greater perfection than it has ever been carried before. Every note is modulated perfectly. Then Rubini, who has the finest tenor voice now known, and whose voice is, to my ear, more touching

than Pasta's, and, as a man's, more peculiar; then Tamburini, who has the finest bass voice now known—nothing could be more finished.

"The opera was 'Anne Boleyn,' with Pasta as Anne Boleyn; Rubini as Percy; Tamburini as Henry VIII.; the part of Lady Jane Seymour being taken by Mme. De Meric, who is herself far above any singer I had ever heard before, though considered second-class. Pasta is not handsome, but rather the contrary; but her hands and arms are beautiful, and every motion is graceful. Rogers once told her that every pose of hers should be made into a statue.

"But this was not all. Taglioni made her appearance in the ballet. She was dressed like an opera dancer, but so delicately and so beautifully, and was so feminine, that it is evident that she is a lady of character. Her motions have not the least appearance of exertion, and no one would object to seeing even a sister move as she did. Her feet seem to have sentiment in them; and, as X. described it, 'her dancing gives me the repose of a strain of sweet music.' As a Frenchman said of her, '*Les autres retombent, Taglioni toujours descend.*' It is certainly the poetry of dancing, and only thing of such entertainment all on one evening! We did not leave till half-past one—five hours and a-half—and I was not in the least fatigued."

"May 12th, 1833.—There is great jealousy existing here with regard to everything American. They have been looking with intense interest at this struggle between the Northern and Southern States, and have predicted, with some satisfaction, disunion and the fall of republicanism; and now that we are safely through it, they proclaim that the first blow has been given to our manufactures, and that they will by degrees fail, and that, 'at any rate, they are not as afraid of us as they were.' These are the words which Sydney Smith made use of the other day, which proves to me that they are much more so; and Lord Auckland, one of the ministry, said, at the end of the session of Congress, that it had taken him three-quarters of an hour to read all our proceedings. It was at a dinner at Lansdowne House, and X.'s answer was: 'Is it possible! Why, a statesman in America would be unwilling to own that he knew so little of the most insignificant country in the world.' Lord Auckland was perfectly silent.

"Monday evening. After a quiet evening at home until ten we dressed, and at a quar-

ter past eleven went to Mrs. Baring's to a ball. I saw the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Orleans, and was introduced to a number of new persons—Lady Sophia Sydney, the King's daughter, Mrs. Ellice, a daughter of Lord Grey, and a variety of other people; but there is very little beauty in the highest circles, and very little elegance, I think. Everybody dances, dresses, and moves alike; the idol is fashion. We remained there half an hour; walked through all the rooms, saw everybody, and came home. Mrs. Baring's is a magnificent house, and this is the handsomest ball I have seen.

"The Duke of Wellington was pointed out to me by Lady Listowell. He was shorter than I expected to see him; gray-haired, dressed in blue coat with brass buttons and small-clothes, with the Order of the Garter on his leg. He spoke to Lady Listowell, who presented me to him. He took a vacant chair next to me, and talked chiefly to Lady Listowell after a few remarks to me, and while he talked rubbed his leg up and down with his hand. He did not remain long. I talked with Mrs. Francis Baring, the daughter of the French Duc de Bassano [her husband was afterward Lord Ashburton], who said that 'London was so triste after Paris she could not bear it.' [She afterward returned to Paris.]

"Yesterday I remained at home all day. Jekyll came in in the morning, and in the evening we went to a grand rout at the Duchess of Sutherland's (better known as Marchioness of Stafford. She has had this higher title within the last two years). York House is the most magnificent palace in England. They have an income of £7,000 a day. The entrance hall is as large as the lower floor of the State House; it is hardly to be described. The floor is of inlaid marbles of varied colors; the pillars around the hall which support the gallery are of white and yellow marbles; the arches of the doors are of white marble, and there are balustrades projecting on each side of the door, each side of the room and each side of the staircase, and filled with pyramids of green-house plants. The staircase is of white marble covered with crimson cloth, and the baluster rail is of black marble supported by gilded iron; the walls are of variegated yellow marble ascending to a cupola; the ceiling white and gilt. The staircase ascends to a gallery, surrounding which are the entrances to the state-rooms, each door a mirror. The state-rooms were not furnished, and we did not enter them.

On the first landing of the staircase was a pyramid of flowers, and at each corner a statue. On the ground floor are nine rooms *en suite*, most sumptuously furnished. The mere shell of the house, unfinished, cost seventy thousand pounds. The Duke of Sutherland is famous for his fine collection of pictures.

"Every one was there, including the different members of the royal family, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Orleans, and Talleyrand, who is old, lame, and short, wears long powdered hair, has his chin covered with a cravat, and takes very little part in conversation. There was Lord Hill, the hero, Lord Grey, and a thousand others. A great many people were introduced to me; the most agreeable person was Lady Grosvenor, the Duchess of Sutherland's daughter. A line of servants stood, one at each door, and called the names of the guests to each other, till they were at last announced by the ninth in the reception-room.

"Next door to us are the Chalone. Alfred Chalon, the eldest son, is the famous and fashionable water-color portrait painter; so fond of painting ladies in flowing silks and airy laces, that some of the artists published an advertisement in one of the morning papers, to the effect that 'muslins and laces would be done up equal to new at 19 Berners street,' which was his residence before he became our neighbor.

"He painted a portrait of Mrs. Lane, wife of Lane the engraver, a very pretty, but most quiet, simple little woman, who dressed always in the plainest way possible. Chalon wished to paint her in white satin, and lace, and jewels. 'But,' said Mr. Lane, 'it's quite out of character. She never wears them.' 'But, for this occasion,' said Chalon. However, Mr. Lane was not to be persuaded. 'Then,' said Chalon, 'I must paint her on a lawn, as such simplicity is out of place in a drawing-room picture;' and he did paint her seated upon a lawn.

"The Chalon family consists of Mr. Chalon, a very old French gentleman, Alfred, John, and Miss Chalon. They are very devoted to one another, and the merriest people I ever saw. We hear them chattering away in French as they sit out on their leads, where they roll out a great easy chair for the old gentleman, and then, such peals of laughter! I think Mr. Chalon must be a very droll old man in his own language (he spoke very broken English when I called upon him), for they seem to laugh a great deal at what he says. Miss

Chalon is very clever, and an excellent woman. She is almost as tall as her brother Alfred, who is a large man with reddish hair. John Chalon is short and stout, also a professional painter—paints landscapes in oil. The other night they went to a fancy-ball, Miss Chalon and her brothers—she as a Swiss peasant, John as a Spanish peasant, and Alfred as a ballet dancer, though very dreadful and unfeminine he looked in low neck, lace petticoats, white silk stockings, satin shoes, and a Duchesse de Berri hat without a crown—just a brim turned up, with feathers, and the hair dressed above. They thought it great fun, but I thought it shocking—this great man with his shaven red beard, and bare arms, but he was very cleverly gotten up."

"May 26th, 1833.—Thursday evening, we went to Lady Lansdowne's. We left home at eleven—left our fly in Berkeley Square, and walked up to the house,—for it was a delightful night,—and were at home again at half-past twelve. I talked to a great many people, among them the most beautiful woman I ever saw—Lady Seymour, who was Miss Sheridan, a sister of Mrs. Norton. People don't admire her as much as they do Mrs. Norton. It is fashion that governs everything here.

"I talked with Miss Fox and Lady Mary. We get amusing glimpses of court life sometimes through Lady Mary, who said to Lady Lansdowne in Lent, 'It is so dull for poor papa. Queen Adelaide won't even let him play cards, and the poor old fellow must amuse himself with sleeping in the evening.'

"Yesterday morning Mrs. and Miss Tunno came in the carriage and took me out to a beautiful botanical garden on the King's road in Kensington. The superintendent talked to me about America and picked a beautiful bouquet of flowers for me. He told me if X. would bring me there in about a fortnight he would give me a beautiful collection of roses. Mrs. Tunno dropped us at one of the gates of Kensington Gardens on our return. We walked through the Gardens, than which you cannot conceive anything more beautiful. It is like a large wild park—a serpentine river running through, and crowds of people, or rather groups, under the trees, sitting, walking, standing, riding on horseback on the turf. The charm of London is its parks and gardens. Twice a week the band plays in Kensington Gardens, and then it is like a large rout. People go gayly dressed, and such crowds of them! London at this season is beautiful. \* \* \*

"This morning we have been breakfasting with Rogers and his sister. We had a delightful breakfast; Campbell also came in afterward, so that we had both the 'pleasures of hope' and of 'memory.'

"We were sitting round the table talking when the servant announced that Mr. Campbell was in the library.

"Have you ever seen Campbell?' said Mr. Rogers to me. 'No.' 'Then come with me upstairs.'

"So we left X. and Miss Rogers, and found Campbell waiting in the library. He is careless in his dress, and looked dilapidated—the worse for his bad habits, which have kept him much out of society of late years.

"I have come here this morning, Mr.

Rogers,' he said, 'to ask you to tell me something I need for the book I am writing about Mrs. Siddons—about her sitting for Sir Joshua Reynolds as the Tragic Muse. I'd rather have you write it out for me.'

"I will tell you of it now, and if you then desire it, I will write it down,' said Mr. Rogers. 'I was at Sir Joshua's studio when Mrs. Siddons came in, having walked rapidly to be in time for her appointment. She threw herself, out of breath, into an arm-chair, having taken off her bonnet, and dropped her head upon her left hand—the other hand drooping over the arm of the chair. Suddenly lifting her head, she said: "How shall I sit?" "Just as you are," said Sir Joshua, and so she is painted."

### MEDRAKE AND OSPREY.

MEDRAKE, waving wide wings low over the breeze-rippled bight;

Osprey, soaring superb overhead in the fathomless blue,  
Graceful, and fearless, and strong, do you thrill with the morning's delight  
Even as I? Brings the sunshine a message of beauty for you?

O the blithe breeze of the west, blowing sweet from the far away land,  
Bowling the grass heavy-headed, thick crowding, so slender and proud!  
O the warm sea sparkling over with waves by the swift wind fanned!  
O the wide sky crystal clear, with bright islands of delicate cloud!

Feel you the waking of life in the world locked so long in the frost,  
Beautiful birds, with the light flashing bright from your banner-like wings?  
Osprey, soaring so high, in the deeps of the sky half lost,  
Medrake, hovering low where the sandpiper's sweet note rings!

Nothing am I to you, a blot perhaps, on the day;  
Naught do I add to your joy, but precious you are in my sight;  
And you seem on your glad wings to lift me up into the ether away,  
And the morning divine is more radiant because of your glorious flight.

### SONNET.

TO ONE WHO COMPLAINED OF A POET FOR NOT WRITING ABOUT NATURE.

WHICH lover loveth best, the one who says  
Aloud his mistress' name, and maketh shows  
Of all his nearer knowledge doth disclose  
Of her? Or he who spendeth silent days  
Of rapture at her feet, and goes his ways  
Like one, who, by some sovereign honored, knows  
Such sacred secrets that his bosom glows  
With zeal of service, while from words of praise,  
Even of praise, he shrinks, lest they should be,  
Because of his poor speech, or lack of wit,  
In some wise, an unconscious treachery?  
Thus I love Nature, and can find no fit,  
Safe words to praise her, lest I should commit,  
Spite of my reverent love, a blasphemy.



## BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

WE all of us remember that old story of the two knights who nearly did each other to death about a shield which they found in a wood—and by the way, what a constant habit those old story-tellers had of picturing life as a wood! Their own temper and mood always gave growth and atmosphere to it. Dante falls into a sleep, bitter with rage and vengeance against the Neri, and straightway finds that he has been living in a jungle full of unclean beasts, and abutting upon hell; while honest Bunyan, in his dream, sees Bedford gaol as but a sleeping-place in a wilderness, wherein the House Beautiful is an inn kept open for travelers, and through which the path leads straight to the Heavenly City.

But these two knights of the story, wandering in their wood, found therein another knight dead, and stopped to do honor leisurely to his prowess, and to speed his soul on its flight with a prayer. There was no hurry then to notify heirs or to write a report of the affair for the evening newspapers, so that they had plenty of time for such friendly offices. "A marvel," said one, "that so gallant a knight should have borne an iron shield." "The shield is golden," said his fellow. "Iron!" "Gold!" At that, to it they went, and it was only when, after a long battle, they lay exhausted on the grass that they saw that the shield was iron on one side and gold on the other.

These old fables, which have become part of the world's household furniture, come to light oddly now and then in their modern dress.

Two travelers from distant parts of the country met the other day at a hotel in Philadelphia, and one proposing a visit to Laurel Hill, the other accompanied him.

"I had in fact no other object in stopping in the city," said the first, "than to find a grave in this cemetery."

"You have a kinsman buried here?"

"More than that—the best friend I ever had. A queer old fellow, a Quaker merchant, in whose house I was an errand-boy. He took a fancy to me, educated me liberally, set me up in business in New Orleans, and as long as he lived, never ceased to watch over me with the care and tenderness of a father." The man's voice began to grow husky and his eyes wet. "I tell you," he said, "God has left some genuine

salt in the world. When I think how many people are the better and happier because that man has lived; when I remember the slaves whom he helped to free, the asylums that he founded, the strait economy and lavish alms-giving of his home, I actually feel, sir, as if this ground under our feet was made holy because his old body lies in it."

They were walking then through the dusky alleys of the cemetery. His companion was silent, from sympathy, a few moments.

"I never knew but one Philadelphian," he said presently, "and he is dead. A Quaker too—sugar importer. Used to transact a good deal of business with our firm in New York. The very closest, sharpest man in a bargain I ever knew,—a very steel-trap of a man,—would argue an hour about a penny. An implacable old Shylock, too. There was young Graves, a fast young fellow, who cheated him of a few dollars. Well, he pushed that matter inexorably, in spite of all we could do. Graves was the only son of his mother, too, and she a widow. Justice! justice!—that was his cry, until he sent the lad to Sing Sing, and to perdition. But, luckily, the old man's dead now. H'lo! here's his grave, and a marble shaft over him!"

"I raised *that* over my benefactor," said his friend.

The men made no quarrel nor explanation. Men are not apt to admit that they have been looking on two sides of the same shield.

After all, what a deal of mental worry it would save us if men had but one side to their shield! You have just settled down into a comfortable hatred of your neighbor, when some gleam of golden virtue in him pricks you up, and forces you off to find a new point of view. A famous philanthropist or Christian teacher comes to dine with you;—your allegiance is ready to lay at his feet as a matter of course. But he has a bilious headache that day, or his gastric juices are out of order; you see all the iron laid bare; the peevishness, the bigotry, the besetting sin, whatever it be, shows its ugly surface, and thereafter your judgment turns perpetual somersaults on the subject of that man. One day you pronounce him a saint; the next a swindler, trying to hoax humanity

and God. Then, there is that gentle little enthusiast, Mrs. Calder. How her fine features glow and her blue eyes kindle at a pathetic story or a noble word! She would strip herself of her own garments to give to a beggar. She has done it. She believes whatever any beggar chooses to tell her. She is eager in going to visit the almshouses, the prisons, in singing hymns to God there, with a voice that would melt hearts of stone. What comfort could you take in writing her down as a sum-total on the side of virtue, if you did not know that she was just as eager in dodging her grocer and milkman with their bills—if you had never seen the torn under-clothing on her children, or suffered from her talent for petty lies?

There, too, is the entire population of Clap City. Nothing could be easier, apparently, than to give them their status in the social scale. Any traveler, noting their frantic haste to make money, their frantic haste to spend it in tawdry display, the balls and champagne suppers which are their idea of "high life," the barren plane of thought on which they dwell, far removed from art or literature,—would be ready to declare that the coat-of-arms of that town should be engraved on pinchbeck, and that of the poorest quality. But I happened to be in Clap City at the time when old Coolidge died, who had been Town Clerk for twenty years,—a man noted for his solid honesty, and I remember the solemnity, the tenderness, with which he was laid under the ground. The next day, too, a sum was given to his widow, by the Town Council, as "a debt due by the City;" a sum sufficient to educate her girls and place the boys in business. It was subscribed out of their own pockets, as everybody knew—but Mrs. Coolidge did not know it. She does not suspect it to this day. These old grocers, and river-men, and liquor-dealers did not speed the soul of their friend upon its way with a prayer, perhaps, but their mode of doing him honor was no less knightly and gentle.

Your young Hotspur, eager and ingenuous, demands from every man a like show of pure metal. He charges on him, strikes his shield *à l'outrance*, with the sharp end of his lance, and holds him a traitor if it does not ring true. But as we jog on into middle age we grow wider, laxer in our judgment; we are ready to find, out of our own shortcomings, a hundred excuses for our fellow-travelers if the rust gathers over

their gold; and when they drop beside us in the road, we follow the kindly old custom of the world, and turn up the bright side of the shield upon the breast of the dead, graving it over with virtues—which he never knew.

Of course there are exceptions. Bullock (I mean O. B. Bullock, the high-priest of morality, not any lesser man of the name) was born middle-aged, and he never countenanced any slipshod dealing of that sort with the living, or agreeable lying over the dead. He would walk calmly this afternoon into Congress or a grave-yard, and write on every desk or tombstone: "This man—a liar; that, a libertine, or thief," with no more qualms of conscience than you would label different qualities of sugar. When he was our representative one would as soon have thought of offering a bribe to the stone George Washington, on his stone horse, as to Bullock. He would hold the offer of a cigar as much of an insult as the bribe. Vice is vice to him. Tobacco smells as rank of the pit to him as *Crédit Mobilier*. He goes steadily and comfortably along the very road whereon poor Christian staggered and fainted, and was hard beset. Apollyon has not courage to attack the president of so many public moral associations and the warden of a church of which the cost, in round numbers, was a million and a-half. He has laid the foundation of a prosperous dry-goods business across the Valley of Humiliation. The weak men and guilty men who clung to Christian's skirts keep clear, you may be sure, of Bullock's sound judgment and impregnable morality, just as dyspepsia and neuralgia sheer off from his six-foot apparatus of muscle, liver, and stomach, always warranted in prime condition. We may rest satisfied that a spot of rust will never gather on that shield. No alloy in Bullock;—he is solid, eighteen-carat virtue, from head to foot.

Naturally, he would have no patience with any such flippant comparison as this between men's characters and two-sided shields. Men are saints or sinners—principally sinners. He finds little but base metal wherever he goes. Some men are so characterless, so trivial, that it is no shield which they hold up to the light, but rather the paper baton of the clown. When he says that, everybody knows that he means his cousin, Jem Floyd. Though he always speaks kindly of him as "Poor James," and adds: "Floyd means well, but he has no

backbone, you know." If backbone mean money, Jem's spinal support is certainly thin; but it is to be hoped his actual vertebral column is all right, as nature has been so niggardly to him in other ways. If you met him on Broadway to-day, you would set him down as the leanest and least man in New York, and then notice the odd, friendly eyes, which would somehow make you wish you knew that fellow, and could send him a better coat. But if you had known Jem for years, you would not offer him the coat, nor any other help, and you would never find out from the merry, plucky little man, how he had been fighting ever since he was born—fighting poverty, sickness, death itself. He was a poor relation, a "bound boy" of Bullock's father—plowing barefoot, and shoveling manure when Bullock was taking the first honor at Yale College—sitting by the kitchen fire late at night, poring over his Latin Grammar. He starved, and worked, and fought his way into an education. A boy can do that in this country, and Bullock or any well-to-do kinsman of such a boy is proud of his old barefoot condition, provided he makes his mark afterward. But Jem Floyd has not made his mark. The young fellow—soul and body—was intent on doing something to help the world. He enlisted, but was discharged from the army on account of failing health. He has written two or three books, but they do not sell a dozen copies in a year. Five or six years ago he married, and he and his wife took a little house in Fordham, N. J. They have not been able to furnish it yet (except with the twins and the baby). All literary and artistic people in New York and Boston know Jem; they make a rendezvous of his house; they will tell you nobody has finer culture or a more delicate critical ability, but that it is hard to find just the niche in which he can work. He had a chance as managing editor of "The Bee," but had to give it up for lack of business knowledge. His miserable health forbids steady newspaper work. He wrote a couple of plays which had great success—light little comedies, with a meaning as tender and true as

if Jem had put part of his own life into them. A woman would come from the hearing of them strengthened and softened as she would have been by holding her child in her arms, or standing by the grave of a man she had loved.

Meanwhile there is not a mechanic out of work this winter, within twenty miles of Floyd, who does not go to him for counsel and help. They do not know—nobody would know—that Jem has not been a most successful man in life. He is still so intent on doing some great work to help the world—so sure that the chance to do it is just at hand, that he is always eager, sympathetic, happy. You will never know what an assemblage of good people this world is until you gain admittance to that bare, gay little house at Fordham, and hear Jem and his wife talk of their multitude of friends, and witness the sweet temper, the humor, the wisdom, the fun, with which they season our cheap suppers of sandwiches and cider. Bullock's state feasts of terrapin and champagne have a different flavor. Bullock regards Jem with meditative sadness, as a man of straw. "I once hoped there was something in him, but he has accomplished nothing but some rubbish for the theater. Out of chaff comes chaff."

As for Jem, I believe he never questions what Bullock's or the world's opinion of him may be. There is so much work waiting for him to do for wife, children, the people about him, that he has no time to give to polishing his shield for the world's view. In any case, the shield of a poor, cranky playwright would certainly be rated by all well-ordered minds as of but cheap and common material.

Yet every man and woman who comes within sight of the gate of that Fordham house, involuntarily brings all that is purest, healthfulest and truest in them to the light, knowing that Jem will expect to meet it in them. Just as in the old times, when the prince went among the ranks, every knight held up his burnished shield in deference, that he might read the legend thereon.

## JEAN-AH POQUELIN.

IN the first decade of the present century, when the newly established American Government was the most hateful thing in Louisiana—when the Creoles were still kicking at such vile innovations as the trial by jury, American dances, anti-smuggling laws, and the printing of the Governor's proclamation in English—when the Anglo-American flood that was presently to burst in a crevasse of immigration upon the delta had thus far been felt only as slippery seepage which made the Creole tremble for his footing—there stood, a short distance above what is now Canal street, and considerably back from the line of villas which fringed the river bank on Tchoupitoulas Road, an old colonial plantation-house half in ruin.

It stood aloof from civilization, the tracts that had once been its indigo fields given over to their first noxious wildness, and grown up into one of the horrid marshes within a circuit of fifty miles.

The house was of heavy cypress, lifted up on pillars, grim, solid, and spiritless, its massive build a strong reminder of days still earlier, when every man had been his own peace officer and the insurrection of the blacks a daily contingency. Its dark, weather-beaten roof and sides were hoisted up above the jungly plain in a distracted way, like a gigantic ammunition wagon stuck in the mud and abandoned by some retreating army. Around it was a dense growth of low water willows, with half a hundred sorts of thorny or fetid bushes, savage strangers alike to the "language of flowers" and to the botanist's Greek. They were hung with countless strands of discolored and prickly smilax, and the impassable mud below bristled with *chevaux de frise* of the dwarf palmetto. Two lone forest-trees, dead cypresses, stood in the center of the marsh, dotted with roosting vultures. The shallow strips of water were hid by myriads of aquatic plants, under whose coarse and spiritless flowers, could one have seen it, was a harbor of reptiles, great and small, to make one shudder to the end of his days.

The house was on a slightly raised spot, the levee of a draining canal. The waters of this canal did not run; they crawled, and were full of big, ravening fish and alligators, that held it against all comers.

Such was the home of old Jean Marie

Poquelin, once an opulent indigo planter, standing high in the esteem of his small, proud circle of exclusively male acquaintances in the old city; now a hermit, alike shunned by and shunning all who had ever known him. "The last of his line," said the gossips. His father lies under the floor of the St. Louis Cathedral, with the wife of his youth on one side, and the wife of his old age on the other. Old Jean visits the spot daily. His half-brother—alas! there was a mystery; no one knew what had become of the gentle, young half-brother, more than thirty years his junior, whom once he seemed so fondly to love, but who, seven years ago, had disappeared suddenly, once for all, and left no clue of his fate.

They had seemed to live so happily in each other's love. No father, mother, wife to either, no kindred upon earth. The elder a bold, frank, impetuous, chivalric adventurer; the younger a gentle, studious, book-loving recluse; they lived upon the ancestral estate like mated birds, one always on the wing, the other always in the nest.

There was no trait in Jean Marie Poquelin, said the old gossips, for which he was so well known among his few friends as his apparent fondness for his "little brother." "Jacques said this," and "Jacques said that;" he "would leave this or that, or anything to Jacques," for "Jacques was a scholar," and "Jacques was good," or "wise," or "just," or "far-sighted," as the nature of the case required; and "he should ask Jacques as soon as he got home," since Jacques was never elsewhere to be seen.

It was between the roving character of the one brother, and the bookishness of the other, that the estate fell into decay. Jean Marie, generous gentleman, gambled the slaves away one by one, until none was left, man or woman, but one old African mute.

The indigo fields and vats of Louisiana had been generally abandoned as unremunerative. Certain enterprising men had substituted the culture of sugar; but while the recluse was too apathetic to take so active a course, the other saw larger, and, at that time, equally respectable profits, first in smuggling, and later in the African slave-trade. What harm could he see in it? The whole people said it was vitally necessary,

and to minister to a vital public necessity,—good enough, certainly, and so he laid up many a doubloon, that made him none the worse in the public regard.

One day old Jean Marie was about to start upon a voyage that was to be longer, much longer, than any that he had yet made. Jacques had begged him hard for many days not to go, but he laughed him off, and finally said, kissing him:

*"Adieu 'tit frère."*

"No," said Jacques, "I shall go with you."

They left the old hulk of a house in the sole care of the African mute, and went away to the Guinea coast together.

Two years after, old Poquelin came home without his vessel. He must have arrived at his house by night. No one saw him come. No one saw "his little brother;" rumor whispered that he, too, had returned, but he had never been seen again.

A dark suspicion fell upon the old slave-trader. No matter that the few kept the many reminded of the tenderness that had ever marked his bearing to the missing man. The many shook their heads. "You know he has a quick and fearful temper;" and "why does he cover his loss with mystery?" "Grief would out with the truth." "Look in his face," said the charitable few; "see that expression of true humanity." The many did look in his face, and, as he looked in theirs, he read the silent question: "Where is thy brother Abel?" The few were silenced, his former friends died off, and the name of Jean Marie Poquelin became a symbol of witchery, devilish crime, and hideous nursery fictions.

The man and his house were alike shunned. The snipe and duck hunters forsook the marsh, and the woodcutters abandoned the canal. Sometimes the hardier boys who ventured out there snake-shooting heard a slow thumping of oar-locks on the canal. They would look at each other for a moment half in consternation, half in glee, then rush from their sport in wanton haste to assail with their gibes the unoffending, withered old man who, in rusty attire, sat in the stern of a skiff, rowed homeward by his white-headed African mute.

"O Jean-ah Poquelin! O Jean-ah! Jean-ah Poquelin!"

It was not necessary to utter more than that. No hint of wickedness, deformity, or any physical or moral demerit; merely the name, and the tone of mockery: "O Jean-ah Poquelin!" and while they tumbled one

over another in their needless haste to fly, he would rise carefully from his seat, while the aged mute, with downcast face, went on rowing, and rolling up his brown fist and extending it toward the urchins, would pour forth such an unholy broadside of French imprecation and invective as would all but craze them with delight.

Among both blacks and whites the house was the object of a thousand superstitions. Every midnight, they affirmed, the *feu follet* came out of the marsh and ran in and out of the rooms, flashing from window to window. The story of some lads, whose word in ordinary statements was worthless, was generally credited, that the night they camped in the woods, rather than pass the place after dark, they saw, about sunset, every window blood-red, and on each of the four chimneys an owl sitting, which turned his head three times round, and moaned and laughed with a human voice. There was a bottomless well, everybody professed to know, beneath the sill of the big front door under the rotten veranda; whoever set his foot upon that threshold disappeared forever in the depth below. What wonder the marsh grew as wild as Africa! Take all the faubourg St. Marie, and half the ancient city, you would not find one graceless dare-devil reckless enough to pass within a hundred yards of the house after nightfall.

The alien races pouring into old New Orleans began to find the few streets named for the Bourbon princes too strait for them. The wheel of fortune, beginning to whirl, threw them off beyond the ancient corporation lines, and sowed civilization and even trade upon the lands of the Graviars and Girods. Fields became roads, roads streets. Everywhere the leveler was peering through his glass, rodsman were whacking their way through willow brakes and rose hedges, and the sweating Irishmen tossed the blue clay up with their long-handled shovels.

"Ha! that is all very well," quoth the Jean-Baptistes, "but wait till they come yonder to Jean Poquelin's marsh; ha! ha! ha!" The supposed predicament so delighted them, that they put on a mock terror and whirled about in an assumed stampede, then caught their clasped hands between their knees in excess of mirth, and laughed till the tears ran; for whether the street-makers mired in the marsh, or contrived to cut through old "Jean-ah's" property, either event would be joyful. Meantime a line of tiny rods, with bits of white

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paper in their split tops, gradually extended its way straight through the haunted ground, and crossed the canal diagonally.

"We shall fill that ditch," said the men in mud-boots, and brushed close along the chained and padlocked gate of the haunted mansion. "Ah, Jean-ah Poquelin, these are not Creole boys."

He went to the Governor. That official scanned the odd figure with no slight interest. He was of short, broad frame, with a bronzed, leonine face. His brow was ample and deeply furrowed. His eye, large and black, was bold and open like that of a war-horse, and his jaws shut together with the firmness of iron. He was dressed in a suit of Attakapas cottonade, and his shirt unbuttoned and thrown back from the throat and bosom, sailor-wise, showed a herculean breast, hard and grizzled. There was no fierceness or defiance in his look, no harsh ungentleness, no symptom of his unlawful life or violent temper; but rather a peaceful and peaceable fearlessness. Across the whole face, not marked in one or another feature, but as it were laid softly upon the countenance like an almost imperceptible veil, was the imprint of some great grief. A careless eye might easily overlook it, but, once seen, there it hung; faint, but unmistakable.

The Governor bowed.

"*Parlez-vous Français?*" asked the figure.

"I would rather talk English, if you can do so," said the Governor.

"My name, Jean Poquelin."

"How can I serve you, Mr. Poquelin?"

"My 'ouse is yond'; *dans le marais là-bas.*"

The Governor bowed.

"Dat *marais* billong to me."

"Yes, sir."

"To me; Jean Poquelin; I hown 'im meself."

"Well, sir?"

"He don't billong to you; I get him from me father."

"That is perfectly true, Mr. Poquelin, as far as I am aware."

"You want to make street pass yond'?"

"I do not know, sir; it is quite probable; but the city will indemnify you for any loss you may suffer—you will get paid, you understand."

"Strit can't pass dare."

"You will have to see the municipal authorities about that, Mr. Poquelin."

A bitter smile came upon the old man's face:

"*Pardon, Monsieur, you is not le Gouverneur?*"

"Yes."

"*Mais*, yes. You har *le Gouverneur*—yes. Veh-well. I come to you. I tell you, strit can't pass at me 'ouse."

"But you will have to see——"

"I come to you. You is *le Gouverneur*. I know not the new laws. I ham a Fr-r-rench-a-man. Fr-rench-a-man have something *aller au contraire*—he come at his *Gouverneur*. I come at you. If me not had been bought from me king like *vassals* in the hold time, ze king gof—France would-a-show *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to take care his men to make strit in right places. *Mais*, I know; we billong to *Monsieur le Président*. I want you do somesin for me, eh?"

"What is it?" asked the patient Governor.

"I want you tell *Monsieur le Président*, strit—can't—pass—at—me—'ouse."

"Have a chair, Mr. Poquelin;" but the old man did not stir. The Governor took a quill and wrote a line to a city official, introducing Mr. Poquelin, and asking for him every possible courtesy. He handed it to him, instructing him where to present it.

"Mr. Poquelin," he said, with a conciliatory smile, "tell me, is it your house that our Creole citizens tell such odd stories about?"

The old man glared sternly upon the speaker, and with immovable features said:

"You don't see me trade some Guinea nigga'?"

"Oh, no."

"You don't see me make some smugglin'?"

"No, sir; not at all."

"But, I am Jean Marie Poquelin. I mine me hown bizness. Dat all right? Adieu."

He put his hat on and withdrew. By and by he stood, letter in hand, before the person to whom it was addressed. This person employed an interpreter.

"He says," said the interpreter to the officer, "he come to make you the fair warning how you muz not make the street pas' at his 'ouse."

The officer remarked that "such impudence was refreshing;" but the experienced interpreter translated freely.

"He says: 'Why you don't want?'" said the interpreter.

The old slave-trader answered at some length.

"He says," said the interpreter, again turning to the officer, "the marass is a too unhealth' for peopl' to live."

"But we expect to drain his old marsh; it's not going to be a marsh."

"*Il dit*——" The interpreter explained in French.

The old man answered tersely.

"He says the canal is a private," said the interpreter.

"Oh! *that* old ditch; that's to be filled up. Tell the old man we're going to fix him up nicely."

Translation being duly made, the man in power was amused to see a thunder-cloud gathering on the old man's face.

"Tell him," he added, "by the time we finish, there'll not be a ghost left in his shanty."

The interpreter began to translate, but—

"*J' comprends, J' comprends*," said the old man, with an impatient gesture, and burst forth, pouring curses upon the United States, the President, the Territory of Orleans, Congress, the Governor and all his subordinates, striding out of the apartment as he cursed, while the object of his maledictions roared with merriment and rammed the floor with his foot.

"Why, it will make his old place worth ten dollars to one," said the official to the interpreter.

"Tis not for de worse of de property," said the interpreter.

"I should guess not," said the other, whittling his chair,—"*seems to me as if some of these old Frenchmen would liever live in a crawfish hole than to have a neighbor.*"

"You know what make old Jean Poquelin make like that? I will tell you. You know—"

The interpreter was rolling a cigarette, and paused to light his tinder; then, as the smoke poured in a thick double stream from his nostrils, he said, in a solemn whisper:

"He is a witch."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other.

"You don't believe it? What you want to bet?" cried the interpreter, jerking himself half up and thrusting out one arm while he bared it of its coat-sleeve with the hand of the other.

"How do you know?" asked the official.

"Dass what I goin' to tell you. You know, one evening I was shooting some *grasbec*. I killed three; but I had trouble to fine them, it was becoming so dark. When I have them I start' to come home; then I got to pas' at Jean Poquelin's house."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the other, throwing his leg over the arm of his chair.

"Wait," said the interpreter. "I come along slow, not making some noises; still, still—"

"And scared," said the smiling one.

"*Mais*, wait. I get all pas' the 'ouse. 'Ah!' I say; 'all right!' Then I see two thing' before! Hah! I get as cold and humide, and shake like a leaf. You think it was nothing? There I see, so plain as can be (though it was making nearly dark), I see Jean—Marie—Po-que-lin walkin' right in front, and right there beside of him was something like a man—but not a man—white like paint!—I dropp' on the grass from scared—they pass'; so sure as I live 'twas the ghos' of Jacques Poquelin, his brother!"

"Pooh!" said the listener.

"I'll put my han' in the fire," said the interpreter.

"But did you never think," asked the other, "that that might be Jack Poquelin, as you call him, alive and well, and for some cause hid away by his brother?"

"But there har' no cause!" said the other, and the entrance of third parties changed the subject.

Some months passed and the street was opened. A canal was first dug through the marsh, the small one which passed so close to Jean Poquelin's house was filled, and the street, or rather a sunny road, just touched a corner of the old mansion's door-yard. The morass ran dry. Its venomous denizens slipped away through the bulrushes: the cattle roaming freely upon its hardened surface trampled the superabundant undergrowth. The bellowing frogs croaked to westward. Lilies and the flower-de-luce sprang up in the place of reeds; smilax and poison-oak gave way to the purple-plumed iron-weed and pink spiderwort; the bind-weeds ran everywhere blooming as they ran, and on one of the dead cypresses a giant creeper hung its green burden of foliage and lifted its scarlet trumpets. Sparrows and red-birds flittered through the bushes, and dewberries grew ripe beneath. Over all these came a sweet, dry smell of salubrity which the place had not known since the sediments of the Mississippi first lifted it from the sea.

But its owner did not build. Over the willow-brakes, and down the vista of the opened street, bright new houses, some singly, some by ranks, were prying in upon the old man's privacy. They even settled down toward his southern side. First a wood-cutter's hut or two, then a market gardener's shanty, then a painted cottage, and all at once the faubourg had flanked, and half surrounded him and his dried-up marsh.

Ah! then the common people began to

hate him. "The old tyrant!" "You don't mean an old *tyrant*!" "Well, then, why don't he build when the public need demands it? What does he live in that unneighborly way for?" "The old pirate!" "The old kidnapper!" How easily even the most ultra Louisianians put on the imported virtues of the North when they could be brought to bear against the hermit. "There he goes, with the boys after him! Ah! ha! ha! Jean-ah Poquelin! Ah! Jean-ah! Aha! aha! Jean-ah Marie! Jean-ah Poquelin! The old villain!" How merrily the swarming Américains echo the spirit of persecution! "The old fraud," they say, "—pretends to live in a haunted house, does he? We'll tar and feather him some day. Guess we can fix him."

He cannot be rowed home along the old canal now; he walks. He has broken sadly of late, and the street urchins are ever at his heels. It is like the days when they cried: "Go up, thou bald-head," and the old man now and then turns and delivers ineffectual curses.

To the Creoles—to the incoming lower class of superstitious Germans, and Irish, and Sicilians, and others—he became an omen and embodiment of public and private ill-fortune. Upon him all the vagaries of their superstitions gathered and grew. If a house caught fire it was imputed to his machinations. Did a woman go off in a fit, he had bewitched her. Did a child stray off for an hour, the mother shivered with the apprehension that Jean Poquelin had offered him to strange gods. The house was the subject of every bad boy's invention who loved to contrive ghostly lies. "As long as that house stands we shall have bad luck. Do you not see our peas and beans dying, our cabbages and lettuce going to seed and our gardens turning to dust, while every day you can see it raining in the woods? The rain will never pass old Poquelin's house. He is a fetch. He has conjured the whole Faubourg St. Marie. And why, the old wretch? Simply because our playful and innocent children call after him as he passes."

A "Building and Improvement Company," which had not yet got its charter, "but was going to," and which had not, indeed, any tangible capital yet, but "was going to have some," joined the "Jean-ah Poquelin" war. The haunted property would be such a capital site for a market-house! They sent a deputation to the old mansion to ask its occupant to sell. The deputation never got beyond the chained gate and a very barren

interview with the African mute. The President of the Board was then empowered (for he had studied French in Pennsylvania and was considered qualified) to call and persuade M. Poquelin to subscribe to the company's stock; but—

"Fact is, gentlemen," he said at the next meeting, "it would take us at least twelve months to make Mr. Pokaleen understand the rather original features of our system, and he wouldn't subscribe when we'd done; besides, the only way to see him is to stop him on the street."

There was a great laugh from the Board; they couldn't help it. "Better meet a bear robbed of her whelps," said one.

"You're mistaken as to that," said the President. "I did meet him and stopped him, and found him quite polite. But I could get no satisfaction from him; the fellow wouldn't talk in French, and when I spoke in English he hoisted his old shoulders up, and gave the same answer to everything I said."

"And that was," asked one or two, impatient of the pause, "that it 'don't worse w'ile?'"

One of the Board said: "Mr. President, this market-house project, as I take it, is not altogether a selfish one; the community is to be benefited by it. We may feel that we are working in the public interest [the Board smiled knowingly], if we employ all possible means to oust this old nuisance from among us. You may know that at the time the street was cut through, this old Poquelann did all he could to prevent it. It was owing to a certain connection which I had with that affair that I heard a ghost story [smiles, followed by a sudden dignified check]—ghost story, which, of course, I am not going to relate; but I *may* say that my profound conviction, arising from a prolonged study of that story, is, that this old villain, John Poquelann, has his brother locked up in that old house. Now, if this is so, and we can fix it on him, I merely *suggest* that we can make the matter highly useful. I don't know," he added, beginning to sit down, "but that it is an action we owe to the community—hem!"

"How do you propose to handle the subject?" asked the President.

"I was thinking," said the speaker, "that, as a Board of Directors, it would be unadvisable for us to authorize any action involving trespass; but if you, for instance, Mr. President, should, as it were, for mere curiosity, *request* some one, as, for instance, our

excellent Secretary, simply as a personal favor, to look into the matter; this is merely a suggestion."

The Secretary smiled sufficiently to be understood that he would not refuse the President's request; and the Board adjourned.

Little White, as the Secretary was called, was a mild, kind-hearted little man, who, nevertheless, had no fear of anything, unless it was the fear of being unkind.

"I tell you frankly," he privately said to the President, "I go into this more to prove the old man innocent, than with any expectation of finding him guilty."

The next day, a little after nightfall, one might have descried this little Secretary slipping along the rear fence of the Poquelin place, preparatory to vaulting over into the rank, grass-grown yard.

The picture presented to his eye was not calculated to enliven his mind. The old mansion stood out against the western sky, black and silent. One long, lurid pencil stroke along a sky of slate was all that was left of daylight. No sign of life was apparent; no light at any window, unless it might have been on the farther side of the house. No owls were on the chimneys, no dogs were in the yard.

He entered the place, and ventured up behind a small cabin which stood apart from the house. Through one of its many crannies he easily detected the African mute crouched before a flickering pine knot, his head on his knees, fast asleep.

He concluded to enter the mansion, and, with that view, stood and scanned it. The broad rear steps of the veranda would not serve him; he might meet some one midway. He was measuring, with his eye, the proportions of one of the pillars which supported it, and estimating the practicability of climbing it, when he heard a footstep. Some one dragged a chair out toward the railing, then seemed to change his mind and began to pace the veranda, his footfalls resounding on the dry boards with singular loudness. Little White drew a step backward, got the figure between himself and the sky, and at once recognized the short, broad-shouldered form of old Jean Poquelin.

He sat down upon a billet of wood, and, to escape the stings of a whining cloud of mosquitoes, shrouded his face and neck in his handkerchief, leaving his eyes uncovered.

He had sat there but a moment when he

noticed a strange, sickening odor, faint, as if coming from a distance, but loathsome and horrid.

Whence could it come? Not from the cabin; not from the marsh, for it was as dry as powder. It was not in the air; it seemed to come from the ground.

Rising up, he noticed, for the first time, a few steps before him a narrow footpath leading toward the house. He glanced down it—ha! right there was some one coming—ghostly white!

Quick as thought, and as noiselessly, he lay down at full length against the cabin. It was pure strategy, and yet, there was no denying it, little White felt that he was frightened. "It is not a ghost," he said to himself. "I *know* it cannot be a ghost," but the perspiration burst out at every pore, and the air seemed to thicken with heat. "It is a living man," he said in his thoughts. "I hear his footstep, and I hear old Poquelin's footsteps, too, separately, over on the veranda. I am not discovered; the thing has passed; there is that odor again; what a smell of death! Is it coming back? Yes. Now it is gone." He shuddered. "Now, if I dare venture, the mystery is solved." He rose cautiously, close against the cabin, and peered along the path.

The figure of a man, a presence if not a body—but whether clad in some white stuff or naked the darkness would not allow him to determine—had turned, and now, with a seeming painful gait, moved slowly from him. "Great Heaven! can it be that the dead do walk?" He withdrew again the hands which had gone to his eyes. The dreadful object passed between two pillars and under the house. He listened. There was a faint sound as of feet upon a staircase; then all was still except the measured tread of Jean Poquelin walking on the veranda, and the heavy respirations of the mute slumbering in the cabin.

The little Secretary was about to retreat; but as he looked once more toward the haunted house a dim light appeared in the crack of a closed window, and presently old Jean Poquelin came, dragging his chair, and sat down close against the shining cranny. He spoke in a low, tender tone in the French tongue, making some inquiry. An answer came from within. Was it the voice of a human? So unnatural was it—so hollow, so discordant, so unearthly—that the stealthy listener shuddered again from head to foot; and when something stirred in some bushes near by—though it may

have been nothing more than a rat—and came scuttling through the grass, the little Secretary actually turned and fled. As he left the inclosure he moved with bolder leisure through the bushes; yet now and then he spoke aloud: "Oh, oh!" and shut his eyes in his hands.

How strange that henceforth little White was the champion of Jean Poquelin! In season and out of season—wherever a word was uttered against him—the Secretary, with a quiet, aggressive force that instantly arrested gossip, demanded upon what authority the statement or conjecture was made; but as he did not condescend to explain his own remarkable attitude, it was not long before the disrelish and suspicion which had followed Jean Poquelin so many years fell also upon him.

It was only the next evening but one after his adventure that he made himself a source of sullen amazement to one hundred and fifty boys, by ordering them to desist from their wanton hallooing. Old Jean Poquelin, standing and shaking his cane, rolling out his long-drawn maledictions, paused and stared, then gave the Secretary a courteous bow and started on. The boys, save one, from pure astonishment, ceased; but a ruffianly little Irish lad, more daring than any had yet been, threw a big hurtling clod, that struck old Poquelin between the shoulders and burst like a shell. The enraged old man wheeled with uplifted staff to give chase to the scampering vagabond; and—he may have tripped or he may not, but he fell full length. Little White hastened to help him up, but he waved him off with a fierce imprecation, and staggering to his feet resumed his way homeward. His lips were reddened with blood.

Little White was on his way to the meeting of the Board. He would have given all he dared spend to have stayed away, for he felt both too fierce and too tremulous to brook the criticisms that were likely to be made.

"I can't help it, gentlemen; I can't help you to make a case against the old man, and I'm not going to."

"We did not expect this disappointment, Mr. White."

"I can't help that, sir. No, sir; you had better not appoint any more investigations. Somebody'll investigate himself into trouble. No, sir; it isn't a threat, it is only my advice, but I warn you that whoever takes the task in hand will rue it to his dying day—which may be hastened, too."

The President expressed himself "surprised."

"I don't care a rush," answered little White, wildly and foolishly. "I don't care a rush if you are, sir. No, my nerves are not disordered; my head's as clear as a bell. No, I'm not excited."

A Director remarked that the Secretary looked as though he had waked from a nightmare.

"Well, sir, if you want to know the fact, I have; and if you choose to cultivate old Poquelin's society you can have one, too."

"White," called a facetious member, but White did not notice. "White," he called again.

"What?" demanded White, with a scowl.

"Did you see the ghost?"

"Yes, sir; I did," cried White, hitting the table, and handing the President a paper which brought the Board to other business.

The story got among the gossips that somebody (they were afraid to say little White) had been to the Poquelin mansion by night and beheld something appalling. The rumor was but a shadow of the truth, magnified and distorted as is the manner of shadows. He had seen skeletons walking, and had barely escaped the clutches of one by making the sign of the cross.

Some madcap boys with an appetite for the horrible plucked up courage to venture through the dried marsh by a cattle-path, and come before the house at a spectral hour when the air was full of bats. Something which they but half saw—half a sight was enough—sent them tearing back through the willow-brakes and acacia bushes to their homes, where they fairly dropped down, and cried:

"Was it white?" "No—yes—nearly so—we can't tell—but we saw it." And one could hardly doubt, to look at their ashen faces, that they had, whatever it was.

"If that old rascal lived in the country we come from," said certain Américains, "he'd have been tarred and feathered before now, wouldn't he, Sanders?"

"Well, now he just would."

"And we'd have rid him on a rail, wouldn't we?"

"That's what I allow."

"Tell you what you *could* do." They were talking to some rollicking Creoles who had assumed an absolute necessity for doing *something*. "What is it you call this thing where an old man marries a young girl, and you come out with horns and—"

"*Charivari*!" asked the Creoles.



"Yes, that's it. Why don't you shivaree him?" Felicitous suggestion.

Little White, with his wife beside him, was sitting on their doorsteps on the sidewalk, as Creole custom had taught them, looking toward the sunset. The view was not attractive on the score of beauty. The houses were small and scattered, and across the flat commons, spite of the lofty tangle of weeds and bushes, and spite of the thickets of acacia, they needs must see the dismal old Poquelin mansion tilted awry and shutting out the declining sun. The moon, white and slender, was hanging the tip of its horn over one of the chimneys.

"And you say," said the Secretary, "the old black man has been going by here alone? Patty, suppose old Poquelin should be concocting some mischief; he don't lack provocation; the way that clod hit him the other day was enough to have killed him. Why, Patty, he dropped as quick as *that*! No wonder you haven't seen him. I wonder if they haven't heard something about him up at the drug-store. Suppose I go and see."

"Do," said his wife.

She sat alone for half an hour, watching that sudden going out of the day peculiar to the latitude.

"That moon is ghost enough for one house," she said, as her husband returned. "It has gone right down the chimney."

"Patty," said Little White, "the drug-clerk says the boys are going to shivaree old Poquelin to-night. I'm going to try to stop it."

"Why, White," said his wife, "you'd better not. You'll get hurt."

"No, I'll not."

"Yes, you will."

"I'm going to sit out here until they come along. They're compelled to pass right by here."

"Why, White, it may be midnight before they start; you're not going to sit out here till then."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, you're very foolish," said Mrs. White in an undertone, looking anxious, and tapping one of the steps with her foot.

They sat a very long time talking over little family matters.

"What's that?" at last said Mrs. White.

"That's the nine o'clock gun," said White, and they relapsed into a long-sustained, drowsy silence.

"Patty, you'd better go in and go to bed," said he at last.

"I'm not sleepy."

"Well, you're very foolish," quietly remarked little White, and again silence fell upon them.

"Patty, suppose I walk out to the old house and see if I can find out anything."

"Suppose," said she, "you don't do any such—listen!"

Down the street arose a great hubbub. Dogs and boys were howling and barking; men were laughing, shouting, groaning, and blowing horns, whooping, and clanking cowbells, whinnying, and howling, and rattling pots and pans.

"They are coming this way," said little White. "You'd better go into the house, Patty."

"So had you."

"No. I'm going to see if I can't stop them."

"Why, White!"

"I'll be back in a minute," said White, and went toward the noise.

In a few moments the little Secretary met the mob. The pen hesitates on the word, for there is a respectable difference, measurable only on the scale of the half century, between a mob and a *charivari*. Little White lifted his ineffectual voice. He faced the head of the disorderly column, and cast himself about as if he were made of wood and moved by the jerk of a string. He rushed to one who seemed, from the size and clatter of his tin pan, to be a leader. "*Stop these fellows, Bienvenu, stop them just a minute, till I tell them something.*" Bienvenu turned and brandished his instruments of discord in an imploring way to the crowd. They slackened their pace, two or three hushed their horns and joined the prayer of little White and Bienvenu for silence. The throng halted—the hush was delicious.

"Bienvenu," said little White, "don't shivaree old Poquelin to-night; he's—"

"My fwang," said the swaying Bienvenu, "who tail you I goin' to chahivahi somebody, eh? You sink bickause I make a little playfool wiz zis tin pan zat I am *dhonk*?"

"Oh, no, Bienvenu, old fellow, you're all right. I was afraid you might not know that old Poquelin was sick, you know, but you're not going there, are you?"

"My fwang, I vay soy to tail you zat you ah dhonk as de dev'. I am *shem* of you. I ham ze servan' of ze *publique*. Zeze *cityens* goin' to wickwest Jean Poquelin to give to the Ursuline' two hondred fifty dola'—"

"*He quoi!*" cried a listener, "*Cinq cent piastres, oui!*"

"*Oui!*" said Bienvenu, "and if he wiffuse we make him some lit' *musique*; ta-ra-ta!" He hoisted a merry hand and foot, then frowning, added: "Old Poquelin got no bizniz dhink s'much w'sky."

"But, gentlemen," said little White, around whom a circle had gathered, "the old man is very sick."

"My faith!" cried a tiny Creole, "we did not make him to be sick. W'en we have say we going make *le charivari*, do you want that we hall tell a lie? My faith! 'sfools!"

"But you can shivaree somebody else," said desperate little White.

"*Oui!*" cried Bienvenu, "*et chahivahi* Jean-ah Poquelin tomo'w!"

"Let us go to Madame Schneider!" cried two or three, and amid huzzahs and confused cries, among which was heard a stentorian Celtic call for drinks, the crowd again began to move.

"*Cent piastres pour l' hôpital de charité!*"

"Hurrah!"

"One hongred dolla' for Charity Hospital!"

"Hurrah!"

"Whang!" went a tin pan, the crowd yelled and Pandemonium gaped again. They were off at a right angle.

Nodding, Mrs. White looked at the mantel-clock.

"Well, if it isn't after midnight!"

The hideous noise down street was passing beyond earshot. She raised a sash and listened. For a moment there was silence. Some one came to the door.

"Is that you, White?"

"Yes." He entered. "I succeeded, Patty."

"Did you," said Patty, joyfully.

"Yes. They've gone down to shivaree the old Dutchwoman who married her step-daughter's sweetheart. They say she has got to pay \$100 to the hospital before they stop."

The couple retired, and Mrs. White slumbered. She was awakened by her husband snapping the lid of his watch.

"What time?" she asked.

"Half-past three. Patty, I haven't slept a wink. Those fellows are out yet. Don't you hear them!"

"Yes. Why, White, they're coming this way!"

"I know they are," said White, sliding out of bed and drawing on his clothes,

"and they're coming fast. You'd better go away from that window, Patty. My! what a clatter!"

"Here they are," said Mrs. White, but her husband was gone. Two or three hundred men and boys passed the place at a rapid walk straight down the broad, new street, toward the hated house of ghosts. The din was terrific. She saw little White at the head of the rabble brandishing his arms and trying in vain to make himself heard; but they only shook their heads, laughing and hooting the louder, and so passed, bearing him on before them.

Swiftly they pass out from among the houses, away from the dim oil lamps of the street, out into the broad starlit commons, and enter the willowy jungles of the haunted ground. Some hearts fail and their owners lag behind and turn back, suddenly remembering how near morning it is. But the most part push on, tearing the air with their clamor.

Down ahead of them in the long, thicket-darkened way there is—singularly enough—a faint, dancing light. It must be very near the old house; it is. It has stopped now. It is a lantern, and is under a well-known sapling which has grown up on the wayside since the canal was filled. Now it swings mysteriously to and fro. A goodly number of the more ghost-fearing give up the sport; but a full hundred move forward at a run, doubling their devilish howling and banging.

Yes; it is a lantern, and there are two persons under the tree. The crowd draws near—drops into a walk; one of the two is the old African mute; he lifts the lantern up so that it shines on the other; the crowd recoils; there is a hush of all clangor, and all at once, with a cry of mingled fright and horror from every throat, the whole throng rushes back, dropping everything, sweeping past little White and hurrying on, never stopping until the jungle is left behind, and then to find that not one in ten has seen the cause of the stampede, and not one of the tenth is certain what it was.

There is one huge fellow among them who looks capable of any villainy. He finds something to mount on, and, in the Creole *patois*, calls a general halt. Bienvenu sinks down, and, vainly trying to recline gracefully, resigns the leadership. The herd gather round the speaker; he assures them that they have been outraged. Their right peaceably to traverse the public streets has been trampled upon. Shall such encroachments be endured? It is now day-

break. Let them go now by the open light of day and force a free passage of the public highway!

A scattering consent was the response, and the crowd, thinned now and drowsy, straggled quietly down toward the old house. Some pressed ahead, others sauntered behind, but every one, as he again neared the tree, came to a stand-still. Little White sat upon a bank of turf on the opposite side of the way looking very stern and sad. To each new-comer he put the same question:

"Did you come here to go to old Poque-lin's?"

"Yes."

"He's dead." And if the shocked hearer started away he would say: "Don't go away."

"Why not?"

"I want you to go to the funeral presently."

If some Louisianian, too loyal to dear France or Spain to understand English, looked bewildered, some one would interpret for him; and presently they went. Little White led the van, the crowd trooping after him down the middle of the way. The gate, that had never been seen before unchained, was open. Stern little White stopped a short distance from it; the rabble stopped behind him. Something was moving out from under the veranda. The many whisperers stretched upward to see. The African mute came very slowly toward the gate, leading by a cord in the nose a small brown bull, which was harnessed to a rude cart. On the flat body of the cart, under a black cloth, were seen the outlines of a long box.

"Hats off, gentlemen," said little White, as the box came in view, and the crowd silently uncovered.

"Gentlemen," said little White, "here come the last remains of Jean Marie Poque-lin, a better man, I'm afraid, with all his sins, than any of you will ever be."

There was a profound hush as the vehicle came creaking through the gate; but when it turned away from them toward the forest, those in front started suddenly. There was a backward rush, then all stood still again staring one way; for there, behind the bier, with eyes cast down and labored step, walked the living remains—all that was left—of little Jacques Poque-lin, the long-hidden brother—a leper, as white as snow.

Dumb with horror, the cringing crowd gazed upon the walking death. They watched, in silent awe, the slow *cortège* creep down the long, straight road and lessen on the view, until by and by it stopped where a wild, unfrequented path branched off into the undergrowth toward the rear of the ancient city.

"They are going to the *Terre aux Le-preux*," said one in the crowd. The rest watched them in silence.

The little bull was set free; the mute lifted the long box to his shoulder. For a moment more the mute and the leper stood in sight, while the former adjusted his heavy burden; then, without one backward glance upon the unkind human world, turning their faces toward the ridge in the depths of the swamp known as the Leper's Land, they stepped into the jungle and disappeared.

### SOME RECENT WOMEN POETS.

It seems to us that the poetry of women, considered as such, has yet to meet with a full and sufficient criticism. In various passages of various critical essays will be found a wise and sensitive scrutiny of particular poetical productions of women, hinting an acknowledged perception of artistic qualities peculiar to them; but the whole subject of women's poetry would, we think, repay a more systematic treatment. One cause for its not having received this is, of course, the fact that the rise of women's poetry bears a

date of hardly more than a century since; and it has taken most of that period for the mixed intelligence and masculine judgment of the world to get its lenses properly adjusted for a fair contemplation of the new phenomenon. Lord Byron said that women could not write dramas, because their feelings and their experience of life were not varied enough; and excepted only Joanna Baillie. In what manner, then, did he account for *her* ability—this same good muffins-and-tea-inspired Joanna? It is rather

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curious, too, that it should have been Byron who spoke, since he was inferior even to Miss Baillie in skill of dramatic construction and the evolution of character. But he was not alone in the graceful assumption to man of the sole right to revel in deep poetic feeling, like that of drinking too much wine. When Garrick brought out Hannah More's "Percy," he wrote a prologue to be spoken by a lady, into which he put this becoming sentiment:

"Let us wish modestly to share with men,  
If not the force, the feather of the pen."

It was a queer age, when the whole matter could be turned off with a glib, trifling alliteration like that. But, in truth, they had no real woman's poetry at that time. Miss Baillie and Miss More succeeded by a dexterous dullness, by an unconscious currying of favor through the concealment of what was most characteristic of their sex, and an aping of the masculine manner. An "Address to a Steam Vessel" or "Poem on The Slave Trade" was the sort of thing to which they extended their intellectual antennæ. It seems significant that these two women were maidens: only the tough British type of spinster could have achieved what they had to achieve in order to get a hearing. Then came the Lady Blessington and Book of Beauty period, and women began to be graceful in verse. At last, Mrs. Browning arose. She was the apostle of the true woman's poetry; and it is by the light of her fame that a good many women since have been enabled to discover their own genius. Yet of her singing Mr. Stedman says, and seemingly with justice, that "Health was not its prominent characteristic." In her exquisitely spiritual emotion and utterance "nothing is earthly, though all is human." Certainly none but a woman was likely to have given us those two lines in the "Drama of Exile:

"Till your smile waxed 'too holy,  
And left your lips praying."

None but Shelley, to whom Mr. Stedman has said she is akin, suggesting as a ground for this that Shelley "was the most sexless, as he was the most spiritual of poets."

Now, it is this connection between that spiritualness of Mrs. Browning's and a certain unhealthiness, that we are occasionally led to ponder deeply upon, in looking over books of poetry by women of the present day. Hannah More put into the mouth of

a character the sentiment, that "Women in their course of action describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness." Applying this to their poetry, the points brought into issue would be: Is it a circle which is here described? Is it correct? How shall we define, and just where shall we place the orbit of the feminine genius in poetry?

"I am so weary and alone."

This is the sort of line one meets with constantly in women's poetry. "Weary," "Tired," "Doubt," "Questioning—" this is the sort of title one is apt to encounter. You find pretty much the same thing, here and there, in all of it; circumstance and shaping being a little altered to suit the individual case. The line just quoted comes out of a little book of poems by Lelia B. Bickford, collected after her death. She was a young woman of Newburyport, who died at twenty-one, leaving a short record of song that is sad reading. There is not much real poetry in the book, but it evidences a sensitive and solitary spirit searching vaguely for its place in the world, longing for love or death—you are not quite sure which—and finally passing away, at once and quietly. She seems to have discovered, as Mr. Stedman reminds us imaginative girls are apt to discover, that she had "missed something," and to have passed into that "abnormal growth" insuring to "the feebleness of dreamers, who have poetic sensibility without true constructive power," blight and early decay. When we consider from what barren and unsuggestive nooks of existence such young women strive sweetly and patiently into sight, we must wonder at their accomplishment—small as it frequently is. It is to be feared that an un nourishing soil sometimes starves the best of them, and that the fittest intellectually do *not* always survive. Miss Bickford leaves traces of genius in her simple verses, which surprise one, if her remote growth and slight opportunities be considered, and displays sudden perfections that seem to have promised achievement of a very rare and far-reaching order. For example, in these stanzas on snow-flakes:

"They cannot be tears from some sad angel's eye,  
Because Heaven's people, I think, do not cry;  
Who knows but the great sculptor Sun may design  
These star-flakes? All day he's neglected to shine.

"Ah, no; I remember, last night in the west,  
Great clouds lay like giants reclining for rest;  
They could not help seeing our flowers were dead,  
So now they are sending their blossoms instead."

Elsewhere she speaks of

"The aching sense of loss  
Instead of growth, as days and days go on,  
*As pulseless age becalms youth's galleon.*"

What is this "aching sense of loss," by the way, and what the "proffered gladness" she speaks of in the same poem, which she must renounce "for Duty's righteous sake?" There, indeed, the patient, plaintive sadness characteristic of young women poets is recurring. This thin volume of slender verses, full of technical imperfections and girlish thoughts, is a strange, sad study. In one place she has "A Prayer for Growth," affecting not so much by its poetry, as by its pure and touching ambition to make "Earth's bitterness grow less." And in her last poem of all (printed in SCRIBNER), she sums up her heart's prayer again.

"I only ask to sing  
A little song, so true and strangely sweet,  
That though it be not wise, or e'en complete,  
The tired world, while going to and fro,  
More glad and faithful, hearing it, shall grow."

We dwell upon this, because it seems to illustrate a distinguishing trait of youthful feminine poetry. Poets, throughout life, are such by virtue of sustained youthfulness; but it seems to us that women represent the *sadness* of life's prime, while men singers preserve its more joyous side. All poets inherit a vexed youth, but women persist in expressing the surprised sadness that such periods bring in the conflict of ideals with actualities.

They cannot quite weather the bitter "blossom-storm" that assails them on the near edge of summer. The consciousness, too, of being born with a mysterious inheritance called "womanhood" that strangely hinders them in the artist-life, saddens them. The sorrow, the yearning, the passionate aspiration thus engendered rings always through their lines.

Here is a new aspirant for poetic privilege, publishing under the name of "Stuart Sterne," whose example is in point. The element of unrest and yearning here is one that could not have had an existence in a masculine breast: it arises from a somewhat indefinite sorrow over some one who appears to have died long since, and whom the writer loved and revered so wholly, that

all chances of earthly happiness are now closed. At times this person would seem to have been known to her, but to have loved some one else, and to have since died; in other places her passion appears to fix itself upon the persons of great men long since departed, which leads us to conceive the other affection to be also imaginary. But, however this be, there is breathed throughout the whole series of irregular and uneven poems relating to it an extraordinary force of feeling. There is a strength of unshaped aspiration and vigor of emotion in them that are quite unusual in contemporary verse. In the lines beginning, "What strange, dark fate," the authoress bitterly bewails that, when loving, worshipping, "kindling with fire divine" for people of "undying words, immortal deeds," and asking to be led to them, she is always told that—

"Long the dark earth below,  
The hands you'd kiss are crumbled into dust."

And in one of her best-formed pieces, a sonnet opening with: "O ye, the matchless sweetness of whose song," she entreats the great poets who have made the world fair to forgive her—she, who dares to raise her voice in the same world, even though her "fame should perish like the winter's snow"—should she not prove to be of the Elect. Her faults, however, are grave. Her diction is careless and almost always commonplace; she grossly disregards what should be first with all young poets—form; and by far the greater portion of the volume is made up of mere prose. Had we obeyed our first impression, we should have laid it down in complete disappointment and disapproval after the first glance through its pages. To the casual reader, we have little doubt that "Stuart Sterne's" wordiness, rambling form, and prosaic utterance will cast discredit on her better qualities, and cause her poetic passion to appear in a light only ridiculous. But her venture deserves more than this. The longest of her efforts is a story (not, as yet, a poem), based on an episode in the life of Beethoven; and to such objective matter we should advise her hereafter to direct her attention—though with a far deeper and longer devotion to art than is manifest in the present performance—if her wish is, genuinely to grow. In the stanzas entitled "The Nun," there is evidence of ability to seize a characteristic state of mind, although, to be sure, the mood expressed is much akin to her own. It is



distinctions of character, and the action of emotion in others, that she should now study. Twice or thrice, too, she interrupts her wandering and unmusical lines with real little poems, as that beginning, "Love me as thou may'st love the silvery light," and that in which she wishes she had been "a small, sweet, tender bud" laid on the "dead heart" of her dead lover, when he was borne

"Out to the quiet grave, the hill below.

"Glory enough and joy, and deep content,  
For life and death, and all eternity,

To thus have rested for a passing hour,  
What though but as a feeble, fragrant flower,

On thy dead heart!"

Here we discover true feeling and tender fancy. But, as yet, we can promise ourselves nothing in the future from "Stuart Sterne;" we discern a good impulse in her work, but without reverent discipline, and the learning of many things in life and principles in art, it cannot lead to achievement.

"Swallow-Flights of Song," from its association in Tennyson's text, would seem unsuitable to a collection of verse that had not some suggestion of deep sorrow in it. This collection of Harriet McEwen Kimball's has none such; but there is a kind of forced melancholy, a sought suggestion of agreeable grief about them, which answers to it in a measure. This, however, soon wearies the reader; and in such pieces as "Sweet Peas" and "Heliotrope" the overlaid atmosphere of sentiment becomes very nearly laughable, although it is evident that the authoress wrote them carefully, and with the best intentions of being poetical. The ode called "In Autumn" has more merit than most of her efforts, and "Abraham Lincoln" sounds sturdy and earnest. The writer has a considerable sense of rhythm and an appreciation of form, which, nevertheless, desert her at times—especially in the religious pieces that close the book. But, on the whole, it is what we should style "boudoir poetry." It is woman amusing herself,—now with the flowers, now with a momentary doubt and darkness; again humming a strain over a sleeping baby; always elegant in tone, and sometimes graceful; but so indefinite in her aims as to seem idle.

It is always the fortune, or misfortune, of certain poets to amuse themselves and their readers with pretty, painted sorrows and pas-

sions, instead of real ones. We are not quite sure that it is misfortune, because neither party is aware of it, and both are often well pleased with their occupation. Still, it will not do to forget that it is amusement. In this class, along with Miss Kimball, we find Norah Perry, who, feeling called upon to make poetry, is, we think, fortunate in having it successfully floated by the high tide of average culture. There is no original thought in these poems, and the echoes of Tennyson and Browning in them often reverberate with disastrous distinctness to our ears. But they are not deliberately trifling; and this, in passing, must be noted of all women's poetry in our day—that it is remarkably free from conscious lightness. In the "Romance of a Rose" Miss Perry finds a good subject, and treats it excellently well—except that she has added two superfluous stanzas since its first appearance in "The Atlantic;" but elsewhere throughout the list she suffers from insufficiency in her themes. The solemn absorption of the young poetess leads her occasionally into sheer absurdities, as in the piece called "Destiny:"

So near, and yet so far!  
Just a thin, narrow door,  
Shut between—just a far  
Evermore!

And though time has brought me more  
Than I care now to tell,  
I sometimes think of that door,  
And that bell!

She refers to the door-bell. Suppose that Rogers, in telling the story of Ginevra, had talked about "just an old carved chest," and ended with the exclamation: "That spring-lock!" But Miss Perry may reflect that even Mrs. Browning was sometimes betrayed into bathos by her sleeping sense of humor. We do not wish to imply that either Miss Kimball or Miss Perry has not experienced greatly or felt deeply; but it does not appear in their poems, if they have, and therefore to the public it is much the same as if they had not. Our meaning may appear in a better light, to any one who will compare these two writers with others like Mrs. Thaxter, Mrs. Piatt, and Mrs. Whitney—the first two being poets of but a few notes, and those not always musical; the last one a genius of more range and less art, but full of delicate, deep earnestness that makes her "Army of Knitters," "Larvæ," and "Sparrows," worthy of gentle remembrance.

We believe that singers of just this range and *timbre* are called for, however, and that they illustrate one phase of the feminine genius.

In all that we have just been saying about the poetry of women, we have conveyed but a small part of its various significance; and we fear that by some our attitude may have been misunderstood. It is enough to say that it is distinctly one of respect, of earnest investigation, and—in some instances and for some traits—of profound reverence. To pick flowers to pieces, even in the interests of critical science, is not a grateful task; and when we take the petals of poems and scrawl a treatise on them, we run serious risk with the gardeners. But if they will receive our meaning aright, no harm is done; possibly some advantage may accrue to both them and us.

No examination of feminine poetry of this period could be at all just, were H. H.'s work left out of account. If Mrs. Browning has convinced us of the divine right of womanly sorrows, and tearfully sweet experiences of love, to resound in strains that will outlast the century, Mrs. Hunt, we think, is the first to show that a woman may set forth in verse in a distinctive manner, the inspiration of a high philosophy of life interfused with many of the feelings natural and peculiar to her sex. She alone of women singers, while entering deeply into the vicissitudes of womanly life, the joys and griefs of wifehood and maternity, has given satisfactory utterance to the pure consolations and exalted faith that belong to a certain lofty, and, also, happily, a frequent type of woman. More than this—though this should imply it—she has, to a great extent, conquered a fair domain of speech, and gained for herself a poetic idiom of considerable power. At times, language is for her like tempered steel to the swordsman; it will bend double, flash the finest circles through the air, and observe discriminations of the thousandth part of an inch in leaping toward the point of attack. But in her latest offering, "The Story of Boon," she is very far from doing herself justice. Speaking as artists, we have not been struck by a single line in this rhymed tale that is eminent for any quality of technical goodness. The diction is commonplace, the lines are too often broken by full stops, for their length, and make no music. Moreover, in putting these incidents into verse, she has almost wholly lost the dramatic process; and on p. 20 we even find a tacit reliance on Mrs. Leonowens'

prose narrative to complete the sense; for the poet does not explain that Choy was about to be put to the torture, but counts on the fact as understood. Mrs. Hunt seems to have made the mistake of supposing that emotions excited by particular occurrences, of which she has been reading, must be wasted unless employed in giving fresh expression to those identical occurrences, and none other. But it is obvious that indirect inspiration may often be derived from sublime or touching incidents that have already found fitting rehearsal in prose, and that it is only rarely advisable to apply the feelings stimulated by them to a reproduction in a new form of the same matter. What H. H., as we think, ought to have asked herself, and what we, in explaining to ourselves her failure, *have* asked, is: "Were her powers of a kind adapted to the dramatic narration of a very dramatic event in a poem of this length?" Judging from her collected poems, we should have concluded that they were not, for reasons to be given below. As it is, we do not intend to dwell upon the shortcomings of "The Story of Boon," for this is one of the cases when a certain loyalty to genius must be brought into play, if we would preserve a just attitude toward its possessor. In the republic of letters, we are too apt to demand that persons in high places shall instantly come down if they commit an error; but we prefer to regard H. H. in the light of a queen, who only needs to form a new cabinet in order to come into full favor again. That she is entitled to this sort of loyalty, we believe her "Verses" amply prove. Her serene imaginative insight into some of the deepest truths of existence places her very high; there is a deep and sustaining joy in her poetry which is not found elsewhere in women's poetry—a joy, nevertheless, that recognizes its own foundations as being based

"On adamant of pain,  
Before the earth  
Was born of sea, before the sea,  
Yea, and before the light. \* \* \*

If we consider its quality, we shall find its chief strength to be lyrical, and perhaps it is a logical sequence from this that her greatest successes are in her shortest poems. This is true, if we except a few sustained reveries like "Revenues," "My Hickory Fire," "My House not Made With Hands," and "My Strawberry." These are couched in a surpassing strain of sweetness, filled with mys-

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tical apprehension of nature's most friendly secrets, and touched with fancies of "the furry bee," and the "beaded ants," that "prick out and in,"

"Mysterious and dark, and thin."

Here, too, we find her talking deeply to the strawberry:

"I see thy tendrils drink by sips  
From grass and clover's smiling lips;  
I hear thy roots dig down for wells,  
Tapping the meadow's hidden cells.

I mark thee, bathe and bathe again,  
*In sweet, uncalendared spring rain.*"

That last line, graceful as the lily-stalk, has also the enduring gleam of gold. But this group of poems issues from a special mood that cannot include much variety, and perhaps we have received from it as much as it is best that it should yield. In most of her longer pieces, Mrs. Hunt is liable to breaks in her music. In some places we discover strange freaks of lines too long for the measure, and not warranted by the structure, or even the general spirit, of the stanza. At other moments she subsides unconsciously into prose. It follows that she is not yet to be relied on as a master in the ode. "Resurgam" is her strongest venture in this direction. We quote a few lines:

"Somewhere on earth,  
Marked, sealed, mine from its hour of birth,  
There lies a shining stone,  
My own.

Perhaps it still is in the quarry's hold.  
Oh! Pine-tree, wave in winter's cold  
Swifter above it; in the summer's heat  
Drop spices on it, thick and sweet;  
Quicken its patient crystals' growth.

Oh! be not loth,  
Quarry and pine,  
And stir of birds in the still North,  
And suns that shine—

Give up my smooth white stone! Hasten it forth.  
My soul in bondage lies,  
I must arise."

But, as a whole, this, like all her odes, fails for want of a sufficiently accurate timing, and of delicate enough differences in the different strophes, both as to mood and expression. It is in her sonnets that her completest victories are gained. The dignity of their design, the swing of many lines, and the burst of culminating thought in these, are things to be proud of, both for writer and reader.

"All great loves that have ever died dropped dead."

That is one of her most impressive closes. Faults like her frequent awkward omission of the article, as in "in instant," and the continual use of adjectives adverbially, e. g., "sudden seemed," and "patient stringing," fall away from her sonnets, and as the expression perfects itself, the thought has a chance to refine to the utmost, sure of a hearing. "Poppies on the Wheat," "Exile," "Burnt Ships," and "Triumph," shall show cause for our admiration. Of course we do not mean to ignore the vigor of a mystical ballad like "Amreeta Wine," and the readily dramatized narration in "Coronation." We enjoy the simple human feeling in "When the Tide Comes In," and "Coming Across," and the precision and point of "Love's Largess." But we like to point to the much-in-little of "Oenone" and "Demeter," and to the intaglio-like results of "Decoration Day," as warranting our demand for more sonnets from this poetess, rather than more odes and versified stories. Her voice streams forth so well in songs and sonnets, that are not simply "verses," but praiseworthy poems, that we incline to think it her mission to use it only so. Yet, if she closely studies her own forces and failures, and can learn to put as much art into narrative poems as lies in her sonnets, much might come of it. From such metaphysical poetry as "Form," and "Distance," however, to good dramatic narration, is a long stretch, and it were a marvel if one poetess should include it in her beat. For our part, we are content with a much less range for her, believing her to be a fine and faithful lyricist, and though to some extent visibly affected by Emerson, yet hardly injuriously so,—if not a great original power, still a figure unique among women poets, and, we think, the strongest woman poet yet arisen in America. Only Mrs. Howe can call this claim into question; and we are impressed with the feeling that she is by no means so purely a poet as H. H. She is a person whose interests are large and varied, a student of philosophy who stands above the level of fancy. In much of her poetry there is a certain uncouthness of utterance, resulting, it may be, from the wideness of her meaning. Of course, no one who has read the "Battle Hymn" and others of the "Later Lyrics" can forget that she has at times the true "lyric cry" in her verses. But even here, as in her earlier volumes, we are sometimes reminded of a burst of lava that cools on the surface as it flows; an instant chill seems forever falling on her song, and disappointing us of some

last element of beauty essential to our satisfaction. Nor is Mrs. Howe so distinctively feminine as Mrs. Hunt. With but a few exceptions, it seems to us that many of her poems in the character of a woman could have been easily imagined by a man; but those of Mrs. Hunt's, Mrs. Piatt's, and Mrs. Whitney's which arise from the events of women's and children's life, possess an intense, indefinable aroma which could not have been exhaled from any masculine mind.

In so brief and hasty a sketch, we can do no more than suggest a line of reflection which we have, perhaps, said enough to show leads to interesting regions; but could time be taken to follow it up, it might appear that there are reasons why the poetry of women will come to be much more studied henceforth than in the past, and that for women poets triumphs are in store of which they have as yet had only the foretaste.

### YUNG WING AND HIS WORK.

THE Chinese Educational Mission for more than two years has been very quietly and very earnestly putting in operation in New England the initiatory movements of a measure destined to affect materially the future of the oldest, most populous, and most conservative nation in the world. So modestly, in fact, has this Mission taken its place in our land, and commenced its important work, that very few besides those immediately interested and engaged in it, know why so many young Chinese boys are to be found in the towns of the Connecticut Valley. The only general information in regard to these strange visitors, is comprised in the apparent fact that they are here to be educated. Let us see what it means.

China has always been the hermit of nations. Until the present generation, indeed, her ports were not open to international commerce, and the whole vast realm, with its busy hundreds of millions of souls, was an unknown land, with a Cerberus at every portal. The combined powers of the world, led by intrepid America, succeeded, at length, in opening her ports to commerce, and bringing her into diplomatic relations with other lands. But though this marked an era in the monotonous story of that nation's life, it was still only a business transaction. The national traditions, grounded in forty centuries of conservatism, were not to be uprooted in this way. Another instrumentality was called into play before the soil was prepared for the better growths of other countries. A Chinese boy, then a sojourner in a strange land, having abjured the religion of his people, and at home but little better than an outcast, was to be the means in

God's providence, of opening the door of a new and broader national life for his countrymen.

Thirty or forty years ago some American missionaries, who had obtained a footing in Macao, an island on the China coast, gave instructions in English to a young Chinese boy intrusted to their care. So devoted did the young student become to his instructor, that when the latter returned to Massachusetts, Yung Wing, then sixteen years of age, was one of three Chinese lads who accompanied him. The broader facilities which he here found, the young student grasped with an unwavering purpose. Still boarding in the family of Rev. L. R. Brown, of Springfield, Mass., his missionary teacher, he pursued a course of study in Monson Academy, and while there was led to espouse the Christian religion. In 1850, he entered Yale College, where he graduated with distinction, four years later. His student life completed, it became an important question with the young man how to utilize the knowledge he had acquired. Naturally his American friends had hoped to see him enter the field as a missionary preacher, and their influence was exerted in that direction, but Yung Wing decided not to become a missionary. Longing to make his experiences of the greatest possible service to the whole race of his countrymen, he had already begun to dream of a great mission for himself in the educational field. How the desired result was to be brought about not even his yearning soul could imagine.

Few young men in the world's history ever found themselves the champion of a great reformatory idea under greater discouragements than those which Yung Wing

encountered on his return to China. The very decision he had made had cut him off from the sectarian charities that would have helped him to become a preacher to his people, and his college course had been completed under all the discouragements of poverty. But Yung Wing's ardent patriotism never wavered. He turned his back upon every temptation to forego the purpose of his heart, and soon after leaving Yale set sail for China. Here he was utterly without friends, and a stranger in his own land. While achieving such success in the study of our language, he had forgotten his own, and could neither write nor speak it so as to make himself understood. There was no one to welcome him. By his own people he was regarded with a prejudice which almost excluded him from their society; while his refusal to become a formal missionary acted strongly to his disadvantage with the foreigners there resident, who somewhat naturally considered him a sort of hopeless convert after all.

Ten years passed, and though he had made every possible effort to secure some position which would bring him into connection with the officials of his country, he seemed no nearer to the realization of his ambition. But, though he had now reached middle life, with no prospect of being able to accomplish his heart's aspiration, Yung Wing never for a moment wavered in his design, or lessened his efforts to bring his plans to the notice of the Government.

In 1862, there came a gleam of light. In that year, Tsang Koh Fan, the General commanding the Imperial troops operating against the rebels, after an interview with Yung Wing, who was then established in business in the interior, engaged his services for the Government, and made him a mandarin of the fifth rank. His first recommendation was for the establishment of a factory for the manufacture of arms, which should be supplied with the best machinery to be had in the world. The recommendation was at once acted upon, and Yung Wing was given the amount of money named as necessary, with an eighteen months' leave of absence, to procure the material wherever he saw fit. He visited America, England, and France, but bought all his machinery here, and on his return to China was made a mandarin of the fourth rank.

Then came another period of waiting. Yung Wing had never forgotten his educational project, and had often taken opportunity to urge its importance upon his friends;

but while he made many converts to his ideas, he was invariably given to understand that it was not yet time to bring the project before the higher authorities—that he must wait till prejudice softened, if it ever should soften; and the patient patriot waited on. But he was not waiting in vain. The Tientsin massacre of 1869 is still fresh in memory, and this it was that indirectly brought about the success of Mr. Wing's long cherished plan. The French Catholic missionaries were murdered by a mob, and for a time great alarm was felt lest all foreigners might be treated in the same manner. The foreign officials demanded indemnity, and a guarantee for the future. Committees were appointed from both sides, and Yung Wing was among the Chinese representatives. The services he rendered were so marked as to secure him especial recognition. He now took the opportunity to impress, more earnestly than ever, upon the officials with whom he came in contact the absolute national necessity of having representative men educated in foreign thought and ideas, as well as in language, so that China should be prepared to meet the new responsibilities which its enlarged commercial policy required, without being obliged, as in the instance of Mr. Burlingame, to obtain the services of foreigners to represent it. It was a strong argument addressed to the national pride, and we may well suppose it was pressed with all his powers of reasoning, for such an opportunity he might never see again. And this time the plea was not in vain. In due time the imperial decree was issued, the necessary money appropriated, and the commission appointed.

The commissioners were Yung Wing, now made a mandarin of the third rank, Chin Lan Pin, and Chan Laisun, the secretary of the Board. The latter, like Yung Wing, was educated in America. In boyhood he came to this country, and for some years lived at Bloomfield, N. J. He graduated at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., and, after returning to his native land, won distinction as a teacher of Chinese youth, entering heartily into the educational plan. Like Yung Wing, Mr. Laisun is a convert to Christianity, and several of his family are now members of the First Congregational Church at Springfield.

The third commissioner, Chin Lan Pin, who lately returned to China to attend to the interests of the Mission there, might very properly be termed the conservative element of the Board. His associates were Chris-



tians, and to a great extent Americanized. He remained true to his people in religion, in thought, in custom. While appreciating the advantages that would result to his country from the proposed new departure in education, he was inclined to fear, with many of his fellow-Celestials, that the long sojourn of their youth in a foreign land would result in a loss of those national peculiarities which are so dear to the Chinese heart. And Mr. Wing and Mr. Laisun may well respect the conscientious conservatism of their associate. While they have no fears of any such "demoralization" of their pupils, and would, at heart, no doubt, welcome their conversion to Christianity, there would seem to be glory enough for one lifetime in their present success.

The details of the Mission were placed entirely in the hands of Mr. Wing. The imperial decree merely designated that one hundred and twenty Chinese boys should be sent to the Western countries for education from early boyhood to mature manhood. It was quite in the natural order of things that Yung Wing should lead his important charge back to the scenes that had been familiar to his own early manhood.

The matter, having once been decided upon, was carried out with the national thoroughness. Four years were given to the selection of the pupils, in order that the most brilliant and promising sons of the empire should be secured. Scholarship was made the only test, and while many of the fortunate ones are the sons of wealthy and influential parents, the children of the humblest mechanic are by no means debarred. Each year an installment of thirty has been sent to this country, and the coming season will witness the filling of the complement.

The proposed course of education is to be distinctively Chinese in its thoroughness and completeness. There is to be nothing of American haste or superficiality about it. Fifteen years is the contemplated period of sojourn, and though this limit may be shortened in individual cases, it is likely that the large majority of our Celestial pupils will remain the full time. Nor do those pupils who have already commenced their course manifest any desire for a shortening of the time. Patience is peculiarly a Chinese trait. No matter what task may be assigned them,

it is undertaken with an application which knows no faltering or discouragement. In fact, Chinese boys appear to have no conception of the difference between hard and easy tasks; whatever is given them is undertaken with their whole strength of mind. Their success with English studies is remarkable. Some of those who began their studies but little more than two years ago, under the tutorship of Rev. M. C. Stebbins, late Principal of the Springfield High School, are now studying advanced algebra and Latin, with corresponding progress in other branches. The fine arts do not escape their attention, and in drawing they make very marked progress. One of the pupils of Mr. Stebbins, Chun Lung, had evinced such talent for portraiture, that when the commissioners last visited him they were so pleased with specimens of his skill, that they sat to him for their own pictures.

In reading and spelling they are very proficient, and speak our language with a good degree of fluency; they are sometimes puzzled by our idioms, which, independent of the fact that our language is so "fearfully and wonderfully made," will hardly be surprising, when it is remembered that there is not a line of resemblance between the two languages, the Chinese having neither case, gender, number, mood, nor tense.

The students are distributed through all the towns on the Connecticut River between Springfield and Hartford, and in that vicinity, with families of culture, two in a family; as a rule, only two are apportioned to the same town. They become very much attached to their associates in many cases, and some interesting incidents are related in that condition. A case illustrative was that of one whose father, a prosperous merchant in the Sandwich Islands, desired his son to give up his student's life and join him in business. But the boy's heart rebelled, and, as he was progressing wonderfully with his studies, the commissioners and his tutor joined in urging that the boy be allowed to remain in the Mission, and the father finally withdrew his request. As soon as the work of preparation is completed the boys will enter the different colleges selected.

Such is an imperfect sketch of one of the greatest educational movements of the age, indeed of all history. Its importance to the future of China no one can estimate.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## Count Ten.

WE begin with this issue the tenth volume of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. To us, who, from inside positions, have watched the development of the Magazine throughout a long period of financial depression, and seen it with strong and certain steps, if slower than we wished, rising to a great success, the birth of every new volume is like the birth of a child. We gather around it; we make new plans for it; we indulge in new hopes over it. We try to learn, alike from previous successes and mistakes, how best to build it, and how best to serve with it the constantly increasing throng of patrons and readers.

We relinquinsh with this number the editorial department entitled "Nature and Science," so long and ably maintained by Dr. John C. Draper. We do it simply on the ground that it cannot be sufficiently detailed and extended to be of moment to scientific men, and cannot be so confined to practical topics as to be of popular interest and value. We substitute for it a department entitled "The World's Work," which will, of course, contain, with all that belongs to it, the results of science, applied to commerce, mechanics and industry. Without greatly changing the character of the little department hitherto known as "Etchings," we give it a better name and a larger field. Under the heading "Bric-à-brac," our readers will find every month a mélange of entertaining reading, gathered alike from life and literature, and containing special contributions in prose and verse. The solid type, too, in which the editorial departments have recently been set, in order to cram the more into them, will hereafter be "lead," that it may the more easily be read.

So, from new offices, furnished with every convenience—the most beautiful and comfortable perhaps that any magazine was ever issued from—and with hopes based upon a steadily increasing patronage, we listen while our clock strikes ten, confident of the high noon of our enterprise that is only two volumes in advance. May we all be living to hear the chime when it sounds from its airy perch over Broadway!

## Speaking Disrespectfully of the Equator.

WE heard a sermon recently on the subject of irrational reverence. It was suggestive and stimulating. It recalled to us the fact that one of the principal objects of American reverence is the Devil. There are multitudes who are shocked to hear his name mentioned lightly, and who esteem such mention profanity. We believe we do no injustice to millions of American people in saying that they have a genuine reverence for the being whom they believe to be the grand source and supreme impersonation of all evil. Of course this respectful feeling has grown out of the association of this being with religion, and is strong just in the proportion that the

religion is irrational or superstitious. Now we confess to a lack of respect for the being who played our great grandmother a scurvy trick in the garden, and has always been the enemy of the human race; and we have persistently endeavored to bring him into contempt. It is harmful to the soul to entertain reverence for any being, real or imaginary, who is recognized to be wholly bad. That attitude of the man which defies, rather than deprecates, is a healthy one. If we have an incorrigible devil, who is not fit to live in the society of pure beings, let's hate him, and do what we can to ruin his influence. Let us, at least, do away with all irrational reverence for him and his name.

There is a good deal of irrational reverence for the Bible. There are men who carry a Bible with them wherever they go, as a sort of protection to them. There are men who read it daily, not because they are truth-seekers, but because they are favor-seekers. To read it is a part of their duty. To neglect to read it would be to court adversity. There are men who open it at random to see what special message God has for them through the ministry of chance or miracle. There are men who hold it as a sort of fetish, and bear it about with them as if it were an idol. There are men who see God in it, and see Him nowhere else. The wonderful words printed upon the starry heavens; the music of the ministry that comes to them in winds and waves and the songs of birds; the multiplied forms of beauty that smile upon them from streams and flowers, and lakes and landscapes; the great scheme of beneficent service by which they receive their daily bread and their clothing and shelter,—all these are unobserved, or fail to be recognized as divine. In short, there is to them no expression of God except what they find in a book. And this book is so sacred that even the form of language into which it has been imperfectly translated is sacred. They would not have a word changed. They would frown upon any attempt to examine critically into the sources of the book, forgetting that they are rational beings, and that one of the uses of their rational faculties is to know whereof they affirm, and to give a reason for the hope and faith that are in them. It is precisely the same irrational reverence that the Catholic has for his church and his priest.

The irrational reverence for things that are old is standing all the time in the path of progress. Old forms that are outlived, old habits that new circumstances have outlawed, old creeds which cannot possibly contain the present life and thought and opinion, old ideas whose vitality has long been expended—these are stumbling-blocks in the way of the world, yet they are cherished and adhered to with a reverential tenderness that is due only to God. A worn out creed is good for nothing but historical purposes, and, when those are answered, it ought to go into the rag-bag. Forgetting those things which are behind, the wise man will constantly reach toward those that

are before. The past is small; the future is large. We travel toward the dawn, and every man who reverences the past, simply because it is the past, worships toward the setting sun, and will find himself in darkness before he is aware. Of all the bondage that this world knows, there is none so chilling or so killing as that which ties us to the past and the old. We wear out our coats and drop them; we wear out our creeds and hold to them, glorying in their tatters.

There is even an irrational reverence for the Almighty Father of us all. We can, and many of us do, place Him so far away from us in His inaccessible Majesty, we clothe Him with such awful attributes, we mingle so much fear with our love, that we lose sight entirely of our filial relation to Him—lose sight entirely of the tender, loving, sympathetic, Fatherly Being, whom the Master has revealed to us.

In the sermon to which we have alluded, the preacher quoted Coleridge's definition of reverence, which makes it a sentiment formed of the combination of love and fear. We doubt the completeness of the definition. Certainly, fear has altogether too much to do with our reverence, but if perfect love casteth out fear, where is the reverence? That is an irrational reverence which lies prostrate before a greatness which it cannot comprehend, and forgets the goodness, the nature of which, at least, it can understand. That is an irrational reverence which always looks up, and never around—which is always in awe, and never in delight—which exceedingly fears and quakes, and has no tender raptures—which places God at a distance, and fails to recognize Him in the thousand forms that appeal to our sense of beauty, and the thousand small voices that speak of His immediate presence.

Are we preaching? Let us stop, then. This is a literary magazine, into which religion should never enter! After all, isn't that one of the old ideas that ought to be discarded? Is the highest life of the soul so alien to literature that it must always be served in a distinct course, on a special platter? Even the ass knows enough not to spit out the flower that crowns his thistle.

#### Popular Arts.

THERE are certain arts in high repute among the people which are so inefficiently taught, and so imperfectly acquired, as to call for some stimulating and suggestive questioning. The amount of money expended upon the teaching of music to the young in this country is enormous; and what are the results? In every ladies' school, among our forty millions of people, the piano is sounding from morning until night. In all the cities and large towns, industrious gentlemen, each with a portfolio under his arm, go from house to house, giving instruction upon this popular instrument, and in forty-nine cases out of every fifty, their pupils stop exactly where they leave them. In how many families in this great city of New York can a girl be found who is capable of going on with her practice alone, and

perfecting herself in an art, the rudiments and principles of which she has acquired? Very few, we answer. We do not know of one. The universal testimony is, that the moment instruction ceases, progress ceases. Under the tuition of her teacher, the universal American girl learns her dozen pieces so as to play them fairly, and never goes beyond them. These she plays until they are worn out to her own ear, and the ears of her friends; gradually she loses her power to play these well; and then she drops the piano altogether, especially if she is married. The money paid for her accomplishment, and the precious time she has expended upon it, are a dead loss.

The lessons in drawing, given in the same way, are, as a rule, as poor in results as those given in music. A set of pictures, of various degrees of badness, are manufactured and framed, and that is the end of it, unless the bolstering and spurring of a teacher are called in to keep the pupil to her work; but, beyond the eye of a teacher, the work rarely goes. The average American girl not only has no impulse to perfect herself in the ornamental arts to which she has devoted so much time, but she considers it a hardship to be required to take a single step without assistance. She is just as dependent on a teacher, when she ought to be able to stand and walk alone, as she is when she begins with him.

Now we doubt whether this state of things is owing to something radically wrong in the girl. She has her responsibility in the matter, without question, but it seems to us that there must be something radically wrong in the teaching. A method of teaching which universally produces the result of dependence upon the teacher, stands self-condemned. What would be thought of a teacher of mathematics who, under fair conditions, could not teach his pupils to reason for themselves? What of a teacher of the natural sciences who should uniformly leave his pupils incapable of an independent investigation in geology, or chemistry, or botany? Yet here are two great classes of teachers who uniformly leave the young submitted to their tuition, not only practically helpless, but without the first impulse to go on without help. We know nothing of their business, but we know enough, from the results of it, to know that they are as ignorant as we are of certain very essential departments of it. We know, also, that if they cannot produce better results, the quicker they are out of the way the better.

In the entire conglomerate educational system of America there is no department in which so much time and money are absolutely thrown away as in what are called the ornamental arts. The teachers in this department fail entirely to comprehend the end toward which every lesson they give should drive. It is not for us to point out the remedies for their imperfections, but, in the name of a suffering and disappointed people, to call their attention to those imperfections, and to demand that they shall either be remedied, or the costly farce be withdrawn from the boards.

Oratory is one of the most popular arts in America. The man who can speak well is always popu-

lar; and his hair poured over his forehead, well-brilliant to be sure and that he speaks more than—has he come to be shamed. T his voice. it, and needs power he can shame school else, we matter their cation delph and cl leges. will great tory other must of ha from

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lar; and the orator holds the hearts of the people in his hand. Yet, what multitudes of young men are poured out upon the country, year after year, to get their living by public speech, who cannot even read well! We have had something to say recently about the unreasonableness of the people concerning brilliant preachers; yet, after all, there is something to be said for the people. When a minister goes before an audience, it is reasonable to ask, and to expect, that he shall be accomplished in the arts of expression—that he shall be a good writer, and a good speaker. It makes little difference that he knows more than his audience—is better than his audience—has the true matter in him—if the art by which he conveys his thought is shabby. It ought not to be shabby, because it is not necessary that it should be. There are plenty of men who can train the voice. There are plenty of men who can so develop it, and so instruct in the arts of oratory, that no man needs to go into the pulpit unaccompanied by the power to impress upon the people all of wisdom that he carries. The art of public speech has been shamefully neglected in all our higher training-schools. It has been held subordinate to everything else, when it is of prime importance.

We believe that more attention is now paid to this matter than formerly. The colleges are training their students better. Recently a College of Education and Oratory has been established in Philadelphia, and we are glad to know that both lawyers and clergymen are availing themselves of its privileges. There is no danger that too much attention will be devoted to it. The only danger is, that the great majority will learn too late that the art of oratory demands as much study and practice as any other of the higher arts, and that without it they must flounder along through life practically shorn of half the power that is in them, and shut out from a large success.

#### The Premium on Productive Culture.

THE foreign feather, added last winter to Mr. Emerson's already bending plume, was one which, judging by that gentleman's published letter, he regarded as quite the most brilliant that the plume had ever received—indeed, its crowning glory. We recall one, however, that must have comforted his heart a great deal more than this tribute to his intellect. It was the assembling of his neighbors, on his return from his latest foreign tour, to welcome him. It was not a new thing under the sun, but it was a new thing in America. On the Continent of Europe, the honors paid to genius and culture by friends and neighbors have formed some of the most touching and beautiful incidents of history. We read of artists returning to their country homes, after their metropolitan triumphs, and finding the streets leading to their birthplaces thronged with shouting friends, adorned with floral arches, and strewn with roses. A hundred little cities and villages cherish with the tenderest pride the fact that they have sent out men who have moved the world with speech and song, with picture and sculpture. America has seen, and been capable of, very little of this;

and it really marks an era in our national life when supreme culture is so fully apprehended that it becomes the object of supreme honor.

How many years ago was it that N. P. Willis chronicled the fact that a young man had passed through New York on his way to Europe, for a foreign tour on foot? This young man's name was then James Bayard Taylor. The name has been spoken so many times since that early day that the "James" has been worn away, and has disappeared altogether. Since then, the young man has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes," and done hard work enough for ten men. As lecturer, newspaper correspondent, novelist, writer of travels, poet, translator of Goethe, he has poured his literary life out upon the world in a continuous stream that has grown deeper and broader with the advancing years. America has hardly produced a more prolific life than this, or one more versatile in its productions and possibilities. Yet we fancy that its possessor fancied that he was not held at his true value in a country devoted to money, and political ambition, and social rivalry. How sweetly, then, must the recent ovation paid to him by his old neighbors and friends have come to him! We do not wonder that his mouth was sealed by the swelling of his heart. For, after all, it is love that we are after. We learn to despise the applause of the multitude. The difference between being lionized and being loved and honored is wide. And to be loved and honored by one's early neighbors and friends is the sweetest thing of all. It was worth all the cost of travel over Arabian sands and Siberian snows, and years of toil and struggle, to find one's self at the end among congratulating friends, and proud and hearty fellow-villagers, with tears on one's face, and the great comfort of appreciative sympathy in one's heart.

Last winter an old man with the snows of eighty years upon his head stood before the legislative bodies of the Empire State, and received their obeisance. For sixty years he had been writing for the American people. Their oldest poet, and, in many respects, their best, his productions had been familiar, not only in the household, but the school, to all the generations that have risen since he began to write. With an unspotted personal record, with wisdom won in many schools, with the gathered veneration of half a century looking up to him, and the modesty of one to whom laurels are unwonted and the breath of praise almost a painful surprise, he stood before the people's representatives and received his crown. Did it come too late? No; it never comes too late, if it comes in life. It would have touched him more, doubtless, at an earlier day, when in the thick of his struggle; but men worthy to be honored are not men who seek for honor or recognition. They are not men who must have recognition, or die. Still, the strongest heart melts before personal reverence and personal affection; and the good white head and the good white soul must have had a foretaste of the thrill which will come with the upper verdict: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Now, all these tributes, paid by Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York, to men who have enriched the nation's literature, mean something. They mean that the time is come when that which is most solid in a nation's acquisitions is, in some degree, appreciated.

Our Presidents rise, and scheme, and serve, and pass out of office, and die—most of them to be forgotten. Our politicians reign for a day, and retire to obscurity. Our men of wealth build palaces, and hold banquets, and control great financial interests, and go down in disaster. Our men of society court the various powerful material interests of the world, and rejoice in their patronage for a brief season, and then disappear like the ephemera of the twilight. But art and literature live forever. If a man add to these treasures, he adds to the permanent possessions of the nation. Navies, armaments, wealth, are at the mercy of war. Literature is independent of disaster—nay, disaster only enriches it. It feeds on all forms and phases of the national life, and grows as steadily and surely in adversity as in prosperity. And all these men and women who pour out their lives in literature are the true national benefactors to be cherished, protected, encouraged, fully and freely recognized. They are the kings, queens, and nobles of a realm which is above the accidents of political empires—the producers of treasures which cannot decay.

When the country comes to a recognition of these facts, it comes to its highest glory. When the

birthplace of a poet grows into a shrine; when the name of a true artist becomes a title of renown and affection; when productive culture wins the honor of a prophet in a prophet's own country, the country becomes worth living and dying for. The Scotland of to-day is what Walter Scott made it. If the old man could come back and see how in millions of imaginations he has glorified the homely features of his beloved hills, and transformed every rod he ever stood upon, or wrote about, into a charmed territory, and made every fellow-countryman more tenderly patriotic—ay, if he could hear the affectionate terms in which they speak of "Sir Walter," he would feel that in one region, at least, literature had won the place that belongs to it by right, and that he, and not the chieftains of whom he sang and wrote so wonderfully, was the greatest benefactor of the Scottish people—that he, and not the British Queen, reigns in Scotland to-day.

The people live and grow on thoughts. They are fed by magazines, speeches, sermons, books. The poet ministers to their imaginations, and when they come to realize who their real kings and benefactors are, and how subordinate to the higher life and culture of the soul are all those matters of government, finance and society, which so absorb their attention, and rise to do honor to the almoners of the heavenly bounty, we feel that they have become worthy of the work that is done for them, and that they ought to be most truly happy on whom lies the divine necessity of literary expression.

## THE OLD CABINET.

It is not strange that American writers should occasionally manifest impatience at the tone of English criticism of American books. The English critics, or certain ones among them, seem to find it impossible to be interested in anything American that is not "peculiar." The same tendency is shown in many of their best journals. An American reads the columns of "items" from America with curiosity and astonishment. Can it be that all these preposterous things have happened under his very window, and he has never heard a word about them? These absurdities are put forth, not as abnormal cases, but as the news from America. The fact is, that the true islander is not interested in anything outside, unless it is something that may directly affect his own person and property. "I suppose it is really difficult,"—said a cockney writer to a New York editor, of whom he was seeking employment—"really difficult for you to imagine how little we care about things in America, you know!"

And so it is with the British critics. They harp upon transatlantic imitation of English models just as if, because we happen to live in New York instead of Manchester, we were to be cut off from the literature

into which we were born. Must an American poet who is as ignorant of Indians, prairies, cañons, geysers, and the rest, as if he had been brought up within the shadow of St. Paul's (and had been a subscriber to the London edition of SCRIBNER), must he be condemned because he cannot express himself in Choctaw, or make his verse savor of the Yellowstone?

Such criticism is the offspring of a double ignorance—an ignorance, namely, of American civilization, and of the principles of poetry, to say nothing of the further ignorance of American literature. So far as imitation goes, we claim the right to our own language, to its literature, and to all the legitimate influences of that literature. We claim the right, further, to imitate in just the same sense that Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Byron, and Keats, and Tennyson, and Swinburne, imitated. We do not find that even an English critic calls Solomon to account for imitating David. It might puzzle the same critic to select from a dozen Italian sonnets—none of which he had happened to see before—those which were written by Dante and those which were from the pen of some friend or predecessor of his.



There are plays and poems bound up with Shakespeare's works, concerning whose authorship many learned British critics are exceedingly puzzled to-day, and will be, no doubt, to the end of time.

Now have we brought our own swift condemnation upon us! We see the serene smile that plays over the features of our critical cousin at mention of these luminous names. But if any poet of America desires to be tried by a standard different from the standard by which the greatest are judged,—then, indeed, he deserves no mercy at the hands of "The Athenæum." The question as to any piece of poetic work is simply this: What beauty has it; what sincerity; what worth of thought? These are things the world is sure, sooner or later, to find out.

If we were writing a letter to a young person in America who gave promise of poetical accomplishment, we might say something like this: Do not be greatly troubled by this bugbear of imitation. Nevertheless, if you find yourself inclined to imitate any particular author, fight against that tendency without remorse. Perhaps, instead of fleeing his books, a better way is to "have it out with him." If Tennyson, for instance, is your *bête noir*, read him through and through till whatever he has of mere mannerism, whatever of affectation, cloyes upon you. You will then instinctively avoid his faults, and will have learned, as you should learn, and as you have the right to learn, something of his exquisite art. Above all, "look in your heart and write." If what you have written in all earnestness and sincerity takes no hold upon those of your fellows, to whom you naturally turn for an audience,—if they, as the years go on, and your skill and purpose, and individuality have freer play and development,—if they still pronounce your best work nothing but echo and imitation—then you had better give it up. But remember that the tendency to imitate is a part of that sensitiveness to impression which belongs to the poetic organization. In a sense, all poetry is imitation. The most original and individual of poets often begin with imitation, and the greatest put the whole world of life and literature under contribution. If you have stuff in you, you will find the talk about imitation growing less and less, and by and by you may have the fact of your own strong originality well proved by the crowd of mere mocking-birds who are trying to sing your songs. Look in your heart and write—and all the better for you, for your art, and for your good name, if you find there the land of your birth:

"She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
She of the open soul and open door,  
With room about her hearth for all mankind!"

If you should need further exhortation on the subject of your own country, we might address to you some such words as those addressed early in the century by Joseph Rodman Drake to Fitz-Greene Halleck. It was a stirring note the young poet sounded for the awakening of his friend to more sincere and lofty effort. In our day the exhortation of Drake has not the wide application it then

had. Doubtless, this clarion call had its effect upon others besides the poet for whose awakening it was intended. "You damn me with faint praise," said Halleck to Drake upon receiving the latter's criticism upon his work. "Yes," answered his friend—

"Yes, faint was my applause, and cold my praise,  
Though soul was glowing in each polished line;  
But nobler subjects claim the poet's lays,  
A brighter glory waits a muse like thine.  
Let amorous fode in love-sick measure pine;  
Let Strangford whimper on in fancied pain,  
And leave to Moore the hackneyed rose and vine.  
Be thine the task a higher crown to gain—  
The envied wreath that decks the patriot's holy strain!"

"Yet not in proud triumphal song alone,  
Or martial ode, or sad sepulchral dirge:  
There needs no voice to make our glories known;  
There needs no voice the warrior's soul to urge,  
To tread the bounds of nature's stormy verge;  
Columbia still shall win the battle's prize:  
But be it thine to bid her mind emerge,  
To strike her harp, until its soul arise  
From the neglected shade, where low in dust it lies.

"Tis true, no fairies haunt our verdant meads;  
No grinning imps deform our blazing hearth;  
Beneath the kelpie's fang no traveler bleeds,  
Nor gory vampire taints our holy earth,  
Nor specters stalk to frighten harmless maith,  
Nor tortured demon howls adown the gale;  
Fair reason checks these monsters in their birth.  
Yet have we lay of love and horrid tale,  
Would dim the manliest eye, and make the bravest pale.

"But if the charms of daisied hill and vale,  
And rolling flood, and towering rock sublime;  
If warrior deed, or peasant's lowly tale  
Of love or wee should fail to wake the rhyme,  
If to the wildest heights of song you climb,  
(Though some who knew you less might cry beware!)  
Onward! I say—your strains shall conquer time!  
Give your bright genius wing, and hope to share  
Imagination's worlds—the ocean, earth and air.

"Arouse, my friend—let vivid fancy soar:  
Look with creative eye on nature's face;  
Bid airy sprites in wild Niagara roar,  
And view in every field a fairy race;  
Spur thy good Paolet to speed across,  
And spread a train of nymphs on every shore.  
Or, if thy muse would woo a ruder grace,  
The Indian's evil Manitou explore,  
And rear the wondrous tale of legendary lore.

"Away! to Susquehanna's utmost springs,  
Where throned in mountain mist Arouski reigns,  
Shrouding in lurid clouds his plumbeous wings,  
And sternly sorrowing o'er his tribe's remains.  
His was the arm, like comet ere it wanes,  
That tore the streamy lightning from the skies,  
And smote the mammoth of the Southern plains.  
Wild with dismay, the Creek affrighted flies,  
While in triumphant pride Kanawha's eagles rise.

"Or westward far, where dark Miami wends,  
Seek that fair spot, as yet to fame unknown,  
Where, when the vesper dew of heaven descends,  
Soft music breathes in many a melting tone,  
At times so sadly sweet, it seems the moan  
Of some poor Ariel penanced in the rock.  
Anon—a louder burst!—a scream!—a groan!  
And now amid the tempest's reeling shock,  
Gibber and shriek, and wail—and fiend-like laugh and mock.

"Or climb the Palisado's lofty brows,  
Where dark Omara waged the war of hell,  
Till waked to wrath the mighty spirit rose,  
And pent the demons in their prison cell.  
Full on their head the uprooted mountain fell,  
Enclosing all within its horrid womb!  
Straight from the treeming earth the waters swell,  
And pillared rocks arise in cheerless gloom  
Around the drear abode—their last eternal tomb."

Halleck and Drake—after all, what lines that either of them wrote are likely to outlast the simple tribute which Halleck, in despair of nobler and more fitting utterance, laid with tears upon the grave of the man he loved:

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor nam'd thee but to praise."

TO RETURN to our English critics (and we have shown, after all, that their mistaken criticism carries an admonition it would be well to heed),—in point of fact, of whom was Poe the servile imitator? What poetry of this century is likely to outlast the shocks of time longer than that of Emerson? And from what Englishman did Emerson steal his profound and marvelous verse?

It would be ungenerous to suppose a shade of irritation upon the critical transatlantic mind, owing to a consciousness of the fact that, notwithstanding their own unrestricted enjoyment of all the hereditary local "models," our island cousins have been compelled to send to Massachusetts for "the household poet of England."

WE were lately trying to discover the qualities which made a literary work a part of literature, and sincerity was named as perhaps the most important quality. Sincerity is a great matter, but is it the principal thing? Is not the principal thing, after all, the mind and mood of the writer? At first this

will seem a trite enough statement, but a very good argument can be made for mere style.

We have all been struck at this phenomenon: we are profoundly impressed by a passage we have read, and, after some time, we turn back to read it once more, when, instead of finding at least half a page of print, as we had expected, we find only two or three lines. There is another allied phenomenon—a single line, or passage, in a poem, or an entire poem of but a few lines, obtains great currency, and is constantly praised for its charm. You cannot tell what gives it such fascination; what keeps it so fresh in your own mind, and in the minds of all cultivated people. You have seen other passages and poems by obscure writers, which appeared at first to have more thought and originality. Your amateur friend has, in moments of confidence, read to you his "Ode to the Inscrutable." Some of the lines were really Wordsworthian, not to say Miltonic! Nothing, indeed, is more common in amateur verse-making, of a certain kind, than lines which remind you of Shakespeare, when read aloud by their authors. But, somehow, when the verses get into print, the world is not moved by them, and you confess that type has a queer effect upon poetry, and that it is never safe to commit yourself critically until you "get the poem into your own hands."

So it happens that the simple phrase which the great poet himself set little value upon, and which seemed to him a miserably inadequate statement of his thought—the phrase, the poem, comes, with light in its garments, from a high and pure mind, from a golden and immortal mood.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Fashions in Suits.

As heretofore, combinations of silk and wool fabrics are the favorite style; but many of the most elegant imported dresses are of a single material, though rarely of a single shade—the fondness for mingling different shades and different colors growing by what it feeds on. The method of mingling tints is to have the skirt and sleeves of the darker shade, and the over-dress and basque of the lighter, with a judicious combination of both in the trimmings. Where the costume is of plain and plaided or striped goods, the plain matches the darkest hue in the plaid, and forms the skirt and sleeves. Almost every variety of new stuff is plaided, more or less gayly, and it is with reference thereto, that the modes are designed. Plaids render the figure much larger in appearance than it actually is; consequently, the skirt, apron, and basque are made to fit the figure as closely as it is possible for them to cling. Little trimming, save bands, folds, and slight shirrings in the drapery, is allowed on plaid goods, whatever the material; indeed, every tasteful eye can detect at a glance the extreme difficulty

of ornamenting broken lines and squares successfully. Thus, the favorite over-dresses this season will be aprons,—often very long,—either sharply pointed in the middle, or perfectly square on the lower edge, drawn as smooth and tight across the front and sides as tapes and pins can make them. Behind, the aprons will meet over the tournure, and generally will be secured under a long, loosely-looped sash. Frequently the trimming on the skirt reaches much higher behind than in front, though no amount of skill can ever render this anything but ugly.

In the way of garniture, fashion seems evenly divided between shirrings and knife-plaiting; though the former, being more economical both in time and material, is likely to become the favorite. Sometimes the two styles are used together, to the improvement of neither. Being essentially different, only a false taste would ever wish to mingle them. Many rows of narrow knife-plaiting, with bands at the head, or two rows of wide knife-plaiting lapping each other, are in favor for street skirts. They are extremely heavy, however, especially for spring cos-

times; and at this time, when the first recommendation of a suit is its lightness, shirred trimmings are really to be preferred. A French style of trimming is a deep flounce shirred a finger's width near the top, with a two-inch knife-plaiting on the upper and lower edges of the flounce. The over-skirt, to match, has a two-inch knife-plaiting set under the edge, with a corded bias band above. It is, then, either shirred up and down the middle of the apron, or across the ends which join over the tournure.

Basques, almost without exception, are cut in the cuirass shape; that is, straight round below the waist line, without any fullness, and buttoned down the front to the extreme edge. No trimming but handsome buttons is allowed on them; the bottom being finished by one or two large cords, and the neck by a standing collar of some sort. The shoulder seams are cut very short; the sleeves, therefore, are rather sharply rounded at the top to fit the peculiarly shaped arm-holes. Close coat-sleeves (with simple, but stylish cuffs combining the two materials or colors) are the only ones allowable on street dresses.

It is rumored, unhappily, that our brief but glorious struggle for short street dresses is to end in failure this season; but we hope that American women will still contend for just that degree of independence of mode which shall provide a garb of convenient length for the promenade. We must have our walks, and we want to be tidy; *ergo*, we must abandon, finally and forever, trailing skirts on dusty pavements.

#### Evening Dresses.

THE designs for party robes have never been so charming, we believe, as now. The dainty selections of colors, the delicate commingling of stuffs, the deft touches that produce a maximum of effect from a minimum of cause, all contribute to the beauty of the toilets known as full dress.

To tell the little tale from the beginning, it is well to mention that trains are very long, very slender in shape, and tied back, in front and on the sides, as smooth as it is compatible with locomotion. The cut is a wide, gored front breadth, two very wide side gores, and two straight but narrow back breadths. Sometimes, where this cut does not seem sufficiently long and slender, the seam between the two straight widths is left open for half a yard or so, from the bottom, and a flounce of the silk, plaited like a fan, is set in between the breadths. The effect of this is to render the train more pointed than ever, and, ordinarily, it can hardly be considered an improvement. The prettiest evening dresses are of silk and some thin fabric, like gauze, grenadine, crêpe de Chine, or English crêpe; while the current fancy is to have the color of the thick and thin stuff identical. The peculiar shape of the trail precludes the possibility of effectively trimming the skirt in rows straight round the bottom. Hence, the part of the train resting on the ground is trimmed across until a line is reached, which can be continued round the skirt.

A favorite caprice is to have the two straight

widths in the back covered with shirred breadths of tulle, crêpe, or gauze. The thin breadths are shirred on each edge, and tacked lightly to the silk below; but their fullness forms a fleecy puff over the silken skirt. With this garniture on the back, two or three narrow plaitings, puffings, ruches, or ruffles of the silk and gossamer, combined, outline the skirt, while across the front and sides, are carried loose sashes of the thin stuff mingling with the puffing in the back. These sashes are almost always either beaded, or fringed by wreaths of artificial flowers, which, though never in quite unquestionable taste, are far less objectionable than formerly, since, in many cases, it is difficult to detect the copy from the original. French flowers—many of them made in this country—are so much a part of evening toilets that they are sold in sets of garlands of different lengths, suitable for the waist, skirt, and hair. If carefully selected as to color, a set of flowers will serve for several dresses, which they certainly ought to do, as they cost from fifteen to fifty dollars the set.

As during last year, white will be very popular for evening robes. Chiefly, white grenadines, gauze, tulle, and crêpe will be made up on white silk slips, for they last much better in this way; but for very young ladies, these thin stuffs will be made up over petticoats of the same. A white gown of this sort is one of the most useful adjuncts to any wardrobe. It is fit alike for winter and summer entertainments, can be freshened and varied by different tinted sashes, flowers, and bows, and is not originally as expensive as a rich silk. It was once said by a society woman who made dress a study, that, if a lady could have but two gowns, she should choose a black silk and a white silk; because, with these bases, she could form an indefinite variety of costumes, with trifling expense of money and material. A white silk grenadine or gaze de Chambéry serves almost every purpose of a white silk, at considerably less expense.

Very pretty bodices of bright-colored silk, trimmed with very full pinked ruches, are made to wear over black, white, and neutral tinted gowns. They are sleeveless, cut high to the throat, or Pompadour, as preferred,—the basque part hanging low on the sides in smooth peplum points. One or two such bodices are invaluable to a limited wardrobe; indeed, a number of dainty trifles like these are more desirable than innumerable gowns destined, in a year's time, to be somewhat out of date.

#### Hats and Bonnets.

THE head-coverings which are offered us this season are pitched at every conceivable angle from the face, except a becoming one.

In material, they are principally of the frailest, daintiest chip, in various delicate shades of grays, browns, écrus, creams, and lavenders, as well as black and white. There is a smaller variety than usual of the more durable straws, and such as these are so inferior in beauty to chip, that it may be regarded as a cunning device of manufacturers to

compel us to choose the loveliest and least serviceable head-covering.

It is on the top of the crown—if these bonnets can be considered as having a crown distinct from the rest of the hat—and at the back, that the trimming is massed. This is an artful design; for the bonnets look as if they were falling off anyhow, and the weight of the garniture would appear to be the cause. Beautiful damask ribbons, wide and soft, are used as scarfs, tied loosely around the crown, with many loops. Whole beds of flowers, with bright-hued birds in the midst of them, are dropped carelessly on the silken loops; looking as if the wearer had accidentally passed under a rose bush, and received its over-ripe blossoms on her head.

More loops and ends are on this season's bonnets than were worn last year; but they are generally so nearly hidden by the floral decorations that they would hardly be noticed. Hats and bonnets alike have face trimmings; usually a band or twist of silk more or less covered with flowers and leaves. Indeed, as for the fashion, it is impossible to get on too great a conglomeration of flowers, leaves, grasses, stems, ferns, etc., etc., though the bound of good taste is easily overstepped.

The whole difference between hats and bonnets appears to exist in the small matter of strings. On any other ground, the most discriminating critic would hardly dare to base a distinction.

#### Outside Garments.

THERE is no lack of variety in sacques and mantles, capes, and coats. They are long or short, round or square. To say that one is more strictly the mode than another, would be somewhat rash; yet, just at this moment, little, half-fitting cashmere sacques, single-breasted, with long, square tabs in front, and short, round back resting smoothly over the tournure, appear to have the preference. These are generally trimmed with gimp and fringe, or heavy braid sewed on in horizontal or perpendicular rows,—the width of the braid apart. Now and again, a wide silk facing is employed; but this is regarded as a little gone-by. These sacques are high in the neck, and finished by standing collars, precisely like those used on dresses. The cuffs and pockets are sometimes of eccentric shape, but, for the most part, of the plainest and severest type.

The tendency, with all outer garments, is to greater length in the front than in the back. This is neither graceful nor becoming; but it is new and therefore the most will be made of it. Sometimes it is carried to extremes; as when the front of a garment reaches nearly to the bottom of the skirt, while the back scarcely covers the basque of the dress. Such a style is rare, however, and finds few admirers. All garments are single-breasted this season; the convenient and jaunty little English walking-jacket, heretofore so deservedly a favorite, having been relegated to the shades of departed styles.

For elderly ladies, and those to whom jackets are not adapted, many garments of the dolman char-

acter are made. Some of them are more elegant and distinguished than the sacques, but they are not suitable for misses and young ladies. Such wraps as these are usually fitted in the back, and loose in front, and have cape-like sleeves thrown up gracefully over the arms. The most expensive as well as the prettiest trimming for them is lace—Chantilly or guipure—headed by bands of feathers. This, however, is beyond the average purse; hence, very full fringed or pinked ruches of silk will be employed in place of feathers, and fringe instead of lace.

Beads, jet and steel, and glass, have nearly run their race in regard to outside garments. Though they are often found in gimps, they are seldom used to embroider garments alone; and wherever they appear, they are far less conspicuous and obtrusive than they were. It is believed that another winter will give us an entire surcease of them.

As plaid suits are so much the rage, it is necessary that they should have a wrap of their own material; for black looks badly over them. Sacques made of plaids would be insufferable; so the plaid wraps will be mantles, scarfs thrown entirely round the shoulders, and half-capes neatly fitted to the figure in the back, and worn shawl-fashion in front. These garments will be convenient chance wraps for chilly evenings, with other suits than the one they match.

#### Color in Houses.

ANY foreigner traveling through the countless inland towns and villages between New York and San Francisco would be ready to declare that Americans were born without any sense of color. He sees one long panorama of red brick, or white wooden houses, with green shutters, and is hurried past large crops of pasteboard villas, with Greek stables and Gothic hencoops, the favorite hue for which appears to be a pale, aguish yellow. In fact it is our lack of training in this matter of color which gives to the whole face of the country its look of crudeness, of glaring newness. A farmer, or villager, builds his new house with two leading ideas as far as beauty is concerned: cleanliness and "the fashion." He satisfies the first acquirement by daubing zinc paint or whitewash with an unsparing brush on the walls outside and inside, on gates, fences, even the trunks of the trees. Then he piles a Mansard roof on the wooden fabric, because the squire tells him it is "the style;" spreads a hideous Brussels carpet, with wreaths of impossible flowers, over the parlor floor, for the same reason; hangs some glaring chromos on the wall, and sits down for the rest of his life contented with having proved his title to be considered a man of taste.

House decoration has only within the last ten years been studied as an art in even the large cities of this country. It is no wonder, therefore, that the mass of householders have scarcely as yet learned its alphabet. Before they begin to learn it we would suggest two or three maxims so apparent as to be platitudes; the first of which is, that beauty, while it begins in cleanliness, by no means ends

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there; and, secondly, that it has no inborn relation whatever to the style or fashion; thirdly, that in default of good models, nature is the best teacher, although we confess it requires some culture or a native gift of insight to understand her lessons. The farmhouse builder, with his unlimited swash of white paint, could have learned some truths from the woods, or even the well-tramped road beside him. He will nowhere in nature find permanent, glaring, white coloring, in masses. The hue of the earth, pale grays, browns, yellows, may give him a hint of a base of color for his walls; and for their relief, the darker shades of the moss, or weeds, which he may study on any damp stone or fence-rail. The peculiar gratification to the eye given by the priceless work of Turkish and Persian looms is caused by precisely the same combination of colors as those of lichen in October on the bark of an old tree. It is a popular rule, too, with housekeepers, more ambitious than æsthetic in their tastes, to buy a carpet or wall-paper, which of itself "furnishes" a room. Nature, as they may see by looking out of the window, has chosen her carpet and drapery of quiet monotonous tints, to serve as a background for small and fine effects. We can do little more than suggest this subject to our readers, with the remark that a room without a well-marked meaning is a body without a soul; but that the slightest intrusion of pretension or assertion of wealth into that meaning only gives vulgarity as a soul to the body, and makes it offensive when it might have been only dull.

#### A Grate for Wood Fires.

INSERT a broad strong iron bar securely from side to side of the fire-place, and directly in front, about six inches above the hearth. From this bar let others of less diameter, and about four or five inches apart, extend at right angles to the back of the fire-place, where they may be fastened in the wall, or to a transverse bar, or secured properly upon bricks. No andirons are needed with a grate of this kind; the wood burns well; and the ashes fall down, and are easily removed.

If a second bar is fixed a few inches above the large front bar, the danger of the wood rolling forward and out of the fire-place will be averted.

#### A Veritable Curry.

AN Englishman, who has traveled extensively, gives the following recipe for a curry he saw made in Malay, and vouches for its excellence:

Cut up a fowl into small pieces, and provide four dried and two green onions, five chillies, half a tea-spoonful of turmeric, one tea-spoonful of coriander seed, one of white cummin, and one of sweet cummin. Pound the seeds, turmeric, and chillies well, and slice the onions fine. Butter a saucepan, and, after slightly browning the onions, add the pounded ingredients, with just sufficient water to reduce them to a paste, and throw in the pieces of fowl, and mix well until the meat has a yellow tint. Lastly, add cocoanut-milk, and boil until sufficiently cooked. The

cocoanut-milk is obtained by soaking the finely scraped meat of an old nut in warm water, and straining out the fiber.

#### Kitchen Floors.

WHAT shall we put upon our kitchen floors in winter? "Nothing" would probably be the reply of the sanitarian or of the scrupulously neat housewife. A painted floor, or, better still, one simply oiled two or three times a year, is undoubtedly the most cleanly, for it can easily be wiped up, and is not constantly sprinkling dust over the food like a carpet; but then it is so cold in winter. Sanitarians condemn carpets because they give us dust to inhale; but perhaps perpetual cold feet are equally unhealthy, and carpets are warm. Nevertheless, a carpet is not a desirable thing in a kitchen. It should be taken up and shaken at least once a week, which is a very great trouble, and even then it is really clean only about one day. Sweeping it merely sends the dust flying over everything. Oil-cloth is most commonly used, and is easily kept clean, but it is as cold as the floor. If strips of carpet are laid about, they are always curling up at the corners, or working up into ridges, or tripping people up.

Won't somebody please invent something for kitchen floors that can be easily washed, that will not hold dust, and that will be warm?

#### Burn your Magazines!

BACK numbers of magazines, if not neatly bound, and if permitted to "lie around loose," with worn and soiled covers, become, in the course of years, a great household nuisance. If you can think of no other way of disposing of them, under such circumstances, it is unquestionably best to use them for kindling the fires; they are good solid kindling, combining the principal virtues of paper and wood. We can confidently recommend this method of making a fire, because we have never tried it. We confess to being a little selfish in this matter of magazines; like the Rothschild, who gave guineas to beggars just for the fun of it, we give all the old magazines that we don't want to a certain bright little Irish girl, whom we happen to know, and who manifests the most amusing delight in their possession. Not only she, but her whole family of brothers and sisters, not to say fathers and mothers.

One reason for burning these old magazines is, that if you should send a bundle of them to some poor fellow in a city hospital, or to a family in the far West, or in the South, you would probably receive such a pathetic, not to say tragic, letter, that all your peace of mind would be destroyed for two entire days, or more; such a letter, in fact, as the following, which was written not long since by a woman of the South to some one in New York:

"SIR: A year ago I received a package of periodicals from some unknown Samaritan. I am now in receipt of another, for which most welcome favor, may the good God, who blesses him who extends the cup of cold water to a perishing fellow-creature, bless you in basket and in store, and all belonging to you, to the third generation. Having been reduced through the late horrible war from comparative affluence to poverty, and having



two young daughters, whom I have striven to educate as best I could, and who, like myself, love knowledge, and are yet too poor to subscribe for one periodical, I feel such deep gratitude for this favor that I cannot refrain from thanking you from the very core of my heart. Could you know what delight we felt when the package was received, I feel that you would experience that divine truth: It is more blessed to give than to receive. Living in a dreary and sparsely populated portion of the country, with but little society, and so little to read, it is one of the greatest treats that we could desire, to get a new periodical or a book. I never, in fact, get a package with a piece of newspaper around it but I read every sentence I can make out, and I have often sought for the refuse papers swept from the publishers' doors. I believe God will bless him who ministers to the hungry mind, as well as him who nourishes the suffering body. I will not bore you longer, but trust you will bear in mind that you have given the purest and most heartfelt pleasure to one of God's suffering and brain-starved creatures."

#### Notes from Correspondents.

**COFFEE-MAKING.**—First, buy your coffee, and buy it carefully, seeing that it is thoroughly and evenly roasted, but free from any burnt grains, a few of which will ruin the flavor of a large quantity. See that it is Java, or, best of all, is a mixture of Mocha and Java. Buy it in the grain to avoid impurities and adulteration. Do not buy largely at a time, as there is a peculiar freshness of flavor when newly roasted. Keep it in a closely-covered tin, or earthen vessel. Grind it rather fine, as you need it, for the flavor is dissipated if it is long unused after grinding, even when under cover.

To those who like it, the French method commends itself as giving rich and highly flavored coffee very quickly, and is also to be commended in point of economy, a far smaller portion being sufficient,—since, if judiciously managed, one well-filled tablespoon contains sufficient for two persons. For a small quantity have always a small pot, as it is far nicer and hotter if the pot be of the size to contain only about the quantity needed.

For distilling, the coffee must be ground much finer than for boiling, and must be drunk at once, as it becomes very flat by standing.

A distilling coffee-pot can be obtained, with full directions for use, at any house-furnishing establishment; but let me suggest this—have the pot thoroughly heated with boiling water, and, before allowing it to drip, moisten sparingly and slowly, adding but a few drops of water at a time, since, if allowed to filter before thoroughly permeated, the liquid will be pale in color, weak, tasteless, and disappointing. This no shopkeeper will think to tell you. When thoroughly saturated, keep the little cup constantly filled, and filter as rapidly as possible in order to have the coffee fresh and hot; do this until you have a quantity corresponding to the amount of coffee. But so many prefer the old-fashioned plan of boiling coffee, that I give briefly and simply the plan of a lady, whose coffee is, by all her friends, highly enjoyed, and which gains from them enthusiastic praise:

Have an ordinary coffee-pot, no peculiar style or patent; to each person allow a good table-spoonful of coffee, and one or two extra "for the pot."

Pour boiling water upon this, and boil for eight or ten minutes; then have a beaten egg in a bowl of cold water; add this, and let it merely boil thor-

oughly for a moment. Remove from the stove; add, if needed, more water; leave it for a moment to settle, before serving. Let the latter be done, if possible, with cream and sugar.

The old plan was to mix the egg with the ground coffee, and boil, but this housekeeper observed that the albumen, hardening and holding the coffee, deprived the liquid of half its flavor and color.

**WRITING IN THE LAP.**—I think you are somewhat mistaken about "writing in the lap" in saying that women write so because they have no other convenient place. I think you will find that many have a comfortable desk, and there are very few who cannot command the use of a table!

But, with some broad portfolio, or base to hold the paper, especially if there be some sort of spring to keep it in place, there is no more natural or healthful position for writing than in the lap, unless, indeed, one be very near-sighted, which makes a difference.

In writing at a desk or table, it is almost certain that one arm or the other will be raised unnaturally, and when this is the right arm, there is pressure upon the nerves of the shoulder from the dress or coat, and upon the under side of the arm, by the desk or table. From this pressure, and the constant use of the fingers in perhaps a cramped position, come the frequent cases of what is called "scrivener's paralysis." In order to write easily, the ink and paper should be good, the pen light and flexible, the penholder elastic and light, and of a size not to cramp the fingers. The position should be as natural as possible, upright, and with neither arm much raised or depressed.

Attention to these points makes a wonderful difference in the fatigue of writing, and the over-fatigue of writing too much. Nor should writing be too continuous; it is a saving of time and strength to rise from one's seat at least once in half an hour, move about, throw up and swing the arms, and relieve all tension of the muscles.

And—to go a long way from the point of writing in the lap—if one has done a long evening's work, a few moments in the fresh air are a wonderful refreshment. Or, if that is impossible, a thorough dash with cold water on forehead and shoulders, and especially on the lower part of the back. Cold water and friction on the lower part of the spine are as good as a new supply of electricity, or nerve-power!

**BREAD-BAKING.**—The writer of "Curious Things in Housekeeping" expresses great surprise that the woman of "average good sense," who baked twice a week "regular" for thirty-five years, did not, at the three thousand four hundredth baking, succeed in making good bread. Would it not have been more surprising if, after having baked bad bread three thousand three hundred and ninety-nine times, she should have made good bread the three thousand four hundredth time? This would really have been a phenomenon for which no laws of science, or bread-making, could possibly account.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Ristori in New York.

It has been said of certain story-tellers in the East, that "so extraordinary is their power" of facial expression, "and so skillfully modulated are the inflections of their voices, that even a European, ignorant of the language, can follow their narrative with absorbing interest." Something of the same ability, perhaps, should be credited to Ristori, along with those other eminent actors and actresses who of late years have crossed the Atlantic and made their appearance amongst us, in full confidence that their genius for dramatic expression would find its way to the hearts of a foreign and English-speaking public, even through the barriers of German or Italian speech. It is true, that books of the play, which the auditors of those Oriental story-tellers must dispense with, are a great assistance; and it is true, also, that a large proportion of the audiences which receive Ristori, Salvini, Seebach, or Janauschek, in this city, is made up of persons owning the same nationality as the actors themselves. This, however, is only saying that the field for such representations in New York is one that circumstances have made fertile, and that is easily open to extensive cultivation. But we suspect that it is not so much the attraction of seeing a compatriot distinguishing him or herself on the stage that fills the theaters for these eminent histrionists, as the pure and simple charm of the dramatic representation itself. We recall in this connection the cultured satisfaction which Théophile Gautier exhibits in his "Winter in Russia," at the performance of Ira Aldridge, the American negro, who played "Othello" and "Lear" in English, while the company with whom he acted spoke German, before an assemblage of Russians, a great part of whom probably made their comments on the piece in French! Here, indeed, was a confusion of tongues quite surpassing that bilingual transaction between Booth and Dawson, some years since, at the old Winter Garden. Gautier himself understood neither English nor German, and seems to think that he enjoyed the performance all the better for that reason. Admitting a good deal of justice in his opinion, and making allowance for the reliance on librettos, and the influence of that social "follow my leader" feeling which sets the fashion in such matters, we think it fairly due to Madame Ristori's skill to say that that is the real attraction; and such appeals to the common human reverence for art, as she and others have in recent years made, seem to us commendable. They open to genius in this department a field of personal influence denied to the writer of books, and no less limited than the whole civilized world. But let us look at this special exhibition of Italian skill and genius more in detail.

Madame Ristori's performances were certainly disappointing. Divesting ourselves of prejudice, and

throwing aside as far as possible the mist of rather maudlin rhetoric which some of the daily papers had promptly emitted on her appearance, we confess to having seen in the "Elizabeth" and "Mary Stuart" of this actress, two rather dreary and depressing exhibitions. Both dramas are defective, considered with any regard for close artistic construction. But that is not so much the point, as the indefinable melancholy, quite apart from any mournful results of the tragedy (which, in fact, did not affect us at all), that gradually settled down upon us like a black dust scattered from some relic that is being lifted and handled after long repose, while these two plays slowly dragged through their appointed course. At first, we were pleased with that subdued, sonorous recitation of the rhythmic Italian, and those rounded, easy gestures which even the less important personages gave us—stately movements of the person and of the arms that seemed a grace come down from ancient Rome. The scenery was thin and shabby, the dresses were sadly worn; nevertheless, the performance distinctly possessed that quality of "tone" corresponding to the same thing in painting, which most contemporary representations lack. We mean, that the atmosphere of tragedy was somehow engendered out of scenery, costume, speech, and action: all the parts adjusted themselves in harmonious relations. This grace and harmony is peculiarly Italian; there is a native familiarity on the part of the actors with that imaginary life they are called upon to enact, resulting, perhaps, from the class-feeling of the dramatic profession in Italy, which causes whole families and successive generations of the same family to live upon the stage—being born there, to continue there, and, continuing, to die there also. This inherited ease was illustrated in the aptness of little Stella Ristori, who made the part of the childish Dauphin in "Marie Antoinette" much more endurable than parts usually can be, in which it is necessary to force children to appear. But it may have been partly owing to this "tone" that the entrance of Elizabeth into the scene somehow did not arouse one so much as would have been expected. As the piece proceeded, we became aware that the sensations it excited were akin to those that come of straying among ruins—sensations of a pensive reminiscence, somber association, tragedy, if you will; yet of tragedy a good deal tempered by commonplace and by connoisseur-like satisfaction. In truth, we did not *lose ourselves*, but wandered at ease through *débris* and fine-sculptured capitals and flourishing weeds, only at intervals coming upon some stalwart fragment of a temple, or proud column upright and beautiful as when first reared. The performance rose high in points here and there, as in the subtle skill of that double dictation of letters to Leicester and Popham, and in the throne-room scene with Elizabeth and Essex in conflict. But there was something positively

squalid in the death of Elizabeth, a suggestion of some poor Italian woman expiring in a Roman garret, instead of the proud queen that would not let life leave her except it should be broken short off. And how did it happen that we entered so much more into Essex's injuries than Elizabeth's indignation? Was her character indeed so hateful that the highest triumph of the actress should be to make sympathy difficult?

Hardly; for in "Mary Stuart," where the whole drift of character and incident was in her favor, we found ourselves insensibly going over to Signora Stefani, in the person of Elizabeth, simply because we saw in her—though assisted only by a good talent and a small supply of genius—a fervor and an imaginative conviction that attracted. Mme. Ristori, on the other hand, gave us a cold and conceited Mary Stuart, absorbed in her own wrongs to be sure, but absorbed in a way that showed she was sure of approval from the audience, rather than fortified by a burning and invincible sense of suffering. Signora Stefani, though possessed of no adequate personal presence, and not to be compared with the other as an actress, was Elizabeth—in spirit at least—in the park-scene, without trying to label herself too glaringly; but Mme. Ristori found it necessary to incorporate several subordinate persons into her rôle at this point, and required an amount of bodily propping-up from Talbot and the nurse which the real Mary Stuart would never, at her time of life and with her haughty spirit, have demanded at such a moment. In her denunciation of Elizabeth, however, at the close of this scene, she reached a white heat of anger, which, though it had a somewhat chemical glow about it, was impressive. This, indeed, was the real climax; after it, the play crumbles away in a very unsatisfactory style, and the final scene, so full of mourning dresses and white cambric, and feeble wailing, and so devoid of plastic charm, was in no way soothing to our defrauded sensibilities.

But it is quite plain that in these two rôles in which Ristori has had so many triumphs, she is not now seen to the best advantage. Her playing in them, now, has for its greatest triumph the persuading us how credible her former victories in them are. The mask, the outward appearance is much the same, but the spirit has shrunk up within their encasing substance. But the emotions connected with these parts have been for too long a time the staple of her trade, and she brings them to market in the small arena of her face with a precision and facility that show her resolved to get the highest price of applause attainable, for each shred of sentiment, each convulsive shrinking of the soul. Every artistic success, we suppose, depends upon an admixture in some degree of genius and talent. But the talent should not be plated with genius, the fine and precious gleam of which must then vanish with long wear. Rather it is the *talent* which should become less and less perceptible, as the incrustations upon a gem disappear when it is cut and polished down into its fifty facets. French connoisseurs, we have been told, said of Rachel,

'twas a pity she died so early, because they could never be sure whether she would have turned out a great actress. In their opinion, a long lifetime only would have sufficed to test her. If she grew better, if the genius shone brighter always—well and good! Judged by this severe standard, Mme. Ristori would suffer, for we begin to see under the vestiges of good gold a kind of white metal foundation. One must greatly respect her art; but, after all, it is not the mode, but the substance, which we look for in actresses of this stamp.

When we come to Medea, Lucretia Borgia, Marie Antoinette, however, it is different: here we have something in a much better state of preservation. Into these molds—but especially the last two—she pours a burning fluid of passion, apparently not afraid that they will break, and mar the form. We cannot, maturely, speak so well of Medea, a part which somehow wants coherence, and which is injured by the abrupt catastrophe following upon a rather weak second act. In Lucretia, moreover, it must be remembered that hers is absolutely the only feminine part worth mentioning, and that Victor Hugo's best constructive skill and romantic concentration have been given to the setting off of this solitary, terribly tragic figure. This we do not say in derogation, but only to prepare readers for our conclusion that Marie Antoinette is therefore altogether her finest and most majestic assumption. The persons in this play are numerous, and there is a variety of interests attaching to it; the figure of Louis XVI. is quite as prominent as the heroine's, up to the time of his removal from the scene by death. But Ristori is fortunate in having a play, in this case, which is better arranged than the rest (with the exception of Hugo's), and, therefore, all that it embraces besides the person of Marie is subordinate, or at least coöperative; so that she crowns the whole, being lifted the higher by the abundance of its subject-matter, not weighed down. The transition from her brilliant and careless prime to a premature age, reaches a dignity and beauty not even hinted at in the painful process similar to it, in Elizabeth. There are five distinct summits of high power in the piece,—at the end of the first act, where Marie Antoinette appears to the populace with the Dauphin in her arms; at the end of the third, where the royal family leave the Tuileries in that solemn procession that resembles a living sculpture, Marie following Santerre, holding the hand of the little Dauphin on his shoulder, and making one last sad gesture of farewell to the halls that she is to see no more; again, at the end of the fourth, when Louis is parted with; once more, when she defends the Dauphin from Simon's grasp; and, finally, at the close of all, when the royal heroine walks, in bonds, but proudly, toward her death. But besides these, it gives rise, in Ristori's hands, to quick strokes of vast skill at various points—like those monosyllabic masterpieces, "*Che!*" and "*Tu!*" in the fifth scene of the fifth act—that cannot be described. The whole is like an imposing procession of historic events, brilliant at first, and afterward bathed in deepest shadow, all the vicissitudes of which find

their finest and clearest accent in the person of the heroine, in her gestures, attitudes, changes of countenance, and in the melancholy alteration that befalls her youthful grace and majesty before the curtain closes out the scene. The part was magnificently played, calling out an enthusiasm very different from the coldly critical applause which the excellent-intentioned public gave her other exhibitions; and it was not only a success for the actress, but a triumph for womanhood—the womanhood of Marie Antoinette, an unfortunate but heroic queen, as well as that of all other noble women. At last, in this performance, we discovered what was the ultimate end of art so systematic and refined as this, which had up to that point been surprising us only with its wondrous mechanism; we were here again reminded how and what the drama can really teach.

We shall look back upon Ristori in the rich perspective of this play with great satisfaction. In her other impersonations, we missed that deep quality of joyousness which should underlie even the saddest and darkest tragedy, like an underground spring—making the earth above it bloom in denser shade or brighter blossoms. Satire, sternness, haughtiness, a wildness almost savage could be found in them, but no hint of this; in Marie Antoinette, the mother, we came nearer to it. And, in looking back, we fancy that the picture will gain in power; for one thing that is essential to pleasure in Mme. Ristori's performances is—to be a trifle near-sighted. We refer partly to the evidences of waning physical force and fading freshness, which, however apart from artistic merits or demerits, are still manifest at times; but we mean still more to say that her artistic method is deficient in distantness. All is too real, too much depends on facial movements, and the fineness of these effects invites the opera-glass too constantly. But, this being removed, there is still genius enough to give a broad effect of considerable efficacy. Distance and the lapse of time will tend to bring her performance into even a better focus. We were inclined, at one moment, to regret that such actresses must be so transiently seen. The whole phenomenon has so much of the classic in it, appeals to such high tastes, that to have playing like this constantly before us would be equivalent to a constant cultivation of the more delicate discriminating power in our public. But so far as simple, mellow pleasure is concerned, it is perhaps best that the reality should give place to the modifying memory.

#### Mr. Wilkinson's "Free Lance."\*

In collecting and entitling the forcible papers which compose this volume, their author has given new point and potency to his marked aspirations toward accurate and unbiased criticism, long since indicated, on the first appearance of certain of these essays, for he here illustrates himself more com-

pletely than it was possible for him to do in any one of the articles when issued in the form of a contribution to a magazine, and he now comes forward a distinct and consistent figure, an earnest Evangelical unable to restrain his religious ardor even while discussing subjects purely literary, and eagerly seizing the opportunity, which a review of the United States Christian Commission's labors offers, to pour out his pent-up enthusiasm without stint, once at least, before the volume shall be closed. In this review, the evangelical element in his writings reaches its highest expression, while the papers on Mr. Bryant's *Iliad*, and on *The Character and Literary Influence of Erasmus*, exhibit the culmination of his more purely literary strain. In all but the two last-named, however, his energetic orthodox thought fights boldly abreast of the associated literary thought. It will be noticed that to all these discussions, excepting the two that treat of Bryant, Mr. Wilkinson seems to have been attracted by some loose end of an ethical problem attached to each of the various subjects selected; and by those who have not already made acquaintance with these writings in the pages of SCRIBNER and elsewhere, it may be inferred accordingly that Mr. Wilkinson's readers will find themselves, throughout his pages, engaged in constant intellectual exercise.

The longest of the essays, and the one that has perhaps excited the most active attention of any in the collection, is that on Mr. Lowell's *Prose*. It is an entirely frank, unsparring, dissection of that eminent poet and scholar's prose essays, and, as it seems to us, evidences in the writer of it a rare command of the art of critical fence. Through nearly eighty pages he presses the essayist without pause; we will not count the number of times he compels the cry of "a hit;" but to the end of the bout he remains courteous, reluctant to hurt. Only once or twice does the button come off the foil, and surely not then by any malice of the critic's.

Still Mr. Wilkinson might, without injury to himself, have omitted in his book a passage like that (on p. 156) in which he not very successfully associates the names of Lowell and Gambetta. For our own part, also, we incline to think that he misunderstands Mr. Lowell, where the latter speaks of Shakespeare as having been "unfitted for the pulpit" by "the equilibrium of his judgment." The source of the misunderstanding may lie in Mr. Lowell's ambiguous expression of his idea; we hardly think he intended the implications which Mr. Wilkinson discovers. And when Lowell calls Shakespeare "incapable of partisanship," he means, doubtless, that Shakespeare would not disturb the life and working of a drama by openly taking sides with the good as against the bad persons of the play. Mr. Wilkinson hits hard because he has much system and science in his attack, and, being everywhere consistent with himself, is able, at any instant, to concentrate all his energy upon any forward thrust. It is not to be wondered at that, in the heat of argument, he should discover points which, though they appear vulnerable, do not really call for a touch so sharp as that which he applies. We have therefore seen with

\* *A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters.* By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Albert Mason.

real regret that his candor has in some quarters given offense.

There are passages in this essay which are not entertaining beyond the degree of entertainment that comes of seeing well-founded correction administered. These passages are concerned with the detection of grammatical errors, and one of them, the most disturbed by the pointing out of these, has been selected by a reviewer for somewhat unfair use as a specimen extract, with a contemptuous query appended. Now it strikes us that the true method of deriving benefit from Mr. Wilkinson's honest efforts is to examine the case he presents with honesty similar to his own. Even if unjust, his strictures, based "on the prompting of a vital first principle in what may be called the hygiene of literature," cannot rightly be treated with contempt; but the case is greatly simplified when we observe that they are all strongly sustained by close and unimpeachable reasoning and by principles of grammar and good taste. Mr. Wilkinson, seeing frankness forced out of court for want of a client, undertook the not altogether agreeable duty (in this case) of getting a hearing for the truth. A debt of thanks and of careful attention would assuredly seem to be owing to him for this service.

But there is other service for which he must be thanked: the suave but searching writing, namely, in his essays on Mr. Bryant's poetry, and in that already alluded to on Erasmus, together with the fine burst of enthusiasm excited by the Christian Commission—enthusiasm of a tone too seldom heard from the ranks of contemporary reviewers.

So clear-headed a critic as Mr. Wilkinson cannot, on the other hand, protest against our registering some exceptions to his judgments. In discussing the ethical quality of George Eliot's novels, we believe that he overestimates the degree of despondency supposably induced by them; at least, we think that their effect is not always found to be so discouraging as he depicts it. This may be owing to the fact that readers do not always go to her expecting theological illustration, but looking rather for presentation of phenomena in human nature in the scientific manner. That they obtain this in perfection cannot be denied; though we may deplore with Mr. Wilkinson the absence of evangelical faith from the mind of the great novelist. Yet we think it will also be found true that many readers draw a far more hopeful and encouraging inspiration from her books than our critic deems possible. In short, many persons may be found who will not concur in Mr. Wilkinson's opinion that "George Eliot tries to save us without hope." At the same time, we are aware that George Eliot's cynical selection of phenomena that do not do justice to the better traits of human nature often has a subtly embittering influence. This trait of hers is certainly a flaw in the fruit—an element of bitterness, not greatness. It seems to us, also, that Mr. Wilkinson has erred in a somewhat different direction, though in a similar manner, when he insists on the necessity for a supplemental stanza to Bryant's "June." Even in this Christian era, it may still sometimes be the office of

a poet to merely register, without further comment, a mood of mind common to human nature, whether pagan or Christian. But though these and other points of difference between the writer and the readers of this book may occur, most people, we are sure, will agree in admiration of Mr. Wilkinson's complete frankness on all occasions. It would be well for our literature if there could be more criticism of a tone so outspoken. Only if our critics should all learn to speak so strenuously, and with such unyielding conviction, there might come to pass at times an incommensurable jostling. Notwithstanding his prefatory explanation of his title, Mr. Wilkinson's method is really somewhat warlike, and it need diminish in nothing our respect for his bravery, to remember that there are methods of argument more persuasive in character, and yet equally favorable to integrity of opinion.

#### Robert Lowell's Writings.

If it yet be true, that of making many books there is no end, Mr. Robert Lowell may take to himself no share of responsibility for any such endlessness. It was as long ago as 1857 that the world of novel-readers was surprised by the appearance of "The New Priest in Conception Bay." In 1863 a new edition, illustrated by Darley, was issued to meet the general demand, and ten years afterward still another edition was brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, both of the original volumes being included in one. There was published in 1860, just at the beginning of our civil war, a small volume of Mr. Lowell's poems, and another edition, with some noteworthy additions, was issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. at the end of the war. Last fall, Roberts Brothers, of Boston, published "Antony Brade," a strong, hearty story, of about four hundred pages, written lovingly for those "who have been boys, or are boys, or like boys." And this is the slender record of one man's contributions to general literature. We cannot find it in our heart to say we wish it were more. In these three volumes, we are sure, is the best work of a noble life.

Of the latest of these works, "Antony Brade," we cannot speak too highly. So many books for young folks are goody-goody, or downright bad, or worthless, it is a great comfort to light on a story which the grown-up reader finishes with a sigh of satisfaction, and says: "There! I want my boy to read that!" The charm of "Antony Brade" is not far to seek. The author is one who never will grow old. Whatever years and cares may do for him, his young heart always holds fast to "childhood's holy friendship, and early ambitions that were never lost." It is impossible for one whose youth is thus immortal to miss the breezy boy-life when he writes for it. Therefore, little Posterity, devouring "Antony Brade" in the waning twilight, may well say, as he closes the book: "Why, he writes just like one of us!" So much freshness, "outdooriness," if we may coin a word, is put into this story of school-boy life, it must needs act like a tonic on the reader, be he young or old. The talk of the boys is genuine boy-talk, not manish, nor yet laboriously juvenile; it is so natural.



just tinged with slang, and flavored with young students' crude classicism, that we forget the fiction in the dialogue and action of the characters. Some of the older personages in the little drama, "Mr. Parmenter," for example, are drawn from life, and we are very sure that the kindly and much-nagged Principal of St. Bart's has a real existence somewhere. It is a loving heart, as well as an observant eye, that has looked into the alcove of the sleeping school-boys, and thus tells us what is to be seen:

"Generally, the faces are lying most restfully, with hand under cheek, and in many cases look strangely younger than when awake, and often very infantile, as if some trick of older expression, which they had been taught to wear by day, had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently and evenly fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside it, are the day-clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off, in a hurry; bulging with balls, or, in the lesser fellows, marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where woodchucks have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughnesses of trees on which squirrels' holes have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes or the oozy banks of streams, where muskrats have been tracked. . . . And there, in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the world whirls away with them or how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow."

As in "The New Priest in Conception Bay," there is in this story absolute sincerity of purpose. The description of out-door effects, the atmosphere, scenery, detail of wood, thicket and stream, and the multifarious combinations which we call nature, are all honestly given. The piqued curiosity, small gossip, and somewhat stunted diversions of village life, are as faithfully portrayed before the reader as the crawling mist on the hill-side, the miry country road, or the snowy pasture, where Antony and his comrades set their rabbit-traps. In the Newfoundland story, however, Mr. Lowell has the advantage of a peculiar race from which to draw his characters, as well as a strongly characteristic country for his local coloring. In both these he has been singularly successful. Whoever knows much of the peculiar people inhabiting the long, austere coast of Newfoundland must be charmed with the faithful reproduction of life, manners, and character in the pages of "The New Priest in Conception Bay." The rude occupations of the humble folk of Bay Harbor and Peterport, their repressed and self-contained manner of life, the primitive simplicity and faith of such as "Skipper George" and his ilk, are all true to nature. Most of the characters of the story are strong, and they are as firmly drawn as if we saw them in a real drama. Indeed, though, like "Antony Brade," the Newfoundland story is full of alert action, the latter is certainly more dramatic; every "situation" is a tableau. Mr. Lowell, we observe, likes his little mystery, and he has it in each of his stories. In both, the popular idea of "plot" may

seem to make this necessary. But, for the high art of either, there is no need for anything more than the vivid pictures of real life, and the subtle delineations of human character, which the author has given us.

Mr. Lowell's stories are pervaded with fine poetic feeling, more perceptible, for obvious reasons, in "The New Priest in Conception Bay." That work, too, is somewhat somber, as suits the humor of the poet; and the volume of verse, which we have referred to already, lacks lightness and grace of movement, though no part of it may be called didactic. Mr. Lowell's poetry is elevated in tone, sweet and strong, and breathes in every line a deep religious faith. It is quite impossible for him to write trifles; his aspect is always serious, and even his charming little pastoral, "Our Inland Summer Nightfall," has a grave sportiveness. The hearty cheer of his prose is not apparent in Mr. Lowell's poems; but both prose and verse are vigorous with the strength of a pure mind, a chastened imagination, and a manly intention.

#### "Hours in a Library."\*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN belongs to a class of writers, of which Chorley was an excellent representative, which exists in strength in England, but which is only just beginning to gather its forces in this country. We mean the class of pure critics—men who give the best of their time and intellect to the cultivation of æsthetic judgment, and its refined expression, without necessarily aspiring to create. Chorley, indeed, had aspirations toward production, and soared a little above the critical clan; yet his actual life-employment places him with this class, the existence of which is a luxury only to be enjoyed by old communities. They are a sort of rich moss upon imaginative literature. This simile goes deeper than at first sight it seems to, for this mossy growth is very apt to argue decay in the substance to which it clings. A glance through these very readable essays on De Foe, Richardson, Pope, Scott, De Quincey, and Balzac, will show that Mr. Stephen is inviting us to feast on a few remaining excellences, choice bits from banquets, once full of novelty and delight, that are now beginning to stale. "The lapse of time must, in all cases," he says, "corrode some of the alloy with which the pure metal of all, even of the very first writers, is inevitably mixed." And the business in hand is to apply a touchstone for determining what is worthy to endure. Elsewhere, Mr. Stephen makes the same point more ingeniously. "When naturalists wish to preserve a skeleton, they bury an animal in an ant-hill, and dig him up after many days with all the perishable matter fairly eaten away. That is the process which great men have to undergo. A vast multitude of insignificant, unknown, and unconscious critics, destroy what has no genuine power of resistance, and leave the remainder for posterity." The writer's estimate of the critical function is everywhere re-

\* Scribner, Armstrong & Co., are the American publishers.

markedly modest and conscientious, and it is gratifying to find that he is, in most cases, remarkably successful in separating the chaff from the wheat. In the case of Hawthorne, however, we think him a little premature in his attempts at denudation. Naturalists may want only the skeleton of an animal, but the literary critic should aspire to preserving more than the dry bones of an author. Some of Mr. Stephen's criticisms of Hawthorne on points of art it would be unjust not to admit into a discussion of the subject; but his view in all cases is prosaic, rather than poetic, and his remarks on Hawthorne are inadequate to a just presentation of the whole of our great prose-writing poet. Mr. Stephen pours on an acid in order to see what is strong enough to resist it; but the best part of a writer like Hawthorne is just that which escapes such tests, and resolves itself into "opacous cloud" in the trial.

But though he lacks the poetic apprehension, this critic is not without a pervading sense of humor, and occasionally flashes out into wit, as when, in speaking of the presumption of art-revivalists at the present time, he says: "One thing is pretty certain, and, in its way, comforting, that, however far the rage for revivalism be pushed, nobody will ever want to revive the nineteenth century." "I confess that I am generally skeptical as to the merits of infallible dialecticians, because I have observed that a man's reputation for inexorable logic is generally in proportion to the error of his conclusions"—is a remark not without quaintness. But when he says "Poe was a sort of Hawthorne and *delirium tremens*," it is clear that he is sacrificing nice distinctions to a temptation to say something bright. It is not bright, because it implies that Poe included Hawthorne, whereas the structure of the two geniuses, and their respective results, were radically different.

The paper on Walter Scott is, to our mind, the pleasantest in the book; but those on Balzac and Hawthorne show an agreeable impartiality. And all the essays are like the talk of a cultivated and kindly tempered man, flavored by an accurate and graceful knowledge of books, but also full of the fresh air of out-door, every-day life.

#### Life Insurance.\*

On January 1, 1874, according to the "Insurance Blue Book," there were in existence in the United States 87 life companies, 70 of which had in force 916,866 policies, assuring \$2,231,327,184. Of these 87 companies, 71 received in the aggregate, during 1873, \$125,183,935; expended \$88,958,303, and showed assets amounting to \$374,459,879. It is difficult to take in the full significance of these figures simply by reading them, but a glance at them will convey to every mind a general idea of the enormous importance which this business has assumed. Even

these totals only vaguely indicate the extent to which its ramifications penetrate every part of the land, affecting every grade of society, and touching the interests of a steadily increasing number of individuals. It is fortunate that in general the life insurance business has been conducted with such shrewdness and skill. A failure even of a small company must cause great distress. There have been such failures, but, fortunately, they have been comparatively few in number, and by this time the safer companies are so well known that an insurer has himself to blame if he goes astray in placing his policy. All the more is this the case when there is accessible such a complete and so familiar an exposition of the principles underlying life insurance as is given in this pamphlet. Professor Van Amringe has made a thorough study of this whole subject. His high reputation as a mathematician, and his well-known independence as a man, are of themselves a sufficient pledge of the fact that his presentation of the subject could not have been inspired by any company, or clique of companies; and those, therefore, who care to understand the whole theory of life insurance may study this pamphlet with the fullest confidence that it is an unbiased exposition. The better the principles of life insurance are understood, the more widely its benefits are likely to be felt, and Professor Van Amringe has done good service in thus contributing to a thorough knowledge of the subject.

#### Putnam's Ride.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY: In a communication from R. B. THURSTON, of Stamford, Conn., published in the November (1874) number of your monthly, page 123, in relation to "Putnam's Ride," it is said: "It was a break-neck leap, and has given to that part of Greenwich the name Horseneck, which it still bears."

With all due deference to Mr. Thurston, I beg leave to state that in 1672 twenty-seven persons purchased, from the Indians that still continued about the west part of the town of Greenwich, Mioschasecky, situated between the Myanos and Byram rivers. These twenty-seven proprietors kept separate records of their own, and West Greenwich, which was by them called Horseneck, was entirely under their control, so that the place had been called Horseneck for more than one hundred years before Putnam rode down the stone steps.

Very respectfully,

Cobham, Pa.

HENRY BAXTER.

#### French and German Books.\*

*La Crise de l'Eglise Réformée de France.* By Dourmergue. Grassart, Paris.—The Reformed Church of France is a Protestant, Synodal, Presbyterian Church, that is, one directed by representative assemblies called Synods, which were not given up even in the days of persecution, when they met in what was called the Desert. In 1871, Thiers, as President of the Republic, called a General Synod, when dissensions of great violence occurred between the Evangelical and so-called Radical parties, the Radicals forming a powerful minority. The result was an action of the majority, by which the Minister of Public Instruction and Religions of France was authorized to forward the following

\* A Plain Exposition of the Theory and Practice of Life Assurance. With a Brief Sketch of its History. By J. H. Van Amringe, Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College. New York: Charles H. Kittle, 765 Sixth Avenue.

\* These books may be had of Christern, 77 University Place, New York.

statement respecting legal voters to each of the parishes in the country in accordance with the parochial suffrage granted by Napoleon III. "Those French Protestants are entered, or kept, on the parochial register at their demand, who, fulfilling the conditions actually demanded, and causing their children to be brought up in the Protestant religion, declare themselves to be heartily attached to the Reformed Church of France and to the revealed truth, such as is contained in the holy books of the New and Old Testaments."

As Thiers' right to call a synod was challenged, and as every shade of opinion obtains among French Protestants, some being almost Unitarians, this attempt to draw party lines made a great stir, and very likely led to extreme language, and some misrepresentation to the more ignorant members. While M. Doumergue's charges cannot be received, his claim that the Evangelicals are the real Church cannot be set aside; the others are the real innovators, being Liberals or Progressists, but that does not prevent their loud outcries against being forced to define or leave. For the present, they seem to have the worst of it; the centralizing Evangelicals, at least, are perfectly clear as to what they do or do not believe; the Radicals, who would appear to belong more to Democratic camps, are in a very chaotic condition.

*Mémoires d'un Journaliste.* By H. de Villemessant. Dentu, Paris.—In memoirs mostly reprinted from the Paris "Figaro," M. de Villemessant describes himself as a devoted gambler; his reminiscences in the noble art are both instructive and amusing: instructive for the studies of gamblers, thieves, and gaming superstitions; amusing for the happy, scandalous style in which they are given. Of his many anecdotes some are good, and most of them interesting as exhibits, more or less colored, of one side of the daily life in France and South Germany of such people as have money to spend, and such as live by their wits. He objects to the closing of public gambling-houses, because gambling is only increased thereby. For one open, strictly watched table on which stakes are limited, there are a thousand in private houses, respectable or not, where credits are given by one friend to the other, and amounts at stake cannot be limited. He also encourages every kind of violence and license at cards, in order that gambling may become both dangerous and disreputable.

But Villemessant is before all things a royalist, and his paragraphs of small scandal are full of spiteful pleasantries, whose aim is to attack politically his opponents, such as the Communists Grousset, Courbet, and Rochefort, the accounts of the latter, who was an intimate friend, being very curious. Space is also given to M. Thiers, and it is pleasant to see how in all his brave praises, barbed with insinuations, the real greatness of the French ex-President shines through. Villemessant closes with a characteristic act of treachery: he prints an anonymous letter of M. Thiers which the latter wrote, or is said to have written, to the "Figaro" in confidence. Altogether, Villemessant evinces great

vanity, while only proving to the world that he is a gambler, a liar, a violator of confidences, and, for the comic side of him, a perpetrator of silly practical jokes.

*La Faute du Mari.* By Henri Rivière. Lévy, Paris.—As a serial in the pages of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," the "Husband's Fault" moved very slowly, but in book form the careful drawing tells, while the reader does not demand the sensational spices that are generally needed to pique a languid curiosity to the point of remembering a story from one number of a periodical to another. The husband's fault consists in falling desperately in love with a young widow, Cyprienne Darcy, because his wife, for whom he has sacrificed his prospects in life, is of a cold and unsympathetic nature, although devotedly attached. His love being discovered, he quits his wife; the widow dies soon after, and his own child, born unknown to him, is made the means of surprising him back into his former affection for a now sorrow-softened wife. The book is from the hand of a workman of high order.

*Rafaëlla.* By Arsène Houssaye. Lévy, Paris.—The letters from Paris in the New York "Tribune," which must bewilder the bucolic readers of Mr. Greeley's sheet, are from the bounding pen of the author of *Rafaëlla*. The story does not fail from too much improbability, as one might expect; yet, for all that, it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a certain French school. The medieval Venetian subject reminds one of a prose tale of Alfred de Musset, but possesses, it is needless to say, none of the charm of that genius, while the terse epigrammatic writing, which Victor Hugo carries to such alarming lengths, is not relieved by the breathing spaces which the greater man allows his hurried readers.

The volume contains other stories, and a chapter in which M. Houssaye seems to have arrived quickly at the high tide of success that permits an author to allude to himself, not to say print eulogies by other men on himself.

*Notes pour servir à l'Histoire de la Nouvelle France, 1545-1700.* By the author of "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima." Tross, Paris.—Thorough historians, who, like Mr. Parkman, for instance, have taken up the annals of discoveries and settlements of North America, will find these bibliographical lists of, and historical notes on, the first reports of explorers all-important to their subject. Red tape and the jealousy of foreign intrusion on their amazing collections of official manuscripts, charts, and printed reports bearing on New France, kept the French authorities in the position of dog in the manger; they did not use the immense accumulation of historical data themselves, nor would they allow access on the part of others. In 1842, however, Gen. Cass, U. S. Minister to Paris, broke the charmed circle, and got sight of historical treasures that up to that time Canadian Commissioners had been unable to reach. Even in 1871, it appears to have been only grudgingly that entrance was permitted; but it is hardly possible that at present a well-accredited foreigner would be denied admission. Without drawing at the sources in Paris, it may be said that

no exhaustive work on early American history can be written; the next best thing is this careful description of authorities, supplemented by valuable notes.

*Die Brüder vom Deutschen Hause.* By Gustav Freytag. Hirzel, Leipzig.—The Deutsches Haus is an order of religious knights, into which the hero and independent vassal Ivo is taken at a critical moment. He is thus saved from the fury of wicked revivalist friars, from whom he has torn two victims, no other than his real true-love and her peasant father, while the result is that all the beauty and arts of the Emperor's niece, whom he has loved after the imported fashion, according to the rules of *Minne*, are unable to compete with the heroic fidelity of the village maid, Friderun. True love triumphs over Minne-love for a married princess, even when the princess, become a widow, gives him a glimpse of great fortunes at the Emperor's Court. We have here a full blown tale of the Crusades of the Ivanhoe order, historical and instructive, but not after the tiresome manner of Louisa Mühlbach. The book, indeed, is too long, but it is a practiced hand, scorning exaggerations, that has drawn the contrast between grumbling peasants and blindly obedient minor

vassals; between the poor noble, haughty from independence and a lofty lineage, and the greater vassal looking with envy on the narrow territory of the other. At first, the Emperor is a distant star, and we are sorry when, by putting us through the whole of a small crusade, including Arabs and camels, Syrians and Assassins, Dr. Freytag hurts the art in the essentially German portion of his novel. Nevertheless, it is good work, and work admirably healthy in tone. Being so recent, the decided moral drawn against the Papacy, and the hint to Prussians that they are new-comers compared to Saxons and Thuringians, may be called timely.

*Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie.* Duncker & Humblot, Leipzig, 1875.—Under the auspices of Maximilian II. of Bavaria, this, the first of one hundred issues, begins a complete series of biographies of eminent Germans. Among the four hundred collaborators appear the names of Döllinger and Ranke; doubtless the undertaking will be pushed with the slow thoroughness which makes German literary work so valuable. The present number gives from A to Ah inclusive, and the cost in Leipzig is 2 marks 40.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### The Prevention of Spontaneous Combustion.

BITUMINOUS coal from deep mines, and many other substances, are liable to spontaneous combustion when stored, afloat or ashore, in large quantities. Among the latest devices for preventing this is the saturation of the coal, or other materials, in carbonic acid gas, and the displacement of the ordinary air. In the case of a collier, the acid gas is poured down through tubes, passing through the coal to the bottom of the hold, where it spreads out over the floor, and gradually pushes up the ordinary air, and displaces it till the hold is full, and the coal is drowned in it. In case flame has already started in the coal, the acid gas, rising from the bottom, will at once put it out. In bins, store-houses, and the like, it is plain that the places holding the coal, cotton, wool, and other goods, must be gas-tight, or it will leak out at the bottom and escape. Two gases are recommended for this purpose, carbonic acid gas, and sulphurous acid gas, and both may be quickly and cheaply made. A common soda apparatus, where dilute sulphuric acid is allowed to drip upon marble dust, would, in a short time, manufacture sufficient carbonic acid gas to cover a hundred tons of coal. The manufacture of sulphurous acid gas is even more simple, as it is given off freely by burning sulphur. The only point to be noticed is, that this gas must be cooled before it will fall in the tubes leading to the bottom of the bin. This may be done by passing it through a tube, bent in an arch, made by joining two pieces of gas-pipe with a

return bend at the top. When cool, the gas will readily fall through pipes to the bottom of the ship's hold, bin, coal-pocket, or elevator, and if it is air-tight, will fill it to the brim. Then, if it is possible to make the hatches air-tight, the gas may be kept on the coal for an indefinite time.

### Rock-drilling by Compressed Air.

THE application of compressed air to the work of drilling, "blasting holes" for mining, railroad cutting, etc., has brought out a great variety of inventions, all of more or less value. These air-driven drills have now come into common use, both here and in Europe, and any novel form they may assume becomes of interest. The latest device comes from England, and is radically different from those in use. The common drill of the "jumper" pattern has the apparatus that moves the drill secured to its top, and jumps up and down in the hole, delivering its blow at every stroke. The new drill consists of a steel drill of the ordinary form that is struck on the top by a hammer. The drill does not rise in the hole, but merely turns partly round between each blow. The hammer slides in a suitable case, or guide, that holds the top of the drill. The hammer-head is secured to the piston of an ordinary compressed air engine, and, by the turning of a screw, the cut-offs are regulated to the work, and the speed and power controlled perfectly. The whole apparatus can be easily carried by one man, and it is said that it will drill an inch-and-three-quarters hole in the

hardest granite at the rate of three feet an hour. In use, it is supported by a tripod, or it may be easily held in place by the operator. The old method of striking a drill with hammers is here imitated. There is no waste of power in lifting the drill, no catching on the sides of the holes, and no misdirected blows, and it would seem as if the invention had both merit and novelty.

#### New Photographic Light.

To enable the photographer to take pictures in dark rooms, caves, mines, ruins, and other situations where there is no sunlight, various lamps have been devised. The latest of these lights is produced by throwing a low-pressure jet of oxygen upon a mass of melting sulphur. The sulphur is melted in an open crucible over a spirit lamp. The moment it flames, a jet of oxygen, delivered through a small glass discharge-pipe, is turned upon it, and a bluish light of great actinic power is obtained. A suitable chimney, having a good draught, must be provided to take away the products of combustion. Another method advanced is to fill the crucible with nitrate of potassa, and heat till decomposition begins. Small pieces of sulphur, then thrown in, cause a white light of great power, but of comparatively low actinic value.

#### How to Mark Tools.

To mark your tools, warm them slightly, and rub the steel with wax, or hard tallow, till a film gathers. Then scratch your name on the wax, cutting through to the steel. A little nitric acid poured on the marking will quickly eat out the letters. Wipe acid and wax off with a hot, soft rag, and the letters will be securely etched.

#### Dredging.

BLOWING out mud-banks in the following manner has been suggested. A wrought-iron pipe, having the end closed, and with holes perforated round the bottom, is sunk down from a boat into the soft silt. A powerful stream of air, driven through the pipe, "blows out" the soft sediment, which, in a strong tideway, or current, is swept away while suspended in the water. For the soft mud-banks, and shoals of our Western rivers, such a blowing out might prove of great value in removing bars from troublesome places. Of course, the bar is liable to re-form lower down stream, but in many places this would be of no consequence. A piece of gas-pipe, and a common air-pump, or a steam compressor, would be sufficient to experiment with.

#### Novel Device for Transmitting Power.

UPON the ceiling, or in some convenient place, are hung two cast-iron disks, or hemispheres, securely clamped together. Between the two is an elastic diaphragm having a piston secured to the center. The piston passes through a hole in the lower disk, and is geared to a crank, or short piece of shafting. From each disk extends a common

rubber tube. These are united at any convenient distance with a small air-tight cylinder with a piston. On applying power, the diaphragm is driven rapidly up and down, and the air above and below it is alternately compressed and rarefied. This impulse passes, with little loss by friction, through the pipes, and the piston in the cylinder is alternately sucked up and driven down. As there are two pipes, the movement is reciprocal, and the piston moves with nearly the same power, and at a speed corresponding with the movement of the diaphragm. There is no exhaust, no discharge, and no new supply of air. Even a leak does no harm, except to waste the power, and the cylinder will work in whatever position it is placed, so long as the pipes are clear. This device has been used in cutting cloth in a wholesale clothing-house, and it is said to work satisfactorily.

#### The Diamond Stone Saw.

To saw stone has been the dream of many inventors. Here is the finished result of years of experiments. The machine stands in a wooden shed, having wide doors opening upon the stone-yard. In a general way it resembles the gang-saws used for slicing marble, such as may be seen at any marble-cutting shop. An upright, heavily timbered frame-work, perhaps sixteen feet high, a broad platform for holding the stone, and some peculiar and powerful machinery. Just now the saw is at rest, and a number of men are rolling in a huge block of brown stone. It is finally secured in place, blocked up with wedges below, and steadied by sticks of timber from above. The foreman throws the belts into play, and the machine starts up. Hung horizontally in the center is a massive saw, looking exactly like some gigantic hand-saw the giants might have used on the big trees of California when they wanted back-logs and fore-sticks. To support this great saw, and to give it a correct and steady motion, slide-rests at each end are hung on long screws at each end of the machine. The power that is now applied is turning these upright screws, and the saw-frame rests, and all slowly descends. The broad saw sinks till it nearly touches the stone, and then the foreman stops it. The saw itself is worth examination. It is perhaps twelve feet long and ten inches wide, and along its lower edge are square notches. In each of these is a steel cutter-block securely fastened with a soft metal rivet. The cutter-blocks show bright yellow at the bottom, and there are small black specks, or nodules, scattered along the edge. These are the black Brazil diamonds, or carbons, and all the work of cutting the stone is done by them. The foreman calls to the engineer for more power, and the heavy beam secured to the saw starts forward and backward quickly. The saw slides through the air just clear of the stone. A boy places a number of small rubber pipes on top of the stone, and it becomes covered with streams of clear water. There is a sharp grating sound as the saw, slowly descending, strikes the top of the stone. The noise increases in power



as the diamonds engage more and more of the stone. The edge of the saw quickly sinks out of sight. The torrent of water flowing from the platform is stained a dull red. While we are watching the work, the cutter-blocks have sunk out of sight in the stone. The foreman oils the bearings, and the men go about their work in the yard. The saw is automatic and self-feeding, and will do its work at the rate of three feet or more an hour through the largest piece of stone that may be put under it. At each return stroke, the saw frame is lifted by suitable eccentric gearing from the main shaft that furnishes the power. The cutting stroke is downward and forward, and the return allows the diamonds to just clear the stone. By thus making only one working stroke, there is no shaking or tearing out of the diamonds, and they are kept securely wedged into the brazing that holds them. This is the diamond saw as now used. It is a recent and most important invention, and may well rank with the diamond drill. Any square cut in any building stone may be made with it, and at a great economy of time, labor, and material.

#### The Phylloxera.

"*Le Phylloxera de la Vigne*," by Maurice Girard, is the sketch of the results of labors of government commissions and private investigators, of Dumas, Planchon, Lichtenstein, Cornu, Riley—the last an American. Prof. Riley's suggestions we gave in our September number. As a six-footed female larva of a yellowish tint, and armed with a sucker, the Phylloxera in France, Portugal, Ireland, and, it is said, Madeira, makes its way down to the tender rootlets, where its sting raises thick warts which soon destroy the part, while the insect moves on to the stronger roots. Laying thirty eggs at a time, the larva gives birth to eight sets; twenty days are sufficient for these new hordes, *which are all females*, to come to maturity and begin to lay themselves. All molt three times, but here and there individuals go on to a fifth molting, and receive four large gauzy wings, which they soon use in the upper air. These also are females, and deposit a few eggs of two sizes on the shoots of the vine; from the large eggs proceed females, from the small at least males. All previous generations have been armed with suckers; these have none, and their sole work is reproduction. Their eggs have not been traced, but M. Girard supposes that, born in the buds, the larvæ creep down, having stored up in themselves that wonderful power of successive generations without males which has just been traced. The history of jelly fishes is the only one that compares in strangeness with theirs.

Many futile efforts have been made to arrest this malady, which shows itself in the redness and stunted look of the plant. Where a vineyard can be flooded for one month in winter the cure is certain, since mud kills the insect. A preventive to spread is a general poisoning of the ground, the cutting off and careful destruction of roots affected and just attacked, anointing the stems with petroleum or pitch,

and ramming hard the earth mixed with pitch about the stem to keep the larvæ from entering. Pure fine sand is also a barrier; but a radical cure is the burying under the root a one-hundredth solution of a compound of the sulphates of potassium and carbon; by the action of the soil, sulph-hydric acid is slowly disengaged, and kills eggs and larvæ, while supplying alkali to the exhausted plant.

#### White Paper.

IN the paper manufacture a leading problem at the present moment is one of color; in other words, of making a pulp that shall be absolutely colorless, from the abundant fibrous grasses and similar materials which are brought from nearly every part of the world. It is easy to make a pulp from these materials that shall answer perfectly for all uses, except for the whitest fabrics, but the removal of the last faint traces of color is a problem not yet solved. One limitation in the bleaching process has been the cost of the method which must be employed to obtain this perfectly white condition of the grass pulp. Another has been the chance of injury to the fiber when it is subjected to the strong chemicals that would cheaply effect the desired object; between the two obstacles, the use of these grass materials for fine paper has been almost wholly suspended.

The first thing aimed at in our best paper-mills to-day is a perfect product; to reduce the cost of production is the second. Hence arises at once, in the paper trade, the importance, and the difficulty, of removing this last trace of color, for in nothing is more minute excellence demanded than in the perfect whiteness of the best paper.

It is really a trifling matter to remove artificial colors of any sort, compared with the removal of some of these natural colors, even though the grass fiber may be pale yellow, or nearly white in the first place.

#### Paper Buckets.

THE real possibility and advantage of the varied and extending use of paper pulp is illustrated in the manufacture of such things as water pails, which are now made in large numbers of paper pulp, as well as of wooden staves.

In the old way of making pails the separate parts or staves are cut, one at a time, from the log of wood, and, in making them, all the chips and smaller pieces are wholly wasted, so far as the real object of manufacture is concerned. In making a paper pail, however, the fibrous material is wholly utilized, and if the original stock is wood, as in part it may be, then that which would be wasted in chips and in fag ends is entirely saved.

Those who make paper tell us that thus far they have barely entered on some of their new lines of product.

#### Advantages of Wire Tramways.

THE so-called Wire Tramways are worthy, for many reasons, of more attention than they have yet

received in this country, although they are by no means unused here. In cheapness of construction, and simplicity of operation, they present some striking advantages over the ordinary tramway or railroad. They consist, essentially, of an endless moving wire rope, which, starting from the fixed engine that drives it, extends away over the country, up-hill or down, across valleys and rivers, to the point to be reached. The rope is supported, at intervals of from three hundred to one thousand feet, according to the requirements of the location, upon simple carrying wheels fastened to upright posts. The outgoing rope lies upon the wheel on one side of the post, and the returning side of the rope upon the other wheel, and hence, almost the only right of way required is the permission to erect the posts. The material to be transported is put into boxes, holding from one hundred to three hundred pounds each, and, by means of a yoke attached to each box, it is run directly upon the moving wire rope, and travels with it at a speed of about five miles per hour. It is plain that such a system, if practicable at all, solves at sight many of the questions that are so troublesome, and that involve such heavy expenditures, upon lines of the ordinary kind. Cuttings, embankments, bridges, and tunnels are wholly set aside. It is probable that their use will be greatly extended, for the carriage of goods in bags.

#### The Distribution of Steam-Power.

THE transmission of power in a manufacturing establishment, from a central motor to the various machines that are driven by it, occasionally involves troublesome problems. Some difficulties are avoided by dispensing entirely with the central or single engine, and by employing several smaller engines, placing each as near as possible to the work which it must do, and thus entirely at the disposal of those persons by whom its power is used.

It is not easy to say just how far, in any given establishment, this multiplication of small engines may be profitably carried. It is important, however, by this, or by similar means, to reduce to a minimum the chance of delay by any disabling in one part of the works of an engine by which some other department also is usually driven. Another advantage attending the use of detached engines is the possibility of running each part of the works by itself at any time, when it is necessary to close other parts.

The engines may be put in each room directly upon the lines of shafting, from which the machines derive their motion, two or three engines, or even more, being sometimes used upon the same floor.

The steam may be distributed to them through pipes from a central boiler with only a very slight loss from condensation if the pipes are properly clothed and protected.

One objection to the use of such engines is the considerable difficulty that is experienced in maintaining a speed absolutely uniform—that is, in comparison with the larger central engines. Some of

these larger engines run with an almost incredible steadiness, as indeed they must when used for such purposes as cotton-spinning, each revolution of the engine being then multiplied into hundreds in the swift machinery of the spindles. With the larger engines, too, it is far easier to arrange perfectly for the proper distribution of the steam in the engine itself in exact proportion to the work required to be done at any given instant, for, by the use of the best regulating contrivances, the variation of the steam supply is affected absolutely in an instant's time, and just at the point where it is needed.

#### The Szczeroch.

A NEW projectile, bearing this curious and significant name, has been recently introduced into the Russian army. The general use of the elongated shell of rifled ordnance by armies has been attended by the sacrifice of the ricochet shot, which all old artillerymen prized as one of the peculiar advantages of the spherical cannon ball. In the new projectile, the attempt is made to combine the advantages of both the rifled and spherical ball; in fact it consists of a very thin elongated shell capped by a spherical ball. When the shell bursts, only the cylindrical portion explodes, while the spherical portion continues its flight after the manner of the old-fashioned ball.

#### Habits of Curculios.

In a paper presented to the Alton Horticultural Society, Dr. Hull says: Early in the season I commenced a series of experiments to determine, if possible, at what particular period of the day curculios were at rest. On three different days I dropped a number of curculios in flour, and near sundown of each day put them in the forks of trees and watched them until they crawled into some place of concealment, which was usually in the crevices of the rough bark and into depressed parts made by cutting off limbs of trees. Out of thirty insects, thus watched to places of rest, all concealed themselves as stated, except one, which went to the ground and crawled under a clod of earth. Out of the number thus watched, all but one were found early the next morning just where they went to rest at night.

In other trials, marked insects were placed on the trees in the morning, and at sunset the trees were thoroughly jarred over a curculio-catcher. Out of ninety insects, only twenty-seven were caught from the trees on which they were placed—forty-nine were obtained from other trees, and the remainder escaped. From these results it is to be inferred that curculios rest at night and fly by day.

#### Memoranda.

A NEW gelatine poultice has been reported before the Academy of Medicine, Paris. Two layers of wadding, one over the other, are saturated with a decoction of common Irish moss gelatine. They are then submitted to heavy pressure, and dried by fire heat. They resemble card-board when finished, and, on soaking in warm water, swell up and make

a soft, pulpy poultice, that is said to be very satisfactory to both patients and physicians.

Rolled screws have been experimented upon recently. Instead of being cut, they are rolled hot in screw blanks. Their holding power, in wood, etc., is said to be much greater than those cut in the ordinary way.

The *Wistaria Sinensis* is generally supposed to be poisonous to bees, but the observations of Mr. Meehan, of Philadelphia, show that in certain seasons this is not the case.

In the new photographic lamp of Delachanel and Mermet the flame is obtained by the combustion of a mixture of vapor of bisulphide of carbon and deutoxide of nitrogen. The deutoxide is prepared by the action of a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acid on iron. The photographic power is said to be superior to that of the magnesium light, double that of the calcium light, and treble that of the voltaic arc.

The Russian Government is making experiments in relation to the use of electricity for the headlights of locomotives. A battery of forty-eight elements was found to make everything on the railway track distinct for a distance of more than 1,200 feet.

Some of the observers of the transit of Venus state that the atmosphere of that planet was distinctly seen at certain periods. "It showed as a pale white circle around part of her edge, and was totally different from the brilliant sunlight. The general remark was that it reminded us of moonlight."

Delachanel and Mermet have devised an apparatus for the production of the electric spectra of metals by the use of solutions. In it the solution is caused to fall by drops from one terminal of a Ruhmkorff coil to the other. The terminal wires are placed in the interior of a glass tube and the slit of the spectroscope thus protected from the action of the solution.

During the voyage of the "*Polaris*" the extreme northern limit of  $82^{\circ} 16'$  was reached, and, at this point, no less than fifteen species of plants were found, of which five were grasses. In latitude  $81^{\circ} 38'$  twenty-six musk oxen were shot, together with seventeen different kinds of birds, and Dr. Bessels made a collection of flies, beetles, butterflies, and mosquitoes.

M. Onimus states that by electrifying the eggs of the frog, the development of those that are in connection with the negative pole will be accelerated, whilst the hatching of those in connection with the positive pole will be either retarded or stopped.

Roasted figs are suggested as a better substitute for coffee than chicory. The latter substance is frequently the originator of serious and persistent dyspepsia.

It is stated that seeds which have been buried in the Laurium mines in Greece for two thousand years have germinated on being exposed to air and moisture.

The new vegetation, which appeared in different parts of France immediately after the war, has almost entirely disappeared.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### A Buffalo Classic.

THE story of the ballad of "The Three Thayers," is the old, old story of genius unappreciated. "Paradise Lost," Charlotte Brontë's first book, Theodore Winthrop's stories, and "The Three Thayers," were none of them valued in the beginning at their full worth.

John Love, whom the Thayers murdered and the bard embalmed, was an Englishman. In summer he sailed on the lakes; in winter he retired to the country and played usurer with his earnings among his less thrifty neighbors. He had loaned some money to the Thayer Brothers at Boston, Erie County, New York, and pressed them for payment. On the 15th of December, 1824, he suddenly disappeared. He was last seen in the company of the Thayers, and these gentlemen were naturally suspected. Their answers to inquiries were unsatisfactory, and speedily the conviction that there had been foul play spread like an epidemic through the

sparsely settled country. The excitement was intense and far-reaching. Finally, February 19, 1825, the Thayers were arrested, examined, and sent to Buffalo jail to await developments. A few days after the arrest a call was made for men to assist in searching the woods. The greater part of the population of Boston and adjoining towns turned out on the 20th of February for the grand hunt. It resulted in the finding of Love's body buried beside a log, in leaves and brushwood.

The Thayers were tried, found guilty, and hanged on one gallows erected in Niagara square, Buffalo. The execution took place June 17th, 1825, and was witnessed, it is said, by thirty thousand people. It was the sensation of the day, and of many a day thereafter.

The verses printed below were offered to one of the weekly papers for publication some time during the summer of 1825, but of course the mole of an editor rejected them. They did not burn their

jected contributions in those days, however, and about a dozen years ago the original manuscript turned up from somebody's scrap-basket to the light of a more intelligent day. The author's name, unfortunately, was not preserved, but he is believed to have been a blacksmith of the neighboring village of Aurora. His poem soon became a Buffalo classic, and was lithographed in fac-simile. It is reproduced here from a broad-side edition, in ordinary type, handsomely gotten up for local circulation.

## THE THREE THAYERS.

In England sverl years a go  
the Seen was plesent fair and gay  
John Love on board of a Ship he entred  
and Sald in to a merica

Love was a man very perceiving  
in making trades with all he see  
he soon in gaged to be a Sailor  
to sail up and down on lake Erie

he then went in to the Southern countries  
to trade for furs and other skins  
but the cruel French and savage Indias  
come very near of killing him

But God did spare him a litle longer  
be got his lodng and come down the lake  
he went into the town of Boston  
whare he made the grate mistake

with Nelson Thair he made his station  
thrusc the sumer for to stay  
Nelson had two brothers Isaac and Isreal  
love lent them money for thare debts to pay

Love lent them quite a sum of money  
he did befrind them every way  
but the cruel creturs tha couldeen be quiet  
till tha had taken his sweet life a way

One day as tha ware all three to geher  
this dreful murder tha did contrive  
tha a greed to kill Love and keep it secret  
and then to live and spend thare lives

On the fiftenth evening of last december  
in eighteen hundred and twent four  
thain vited Love to go home with them  
and tha killed and murdered him on thar floor

First Isaac with his gun he shot him  
he left his gun and went away  
then Nelson with his ax he chopt him  
till he had no life that he could perceive

After tha had killed and most mortly brused him  
tha drawed him out whare tha kild thare hogs  
tha then caried him of appease from the house  
and deposited him down by alog

The next day tha ware so very bold  
tha had Love's horse ariding round  
Som asked the reason of Loves being absent  
tha sed be had chld and left the town

Tha sed he had forged in the town of Erie  
the shrief was in persuit of him  
he left the place and run a way  
and left his debts to collect by them

tha went and forged a pour of turney  
to collect Loves notes when tha ware due  
tha tore and stormd to git thare pay  
and sevel nabors tha did sue

After tha had run to ahie de gree  
in killing Love and in forgery  
tha soon ware taken and put in prison  
whare tha remainged for thare cruelty

Tha ware bound in irons in the dark dungan  
for to remain for a litle time  
tha ware all condemned by the grand Jury  
for this most foul and dreful crime

Then the Judge pronounsed thare dreful Sentenc  
with grate candidness to behold  
you must all be hangd untill your ded  
and lord have muresey on your Souls

If you, or your grandfather, chanced to be in London at the time that the young Roscius was in vogue, you probably heard of the amateur actor, "Romeo" Coates, who shared with the youthful prodigy the admiration of the town. Robert Coates was celebrated, not only for his amateur acting, but for his splendid carriage, the body of which (see "English Eccentrics") was in the form of a cockle-shell, bearing the cock as his crest, the harness of the horses being mounted with metal figures of the same bird. A writer in an English monthly thus described one of Coates's performances: "Never



"ROMEO" COATES.

shall I forget his representation of Lothario (some sixty years since) at the Haymarket Theater, for his own pleasure, as he accurately termed it, and certainly the then rising fame of Liston was greatly endangered by his Barbadoes rival. Never had Garrick or Kemble in their best times so largely excited the public attention and curiosity. The very remotest nooks of the galleries were filled by fashion, while in a stage-box sat the performer's notorious friend, the Baron Ferdinand Geramb.

"Coates's lean, Quixotic form being duly clothed in velvets and in silks, and his bonnet highly fraught with diamonds (whence his appellation), his entrance on the stage was greeted by so general a *crowing* (in allusion to the large cocks, which as his crest adorned his harness) that the angry and affronted Lothario drew his sword upon the audience, and actually challenged the rude and boisterous tenants of the galleries, *seriatim* or *en masse*, to combat on

the stage. Solemn silence, as the consequence of mock fear, immediately succeeded. The great actor, after the overture had ceased, amused himself for some time with the Baron ere he condescended to indulge the wishes of an anxiously expectant audience.

"At length he commenced: his appeals to the heart were made by the application of the left hand so disproportionately lower down than 'the seat of life' has been supposed to be placed; his contracted pronunciation of the word 'breach,' and other new readings and actings, kept the house in a right joyous humor until the climax of all mirth was attained by the dying scene of

'that gallant, gay Lothario;'

but who shall describe the grotesque agonies of the dark seducer, his platted hair escaping from the comb that held it, and the dark crineous cordage that flapped upon his shoulders in the convulsions of his dying moments, and the cries of the people for medical aid to accomplish his eternal exit? Then, when in his last throes his coronet fell, it was miraculous to see the defunct arise, and after he had spread a nice handkerchief on the stage, and there deposited his head-dress, free from impurity, philosophically resume his dead condition; but it was not yet over, for the exigent audience, not content 'that when the men were dead, why there an end,' insisted on a repetition of the awful scene, which the highly flattered corpse executed three several times, to the gratification of the cruel and torment-loving assembly."

Macready, in his entertaining "Diaries" (just published by Macmillan), has a story of this same Coates. Among the amateurs he had seen, he says, "were Charles Dickens, of world-wide fame, and the lovely representative of Mary Copp in the 'Merry Monarch' at the British Embassy at Paris; Miss MacTavish, the niece of Lady Wellesley, afterward married to the Hon. H Howard, and since dead. One of the very worst, if not the worst, who owed his notoriety chiefly to his frequent exposure of himself in the character of Romeo, Lothario, Belcour, etc., was Coates, more generally known as 'Romeo Coates' \* \* \* He displayed himself, diamonds and all, this winter at Bath in the part of the West Indian, and it was currently believed on this occasion he was liberally paid by the theater, which profited largely by his preposterous caricature. I was at the theater on the morning of his rehearsal and introduced to him. At night the house was too crowded to afford me a place in front; and seeing me behind the scenes, he asked me, knowing I acted Belcour, to prompt him if he should be 'out,' which he very much feared. The audience were in convulsions at his absurdities, and in the scene with Miss Rusport, being really 'out,' I gave him a line which Belcour has to speak. 'I never looked so like a fool in all my life,' which, as he delivered it, was greeted with a roar of laughter. He was 'out' again, and I gave him again the same line, which, again repeated, was acquiesced in with

a louder roar. Being 'out' again, I administered him the third time the same truth for him to utter, but he seemed alive to its application, rejoining in some dudgeon, 'I have said that twice already.' His exhibition was a complete burlesque of the comedy, and a reflection on the character of a management that could profit by such discreditable expedients."

The *Young Rascals*, whose portrait we published last month, was an acquaintance of Macready. We mentioned the fact of his failure upon his return to the stage in manhood. It seems that Betty did pretty well in the provinces, but it was in London that he failed. Macready was disposed to think that his talents were not fairly appreciated. "It seemed as if the public resented on the grown man the extravagance of the idolatry they had blindly lavished on the boy. There was a peculiarity in his level elocution that was not agreeable—a sort of sing-song and a catch in his voice that suggested to the listener the delivery of words learned by heart, not flowing from the impulse or necessity of the occasion; but when warmed into passion he became possessed with the spirit of the scene, and in witnessing, as I have done, his illustration of passages with all the originality and fire of genius, the conviction was pressed upon me that if he had not to his prejudice the comparison of his boyish triumphs, and the faulty manner derived from frequent careless repetition, he would have maintained a distinguished position in his maturer years."

For Mrs. Siddons Macready had the most unbounded admiration. While he was still young she was making her last tour, previous to taking leave of the stage in London; and upon being told that he was to appear on the stage with her he was almost terrified. When he went to see her to receive instructions, she said: "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me." When the time came the first scene passed with applause; but in the next, his first with Mrs. Beverly (the play was the "Gamester"), his fear overcame him, and his memory seemed to have taken wings. She kindly whispered the word to him and the scene proceeded. "I will not presume," he writes, "to catalogue the merits of this unrivalled artist, but may point out, as guide to others, one great excellence that distinguished all her personations. This was the unity of design. the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed. Throughout the tragedy of the 'Gamester' devotion to her husband stood out as the main-spring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being; apparent when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice has subjected her, in her fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of Stukely's advances, when, in the awful dignity of outraged virtue, she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax to her

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sorrows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when on her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blankness on his face; the powers of life seemed suspended in her; her sister and Lewson gently raised her, and slowly led her unresisting from the body, her gaze never for an instant averted from it; when they reached the prison door she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself, as if for union in death, on the prostrate form before her.

"She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and, as I recall it, I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. But in the progress of the play I gradually regained more and more my self-possession, and in the last scene, as she stood by the side wing waiting for the cue of her entrance, on my utterance of the words 'My wife and sister, well, well, there is but one pang more and then farewell world,' she raised her hands, clapping loudly, and calling out 'Bravo! sir, bravo!' in sight of part of the audience, who joined in her applause."

"Study, study, study," was Mrs. Siddons's advice to Macready. "Her words," he adds, "lived with me, and often, in moments of despondency, have come to cheer me. Her acting was a revelation to me, which ever after had its influence on me in the study of my art. Ease, grace, untiring energy through all the variations of human passion, blended into that grand and massive style, had been with her the result of patient application. On first witnessing her wonderful impersonations I may say with the poet:

'Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,  
When a new planet swims into his ken;'

and I can only liken the effect they produced on me, in developing new trains of thought, to the awakening power that Michael Angelo's sketch of the colossal head in the Farnesina is said to have had on the mind of Raphael."

*The Duke of Wellington* is one of the principal figures in the new "Bric-à-Brac" book (Personal Reminiscences of Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes). "I can remember well," says Raikes, "the time when the Duke returned to England, after his brilliant campaigns, crowned with the battle of Waterloo; at that time he was cheered by the people wherever he went, and lauded to the skies. Afterward, at the period of the Reform Bill, the fickle people forgot all his services, and constantly hooted him in the streets. On one day, coming from the Tower on horseback, the rascally mob attacked him with so much virulence and malice, that he was exposed to considerable personal danger in the street. I was in that year at a ball given by him at Apsley House to King William IV. and his Queen, when the mob were very unruly and indecent in their conduct at the gates, and on the following days they proceeded to such excesses that they broke the win-

dows of Apsley House and did much injury to his property. It was then that he caused to be put up those iron blinds to his windows, which remain to this day as a record of the people's ingratitude. Some time afterward, when he had regained all his popularity, and began to enjoy that great and high reputation which he now, it is to be hoped, will carry to the grave, he was riding up Constitution Hill in the Park, followed by an immense mob, who were cheering him in every direction; he heard it all with the most stoical indifference, never putting his horse out of a walk, or seeming to regard them, till he leisurely arrived at Apsley House, when he stopped at the gate, turned round to the rabble, and then, pointing with his finger to the iron blinds which still closed the windows, he made them a sarcastic bow, and entered the court without saying a word."

*The Great Duke's opinion of Napoleon* is interesting: "I asked him what he really thought of the talents of the Emperor Napoleon as a great general. He said, 'I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army as equal to an additional force of 40,000 men, from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and presence inspired in the troops; and this was the more disinterested on my part, because in all my campaigns I had then never been opposed to him. When I was in Paris, in 1814, I gave this very opinion in the presence of several Prussian and Austrian generals who had fought against him, and you have no idea of the satisfaction and pleasure it gave them to think that, though defeated, they had had such odds against them.'

"On another occasion the Duke also said that he thought Napoleon superior to Turenne, Tallart, or any of the old generals of former times; but Napoleon had this advantage over every other general, himself in particular, that his power was unlimited. He could order everything on the spot as he pleased; if he wanted reinforcements, they were sent; if to change the plan of a campaign, it was changed; if to reward services, he could confer honors on the field of battle; whereas the Duke and other generals were obliged to write home to ministers and wait their decision, perhaps that of Parliament; and he himself had never had the power of conferring the slightest reward on any of his followers, however deserving."

*Pleasant pictures* we are getting nowadays of life in courts and castles. In Earl Russell's book we find mention of a letter written by a lady from St. Petersburg, in which was described the ceremony of the coronation of Alexander I. "The Emperor," she said, "entered the church, preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, surrounded by the assassins of his father, and followed by his own."

*Somebody* asked a wealthy Jew to take venison.

"No," said the capitalist, "I never eat wenschen; I don't think it is so coot as mutton."

"Oh," said his friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if venison is not better than mutton, why does venison cost so much more?"

"Vy? I tell you vy; in dish varld de people al-wash prefersh vat is deer to what is sheep."

Daniel Purcell, being asked to make a pun extempore, and to take the King as his subject, replied: "The King is not a subject."

An Irishman, angry at being late, and hearing the clock strike, broke its face with his cane. The owner expostulated: "Faith, sir," said the other, "the clock struck first."

Louis XIV., being told that Lord Stair was the most well-bred man in Europe, determined to put the matter to test. He accordingly invited his Lordship to take an airing with him, and, when the carriage arrived, bade him get in and take his seat. Lord Stair bowed and obeyed.

The King of France complained that his Irish regiments gave him much uneasiness.

"Sir," said their commander, "your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

A gentleman asked a lawyer if a seven-shilling piece, which he held in his hand, was a good one. The lawyer, having examined it, pronounced it excellent, and having deposited it in his pocket, returned the man four pence.

A wretched poet, having read to Boileau a poem in which the letter G did not occur, asked him how it might be further improved. Boileau replied:

"If all the other letters were taken out of it."

Two impertinent young fellows called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field:

"Well done, old fellow, you sow, we reap the fruits."

"May be you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."

Two gentlemen were on the point of fighting a duel, when one of the seconds proposed that they should shake hands.

"Nay," said the other second, "that is quite unnecessary, as the hands of both have been shaking this last half-hour."

All of which, and more of the same sort, the reader will find in "Barker's Literary Anecdotes."

The "Chicago Hospital Bazaar," published during the Homeopathic fair in the Phoenix City, contained the following, which many of our readers may have missed seeing:

#### THE IMPROVED ÆSOP.

FOR INTELLIGENT MODERN CHILDREN.

BY BRET HARTE.

##### I.—The Fox and the Grapes.

A thirsty fox one day, in passing through a vineyard, noticed that the grapes were hanging in clusters from vines which were trained to such a height as to be out of his reach.

"Ah," said the fox, with a supercilious smile, "I've heard of this before. In the twelfth century an ordinary fox of average culture would have wasted his energy and strength in the vain attempt to reach yonder sour grapes. Thanks to my knowledge of vine culture, however, I at once observe that the great height and extent of the vine, the drain upon the sap through the increased number of tendrils and leaves must, of necessity, impoverish the grape, and render it unworthy the consideration of an intelligent animal. Not any for me, thank you." With these words, he coughed slightly, and withdrew.

MORAL.—This fable teaches us that an intelligent discretion and some botanical knowledge are of the greatest importance in grape culture.

##### II.—The Fox and the Stork.

A fox one day invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped up readily, but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You do not seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable *empressment*; "but I have an appointment at eight o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir*. By the way, dine with me to-morrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found, as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you do not seem to eat anything," said the stork, with great naïveté, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox, significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork, blandly.

"Stork, stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

MORAL.—True hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.

##### III.—The Wolf and the Lamb.

A wolf one day, drinking from a running stream, observed a lamb also drinking from the same stream at some distance from him.

"I have yet to learn," said the wolf, addressing the lamb with dignified severity, "what right you have to muddy the stream from which I am drinking."

"Your premises are incorrect," replied the lamb with bland politeness, "for if you will take the trouble to examine the current critically you will observe that it flows from you to me, and that any disturbance of sediment here would be, so far as you are concerned, entirely local."

"Possibly you are right," returned the wolf, "but, if I am not mistaken, you are the person who, two years ago, used some influence against me at the primaries."

"Impossible," replied the lamb; "two years ago I was not born."

"Ah! well," added the wolf, composedly, "I am wrong again. But it must convince every intelligent person who has listened to this conversation that I am altogether insane, and consequently not responsible for my actions."

With this remark, he at once dispatched the lamb, and was triumphantly acquitted.

MORAL.—This fable teaches us how erroneous may be the popular impression in regard to the distribution of alluvium and the formation of river deltas.

Mrs. Partington is considered a mythical person "evolved" from the brain of Mr. Shillaber, but her counterparts are often found in real life. One of these ladies was overheard at an evening assembly speaking in high praise of a pretty girl just passing.

"Why, she is a perfect paragram of a young lady!"

"I think you mean parallelogram; do you not?" suggested the waggish gentleman addressed.

"I said parallelogram, Mr. —," exclaimed the lady, with a combination of dignity and indignation impossible to describe.

"Do you intend to masticate your house?" inquired a Western lady of a friend of mine who was building. He was a critical, cultured New Englander, as exact as witty. What a droll look came over his face as he answered:

"My wife says I eat like an anaconda, and I am blessed with the digestion of an ostrich; but, really, madam. I don't think I could manage my three-story brick."

This makes me think of Leigh Hunt's reply (not at all malapropy) to a lady who said to him at dinner:

"Mr. Hunt, won't you venture on an orange?"

"I would most gladly, dear madam, only I'm afraid I should tumble off."

But to keep to our theme. A lady visiting Washington for the first time sent word to friends at home that she was dreadfully disappointed; she meant to have got an Indian Bureau for Jennie's room, but there weren't any to be had; and that she was so busy shampooing a young lady from one place to another that she had no time to write letters.

A rather old girl (who had been lured to California by the cheering information that she was sure to marry there) laid siege to a wealthy widower, who at first showed signs of succumbing, but finally resisted the attack. As usual with women who are feeling intensely disappointed, she "didn't care; no, not one bit." And she exclaimed, half sobbing, to a bosom friend:

"Why, I wouldn't be *hired* to marry him, hateful old thing! I wouldn't take him, not if he was a perfect *Venus*!" As money was his chief charm, we suppose she meant *Cresus*.

A *bull*, says Samuel Lover, is always connected with thought, and is always comprehensible, even when most confused.

It may be owing to a limited amount of knowledge—as in the case of an old woman going to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and being told it was raised to a half-penny on account of the Russian War.

"Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed, "and do they fight by candle light?"

He gives this instance of genuine Irish humor:

A gentleman seeing an Irishman staggering home—ward from a fair, and observing to him:

"Ah, Darby, I'm afraid you'll find the road you're going is rather a longer one than you think."

"Sare, your honor," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the *breadth* of it is destroyin' me."

He gives a graphic sketch of the Dublin porter. "We land at Kingston from her Majesty's mail packet, and have instantly a swarm of porters round us, some with tickets on their arm, and some without,—the former, the legitimate assistant of the traveler; the latter, the poacher who lays hands on any stray bird he can catch. Between these contending parties, of course, an active war goes on, the one grand in their authority, the other adroit in their devices. An example strikes us instantly. A man 'without a number' is walking off with a passenger's luggage.

"'Stop!' cries out a ticket man, 'you have no business with that jintleman.'

"'No business!' exclaims the forager. 'Well, then, sure it's a pleasure I have in sarving him.'

"'Stop, I say!' shouts his antagonist; 'you know you've got no number.'

"'No number, did you say? but I have tho'. Sure, my number is nine, barrin' a *tail* to it.'"

The *tardy perception* of the Scotch is in strong contrast to the readiness of the Irish; yet, in spite of Sydney Smith's joke about the necessity of trepanning their skulls, a great deal of true wit manages to get out of a Scotchman's pate, however hard it may be to pound it in.

In Hislop's recent collection of Scottish anecdote, there are many proofs of this:

A Scotch preacher being sent one Sunday to officiate at a country parish, was accommodated at night in a very diminutive closet, instead of the usual "best bed," appropriated to strangers.

"Is this the bedroom?" he cried, when he saw it, starting back in amazement.

"Deed ay, sir," responded the lady of the house, who had escorted him upstairs; "this is the prophet's chaumer."

"It maun be for the minor prophets, then," was the quiet reply.

When Lord Airlie remarked to one of his tenants that it was a very wet season, "Indeed, my lord," replied the man, "I think the spigot's oot a'the-gither."

An aged divine had occasionally to avail himself of the assistance of probationers. One day, a young man, very vain of his accomplishments as a preacher, officiated, and on descending from the pulpit, was met by the old gentleman with extended hands.

Expecting high praise, he said:

"No compliments, I pray."

"Na, na, na, my young friend," said the minister; "nowadays I'm glad o' any body!"

At a certain mansion notorious for its scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which he had given to the laird some time since.

The gardener showed him a lank greyhound, on which the gentleman said:

"No, no; the dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound."

The gardener quietly answered:

"Indeed, sir, ony dog would soon be turned into a greyhound, if it stoppit lang here."

We quote only two more, not so much for their wit, as to show the national pride and enthusiasm.

"Well, Mr. Miller," said a Yankee proudly to a traveling Scot as they stood by the falls of Niagara, "is it not wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that."

"Like that!" said the Scot, "there's a far mair wonderfu' concern no twa miles frae whar I was born."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jonathan, with an air of supercilious skepticism, "and pray what kind of concern may it be?"

"Weel, man," replied Sawney, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg."

Jerdan (who, as Maginn puts it, spent the first seventy or eighty years of his life in the usual dissipations of youth, and, according to Stoddard,

began to remember when most begin to forget), has told some characteristic anecdotes of Hogg, the far-famed Ettrick Shepherd. When the peasant-poet wrapped his plaid about his shoulders and wended his way to London, he said of himself: "I had never once been in polished society, had read next to nothing, and knew no more of human life and manners than a child." Being at dinner at a ducal table, the Duchess said to him:

"Were you ever here before, Mr. Hogg?"

To which the poet, with his usual candor, replied:

"Na, ma laddy, I have been at the yett (the gate) wi' beasts that I was driving into England, but I never was inside o' the house before."

In his amusing little work on "The Birth of Chemistry," Professor Rodwell describes one of the books which were cherished by the alchemists. A little vellum-covered *Aldus*, date 1546, pretended to teach how to make the *elixir vite* and the Philosopher's Stone. As to the contents, says Rodwell, we have, firstly, an opening address by Janus Lacinius; then certain definitions of form, matter, element, color, etc.; next, symbolic representations of the generation of the metals, and, after this, a wood-cut representing the transmutation of the elements according to the dogmas of Aristotle. After this, we find the



whole course of transmutation set forth pictorially and allegorically. A king, crowned with a diadem, sits on high, holding a scepter in his hand. His son, together with his five servants, beseech him, on bended knees, to divide his kingdom between them. To this the king answers nothing. Whereupon the son, at the instigation of the servants, kills the king and collects his blood. He then digs a pit, into which he places the dead body, but at the same time falls in himself, and is prevented from getting out by some external agency. Then the bodies of both father and son putrefy in the pit. Afterward their bones are removed, and divided into nine parts, and an angel is sent to collect them. The servants now pray that the king may be restored to them, and an angel vitrifies the bones. Then the king rises from his tomb, having become all spirit, altogether heavenly and powerful, to make his servants kings. Finally, he gives them each a golden crown, and makes them kings (as in the second

cut). It is difficult to follow this from beginning to end, but there can be no doubt that the king signifies gold; his son, mercury; and his five servants, the five



remaining metals then known, viz.: iron, copper, lead, tin, and silver. They pray to have the kingdom divided among them—that is, to be converted into gold; the son kills the father, viz.: the mercury forms an amalgam with gold. The other operations allude to various solutions, ignitions, and other chemical processes. The *pit* is a furnace; *putrefaction* means reaction or mutual alteration of parts. At last, the Philosopher's Stone is found; the gold, after these varied changes, becomes able to transmute the other metals into its own substance.

It is somewhat strange, this author remarks, that alchemy should have once received the serious attention of the Legislature of England. In 1404 Parliament forbid the working of gold and silver; it was feared that the alchemists might become too powerful for the State. Fifty years later the King granted several patents to persons who pretended to be discoverers of the Philosopher's Stone, and a Royal Commission of ten learned men was appointed ultimately to determine if the transmutation of metals into gold were possible.

The old French proverb, "Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle," gains a new significance, when we learn from Fitzgerald, in his "Romance of the Stage," that the pay of "the stroller" in early days was given not in whole candles, but odd bits.

A fair idea of the profit to be gained by this calling may be gathered from the not unfrequent sharing of the night's receipts among the members of the company, viz.: a shilling and "six pieces of candle ends" falling to each. "I remember," said Mr. King in the green-room of Drury Lane, "that when I had been a short time on the stage, I performed one night King Richard, gave two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a horn-pipe, spoke a prologue, afterward harlequin in a sharing company; and after all this fatigue my share came to threepence and two pieces of candle."